

SKETCH OF A TOUR

ON THE

CONTINENT.

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CONTINENT.

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SKETCH OF A TOUR
ON THE
CONTINENT,

IN THE YEARS 1786 AND 1787,

BY

JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. F.R.S.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMIES OF TURIN,
UPSAL, STOCKHOLM, LISBON, &c. &c.
PRESIDENT OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY.

K

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

"Italy is only a fine well-known academy figure, from which
we all sit down to make drawings, according as the light falls, and
our own seat affords opportunity."

Mrs. Piozzi's Travels, vol. i. 288.

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SKETCH OF A TOUR

ON THE

CONTINENT

IN THE YEAR 1841

BY J. B. SMITH

Jos. Banks

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

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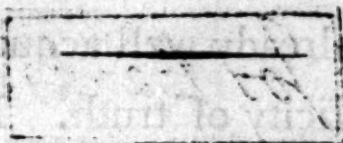
NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. SMITH, 1841.

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TO

WM. YOUNGE, M. D. F. L. S.

OF SHEFFIELD.



TO you my friend, my companion in most of the scenes described in these volumes, as well as in several other of the more delightful and instructive situations of my life, a formal Dedication would be as unpleasant to receive

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as

as it would be for me to write. My design in this address is not to solicit from you that indulgence which you have ever shewn, unasked and unrestrained, to all that came from me; neither is it to deck out in the garb of compliment sentiments with which I trust you are already well acquainted in the simplicity of truth. I merely take an opportunity of commemorating that friendship which I have long tried, and hope I shall never cease to value, and which so considerably augmented the pleasures and advantages of a long journey, a rock on which more boasted attachments have sometimes

(vii)

times split. That it may continue
unimpaired through the great
journey of life, is the sincere de-
fire of

Your very faithful friend,

J. E. SMITH.

LONDON,

November 1793.

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time left. That is my concern

unimpaired through the great

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P R E F A C E.

SO many tours on the Continent, so many descriptions of Italy, have been laid before the public at different times, that it may seem presumptuous or impertinent to add to the heap. Yet perhaps this very circumstance may be encouraging to a young author. He may justly flatter himself that even the gleanings of a field which has afforded so many rich harvests, may be highly worthy of attention, especially as some of those harvests have been rather carelessly gathered, and even their profusion evinces the riches that have been left behind.

"Italy,"

“ Italy,” says Mrs. Piozzi, “ is a fine well-known academy figure, from which we all sit down to make drawings, according as the light falls, and our own seat affords opportunity.” In pursuance of this idea, it may be added, that no delineator has yet finished a perfect representation of this fine figure, in which its outline, its proportions and its character are alike well expressed. The aims indeed of its observers, as well as their opportunities, have been different. Some have attempted a portrait of its countenance, others of its limbs, while a different set have speculated on the marble of which it is composed. Many have relied on the erroneous sketches of persons who have gone before them, while neither have perhaps seen more than a transient reflection of the statue in some faithless mirror. Some have described, as an essential part of this noble figure, the dirt with which others had bespattered it; and some have thought they had obtained a fortunate situation for seeing it in perfection, while their eye could

could take in no more than the protuberance of its heel.

The author of the present attempt is conscious it is easier to perceive the faults of others, than to avoid original errors of one's own, and wherever he has sought out a new path, he hopes to be corrected hereafter with the same honesty of intention, with which he has endeavoured to correct those who have preceded him in the more frequented tracks. Even in those too he is aware that much still remains to encourage new adventurers, and that he himself may stand in as much need of correction as those who have gone before him. If every writer were an accurate judge of his own merits, there would certainly be much fewer books written; but many useful, though not first-rate attempts would by that means be suppressed. Few persons would have courage to take up the pen if they had no more elevated hope than just to keep themselves

"Above the limits of a vulgar fate."

Scarcely

Scarcely any good things are done in this world without a portion of enthusiasm. Human endeavours would stagnate, even in the best undertakings, without something in view which the mind cannot exactly measure, and the hope of reaching which, perhaps, its cooler judgment would not by any means authorize. Yet we are led on from one attempt to another, and the happiest man is he that has the greatest number of commendable pursuits. He may call them toils, and cares, and troubles, but they are the seasoning of life's banquet, which would be altogether insipid without them. Although many people therefore every day *make* books by a sort of manual labour, with other motives before them than what can properly be called literary fame, few persons really undertake to *write* one without the fascinating picture of a laurel wreath before their eyes.

The following sheets have been composed with so slight a glimpse of this laurel

laurel wreath, that they have been very near not making their appearance at all. The journey they describe was performed some time since, and was undertaken with a view to self-instruction, rather than the information of others. It is not till after re-considering the subject, and comparing his own lights with those of other people, that the author has ventured to expose them to public view. "The persuasion of kind friends," that common apology of really or affectedly diffident writers, ought here, perhaps, in due form to be urged; but that is a very bad apology for a bad work, as it is only throwing the load of conscious unworthiness upon others. If a man feels his performance to be not destitute of merit, let him hazard it on its own ground, and publish it because he modestly hopes it may be acceptable to the world, whether his friends have countenanced that hope or not.

Having so far explained the general reasons of the present undertaking, much
remains

remains to be said relative to the particulars of its execution.

As to the form of composition, the most simple and natural has been thought to be that of a journal. That of letters indeed might have been adopted, without so great a violation of truth as they are sometimes published with, for some of this work has been composed from letters, actually written to the author's friends, and since compared with his own journal. The bulk of it however was not so written, and therefore considerable new arrangement of the materials must have taken place, in order to give the entire work an epistolary form; at least to have given the letters an air of probability and originality, without which they are the most tedious and disgusting of all kinds of writing. The general motive for a traveller's publishing his observations in letters, seems to be a sort of culpable diffidence. He thinks he may seem to say things to a friend, and to say them in a style, which
it

it would be indecorous to address point-blank to the public. This is a mistake. Whatever is proper for the public to see at all, is proper to be addressed to it, and it is an affront to suppose the contrary. Another instance of false delicacy is the writing a man's own history in the third person, by which the interest of the narrative is weakened, and no advantage whatever gained. The excellent Dr. Hawkesworth was so well aware of this, that he chose to write his celebrated accounts of voyages in the first person, though he was the professed narrator of the adventures of others. To this example may be added the writer of Anson's Voyage. They are both sufficient authority, as their works are the brightest models for all future composers in the same line.

In order to avoid all affectation, real or apparent, the author has thought it the safest method to sit down to tell his own story in his own person, giving his adventures and his thoughts upon them

8

just

just as they occurred. He presumes none will take up his book without a desire of being informed on the subject of which it professes to treat; and as they will see his name in the title-page, he farther presumes they will expect to see how he treats the subject. He therefore affectedly keeps neither himself nor his sentiments out of sight. The reader must consider him as a travelling companion, with whose conversation he may perhaps be wearied, and with whose ill-humour he may sometimes be tormented; but he has always in his own hands the power of separation, which so many actual travelling companions have wished for in vain. What therefore may appear like egotism, arises not from the traveller's fondness for talking of himself, but from his wishing to keep clear of the much more disagreeable appearance of having taken pains to avoid it.

For similar reasons every thing that occurred to his observation, is presented to the reader just in the light in which it struck

struck him. He does not presume to have been always free from prejudice or error, but at least he has been on his guard against adopting the prejudices and errors of others. Many subjects on which he might have touched, are entirely omitted, because it was not his aim, nor could he pretend, to compile any thing like a general account of the countries through which he passed. He has merely spoken of objects that interested himself on the spot; and several particulars that, to common readers, may appear trifling, are perhaps recorded with a view to the illustration of particular subjects, and will therefore be turned to account by those only who are engaged in the study of such subjects. Of this nature are many remarks concerning natural history, medicine, and even the arts, but more especially such as relate to the history of the human mind.

So many subjects present themselves in a journey, that a book of travels must

Vol. I. a necessarily

necessarily be miscellaneous, and destitute of any great degree of method. But in order to obviate this imperfection as much as possible, the form of a journal is preserved principally in the travelling part; the various objects in the great towns are digested into some kind of order; remarks on paintings or buildings are not intermixed with those on natural history, and both are for the most part kept distinct from what relates to characters and manners of men. By this means there is less confusion of ideas than in a mere journal, in which things are noticed altogether in the order of time in which the traveller met with them, and which very confusion is apologized for by those who publish their travels in fictitious letters, as the consequence of their writing from immediate observation: where s it commonly arises from their indolent neglect of arrangement, or is affected for the purpose of giving their letters an air of probability. In either case it is a fault.

The

The fine arts must always make a principal feature in an Italian tour ; indeed that country itself would hardly be amusing, nor would an account of it be interesting, to those who are quite devoid of taste and curiosity on this subject. Even the multiplicity of descriptions we have already of the treasures of Italy in this department, seem, in adding to their celebrity, to have rendered the mention of them the more indispensable in every future account. For the same reason indeed we no longer require an ample detail of descriptions. Most of the objects are already sufficiently well known, and we rather enjoy the mention of them as old acquaintances ; while the least portion of novelty concerning them, whenever it can be obtained, becomes doubly interesting. Even if we hear nothing new, we are pleased to partake of the impressions they give to a person, with whom we have contracted some sort of acquaintance, and have formed some ideas of his powers of judging, after

having travelled along with him through a few pages of his narrative.

The writer of the following pages has no pretensions to authority on this part of his subject. He records what has afforded him pleasure, and gives his reasons whenever he expresses contrary feelings; but is neither an artist, nor a professed connoisseur. However fond he may be of the arts, having imbibed that taste early, and cultivated it by several means of improvement which his country affords, it was always very subordinate to many other pursuits and occupations; and he is far from pretending to that irresistible fire of genius which gives, in all cases, intuitive judgment and unerring criticism. Neither has he been much instructed in the technical part of the arts. He looks on a picture, a statue, or a building, not with the eye of a painter, sculptor, or architect, but with the eye of an observer of nature. He considers an historical group rather as the narrative of
a par-

a particular story, than as a machine to produce certain impressions on the eye; and is struck, even to enthusiasm, with an undescribable something in a fine building, though not possessed of science to investigate all its requisite parts or proportions. The reader therefore will know in what points he is chiefly to be relied on, and will hereafter find him more attracted by the expression or composition of a picture, than by qualities more curious to an artist or a connoisseur.

It will probably be expected that the present work should contain many particulars relating to the science of natural history; but the countries here described too nearly resemble our own, to afford much that is new or striking in this way. Where any thing of this sort has presented itself, it is always noted, and that with two ends in view. In the first place, nothing which could possibly convey real solid information to the practical and intelligent naturalist, has

been ever withheld from an apprehension of its seeming dry or unimportant to others: this would be too great a sacrifice of the interests of science. But on the other hand it has been constantly endeavoured that the author's favourite pursuit should be rendered as attractive, even to those unacquainted with it, as he could make it; in order that he might have a chance of being the happy means of inviting others to a participation of pleasures which he has found never to disappoint, never to satiate, and the cultivation of which not only fits the mind for the advancement of its own internal powers of happiness, but also renders it doubly capable of adding to that of others. The travelling observer of nature has, as it were, the enjoyment of a new sense in addition to those common to the rest of mankind. He can find amusement and instruction where they bemoan themselves as in a wilderness; he can relieve his attention, and refresh his spirits, when wearied by common objects of observation, or troubled

bled with disagreeable ones; and is stimulated with ardour to undertakings, prolific of pleasure in various ways, which the incurious half-occupied mind would not think worth the pains of attempting. A still higher advantage is attached to the pursuit of natural history in a journey through an enlightened country, as well as in the journey of life itself. It is an unerring clue to an intercourse with the best minds. It brings those together who are connected by a most commendable, disinterested, and delightful tie, and who may consequently find themselves allied by other ties, which they would not else have discovered. It brings forth the best parts of every character. Differences of opinion, of religion, of age, of rank, all sink before it. The narrowest and most prejudiced dispositions in some particulars, are open, candid, and generous in what regards this amiable study: the most gloomy and disappointed are soothed by it into a capacity of enjoyment,

and an exercise of their powers, on which the happiness or value of all their future life may depend.

What will be found therefore to be most novel and peculiar in this account of Holland, France, and Italy, is perhaps not so much the information immediately belonging to natural history in itself, as an account of various cultivators and teachers of that study, with other literary and accomplished characters, whom the author has seen to greater advantage than falls to the lot of most travellers. In this line his recommendations were more fortunate than ordinary, not from his own pretensions, but from a peculiarity of circumstances unnecessary to be explained here. The name of Linnæus opened every door and cabinet to him; but he is not so weak as to assume to himself the honour which was paid to that name, though he thankfully endeavoured to profit by it.

There

There is one subject which commonly makes a conspicuous figure in all travels to Italy, the absurdities and abuses of the Catholic religion. On this head many a Protestant writer seems to think himself privileged to let loose every species of sarcasm, censure and calumny, without any qualification or distinction. He censures a pretended infallible church as if himself and his own mode or fashion of belief alone were really infallible; he condemns a persecuting religion, while he himself persecutes it more uncharitably and unrelentingly with his pen or his tongue, than any churchman ever did a heretic with fire and faggot; and he execrates those who keep no faith with unbelievers, while he betrays the confidence of friendship and hospitality, and perverts the kindness of human nature (which gets the better even of religious antipathies) into a tool of ridicule against those who have exercised it in favour of himself. These errors, by far more disgraceful and blameable than errors of faith,

faith, the writer of the following remarks has earnestly wished to avoid. He directs his weapons, indeed, without reserve, against hypocrisy, tyranny, and imposition of all kinds, wherever they occur, and whatever church or sect they may happen to contaminate; but he endeavours to discriminate between individuals and bodies of men; and while he laments or exposes the impositions and iniquities of any religion in dark and corrupt times, he by no means considers the present professors of that religion as answerable for them. Such a mode of judgment no one church or sect could be proof against. Still farther is he from laying the faults of any member of a church at the door of its other members. Those only who defend a bad system uncharitably, are answerable for all its defects; and those who make their own mode of faith a cloak for a conduct and spirit unworthy of any religion, deserve the blame which its mistaken and ill-informed zealots incur.

Persons

Persons who have never conversed with liberal Catholics at home or abroad, and take their ideas of them from partial accounts, written in days of animosity and party spirit, may do them great injustice. Those who have travelled in Catholic countries might easily shew superstition and bigotry to be by no means universal among the thinking part of the community, if they thought themselves at liberty to disclose private conversations, or remarks made by themselves upon casual momentary actions or expressions, which more unequivocally display the true sentiments, than a deliberate discourse. But a man who should publish such anecdotes, would betray his own want of principle too much to deserve credit for any thing he might relate. Neither is it intended here to insinuate that such traits of character, when detected, imply a deficiency in just principles of religion or morality. On the contrary, those who make due concessions on doubtful points, are most likely

likely to be honest and steady in essential ones. The most austere and fastidious zealots are often the most insincere.

So wide a field of discussion relative to politics has been opened of late, so much has the attention of every body, more or less, been excited by this subject, and so much is it connected with the various nations on the continent, that a traveller through France in particular could not possibly keep clear of it. Nor ought a general observer of men and things to shrink from such a discussion, which but too generally falls into the hands of interested or partial examiners. It will be at least a novelty to find it canvassed by one who has no party, interest, nor passion to serve; who feels himself most perfectly independant of all but the *good*,—and who writes his real thoughts, desiring rather to make peace than to make converts, without wishing for attention or approbation any farther than he may be judged,
in

in the opinion of those anxious for truth like himself, to be in the right.

Much of this work was composed, and even printed, some time since. The style and sentiments of the early part may not therefore seem applicable to the present state of affairs abroad, though they might have been so when written. The changes indeed in the French affairs are so rapid, the revolutions of laws, decrees, and decisions so violent and unexpected, that imagination cannot keep pace with them. We have scarcely had time to derive some sort of consolation, in the establishment of Juries, for the concomitant scenes of discord, before we are startled with the most atrocious contrivance that ever was invented, for the defeat of that salutary institution. No mode of public murder ever surpassed the deliberate annihilation of all equity, which decreed, that accusing witnesses should alone be sufficient to convict a prisoner, without any thing

being heard in his justification; nor is it any extenuation of the guilt of this decree that it was made to condemn a particular set of men, the accused deputies, or that it has since been repealed by its authors. Well may such lawgivers be glad to take refuge in the idea of "everlasting sleep!"

It has not been thought advisable to change any descriptions of objects remarked by the author in his journey through Flanders or France, though many of them now exist no longer. The reader will be curious to hear what they were, as the monuments at St. Denis and at Paris, the curiosities of Chantilly, and many others. In what degree these and other things have suffered, is not exactly known in England. The tame carp at Chantilly were destroyed very early in the revolution.

The description of the cathedral of Milan, vol. iii. p. 51, requires some correction.

The plan of its great front, which was long at a stand, has of late been changed. The Grecian doors and windows, designed by Pelegrini, have alone been permitted to remain in that style, and are to be patched up with Gothic pilasters. This is even worse than allowing the whole front to be finished in the Grecian taste.

The enumeration of authors in the Appendix is extremely incomplete, but may nevertheless be of use as far as it goes.

The plan of its great front, which was long at a hand, has of late been changed. The Grecian doors and windows, designed by Pöppelmann, have alone been permitted to remain in that style, and are to be patched up with Gothic gables. This is even worse than allowing the whole front to be finished in the Grecian taste.

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SKETCH

SKETCH OF A TOUR

ON THE

CONTINENT.

CHAP. I.

HARWICH, HELVOET, ROTTERDAM TO
LEYDEN.

June 16. I HAD fixed the beginning of June 1786 for my departure for Holland; but a contrary wind made me defer it till the 16th of that month; when, after many an anxious look at the lofty plane and cedar trees of Chelsea Garden, still waving in an unpropitious direction, my patience being at length exhausted, I set

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out

out for Harwich, and arrived there next day at noon.

June 17. I saw little remarkable at Harwich, nor wished for any thing so much as to leave it as soon as possible. At the inn were two young men, known to me, as I to them, by name. They being also bound for Leyden, their acquaintance proved both then and afterwards an agreeable acquisition.

Previous to our going on board the packet some ceremonies were necessary, of the reasonableness or lawfulness of which I am not quite certain. We were obliged to pay about half a guinea each to some kind of an officer, for a passport, though that officer could not possibly have any other reason than the said half-guinea for giving us one. We might, for any thing he knew, be the greatest rogues in London. Our captain however would not take us without, although he acknowledged we were at liberty to go on board any vessel that should choose to take us. The custom-house officers, being probably gentlemen of only
a fourth

a fourth part of the consequence of the said passport-monger, let us pass through their hands for half a crown ; so we got on board the packet about three o' clock.

The leading incidents of a first sea voyage, as this was to me, are probably much the same with every body. Suffice it to say, that after struggling for three nights, and as many days, with a strong contrary wind, during which time our misery was much heightened by the wretched accommodation in the vessel, and the sea beating in upon our beds, a fair and less boisterous gale brought us within sight of the Dutch coast, and we landed at Helvoet Sluice about three in the afternoon of June 20th.

June 20. Here are no custom-house officers, nor did any one ask us a single question on our landing, nor in any other part of Holland.

Helvoet would be esteemed a wonderfully neat town in any other country than Holland. The houses all seemed new painted, and the streets and quays just swept and washed,

Most of our party being impatient to get forward, we were variously distributed in waggons and other jumbling vehicles, the only ones to be had, and set off for the Brill about six miles distant.

The road lay through a country exactly like the fens of Lincolnshire, planted with lofty trees, with here and there a handsome church, and good substantial kind of farmhouse. *Eryngium campestre*, Field Eryngo, so very rare in England, grows here every where by the road side; and indeed I afterwards observed it through Flanders, France, and Italy, to be one of the most common plants.

The Brill is a neat fortified town, with canals in the streets, and much planted with trees.

A stout athletic damsel, whose cheeks might with more propriety be compared to the full blown peony than to the rose, conveyed our baggage on a wheel-barrow to the side of the river, the Maese, which we crossed in a boat, and then took other waggons, which carried us a mile and half farther to another ferry. Crossing this we arrived

rived at Maestrich Sluice, a town wholly occupied by people in the fishing trade.—— After waiting some time, we at length about nine o' clock obtained a coach, open before, but sumptuously lined with red velvet, and drawn by three horses abreast, in which we reached Rotterdam, the place of our destination. But the gates were shut, and we were obliged to seek a lodging in the suburbs; nor was that easily to be had. After trying several places in vain, our driver began to lose his patience; we regretted our precipitation, and wished we had slept at Helvoet. Luckily however about one in the morning, after much knocking, we got admittance into a very comfortable inn, the master of which proved extremely civil and attentive, though, from his manner at first coming to the door, we thought he meant to refuse us an entrance. The manner indeed of the Dutch in general is quite opposite to what the French call *accueillante*.

The peasants with whom we met in this afternoon's ride, had an appearance of ease and plenty. Their clothes, for the most

part of a dark brown, were generally good ; and all, both men and women, wore gold filligree sleeve or collar buttons, and other trinkets of the same metal, for they disdain all of inferior value,

June 21. The morning after our arrival we removed to the Boar's head (Swine's hoeft) in the town, a very capital inn.

Just before it stands the statue of Erasmus in bronze. He is in a long gown, reading out of a great folio which he holds in his hands. The Latin and Dutch inscriptions on the pedestal have often been published.—The exchange is neat, the best row of houses look to the river, and are occupied by the principal merchants.

June 22. Next morning took the treck-skuyt for Leyden. The manner of travelling in these boats drawn by horses along smooth and regular canals, is well known ; but the convenience and pleasure of it can hardly be conceived from description. The greater part of our very numerous company was going to the fair at Delft,
all

all in their best attire, and the ladies as fine as possible. Their dress might probably be graceful and beautiful in the eyes of a Dutchman, for education gives us a variety of tastes.

Delft consists chiefly of one long street well built, with the canal running through it.

The sides of the canal between Rotterdam and Leyden are occupied by country seats belonging for the most part to rich merchants, and are as formal and gaudy as can be imagined. The parterres are composed of either parallel or spiral lines of box; their interstices spread with different coloured earths, as gravel, brick-dust, coal-cinders, or pounded tobacco pipes; and the corners of the beds often stuck with ornaments of wood, gilt! But who does not know what a Dutch garden is? I turned with disgust from such scenes to the far more beautiful objects which the canal itself exhibited. The surface of the water was covered with the magnificent white water-lily, *Nymphaea alba*, expanding its unfullied flowers to the morning sun, and intermixed with *Menyanthes nymphoides*, the yellow fringed water-lily,

which is very uncommon in England. The silence that accompanies the Dutch mode of travelling, so different from the grating of a turnpike road, increases in no small degree the pleasure of a journey. The extreme regularity with which every thing is conducted, added to the security of the conveyance, divests the traveller of all care, and leaves him quite at liberty to amuse himself, either by conversation or ^{with} his own meditations, according as he may find himself disposed, without fear of the disturbance of any chattering Abbé or rude Monk obtruding their impertinence upon him.

C H A P. II.

LEYDEN; BOTANIC GARDEN, MUSEUMS,
PROFESSORS, SIEGE.

WE arrived at Leyden about four in the afternoon, and were much struck with the neatness and magnificence of the town. The high street, which has neither a canal nor trees in it, is spacious, and the houses very handsome, though not modern. This, like the high street of Oxford, being built in a curved line, presents a new object at every step. Its principal ornament is the town-hall, a Gothic building consisting of little more than one stately front. The channels of this street are all covered with boards, and any dirt brought by accident is presently removed. A common pump near my lodging had several brass ornaments about it, which were constantly scoured and kept bright, though I never knew whose business it was to take that pains.

One

One of the first objects of my attention in Leyden was the college, and above all the botanic garden, which Boerhaave has immortalized; where, says Haller, "*sæpe vidimus ante auroram optimum senem ligneis calceis per hortum repentem, ut cominus & cultum herbarum perspiceret, & flores fructusque specularetur* *." I had an introduction to the celebrated Mr. David Van Royen, whose politeness and attention could not be exceeded. This gentleman has been professor here about thirty-two years, and has lately resigned, having still permission to use the garden for his amusement; his private fortunes have placed him far above the emoluments of the professorship, but his fondness for botany continues as strong as ever.

The botanic garden has been much enlarged within these forty years. In Boerhaave's time it consisted only of a small square piece of ground, as represented in the frontispiece

* "We have often seen the good old man before the morning dawn, crawling about the garden in his wooden slippers, that he might immediately superintend the culture of plants, and speculate on their flowers and fruits."

of his *Index Horti L. Bat.* 1710. Afterwards more than twice as much ground on the south west across a canal was added to it, so that the whole is now about as large as the Chelsea garden. Lately the college, designing to build a new library, wanted to take away the original garden for that purpose, and proposed giving in its room some ground to the north-west. But Professor Van Royen would not consent to this, the aspect not being near so good.

The plants which struck me most were a very fine palm about fourteen feet high, in flower in the open air, raised from seed by the famous Carolus Clusius, who died professor at Leyden in 1609: consequently this tree has been growing here at least one hundred and seventy-seven years. I could not help taking a bit of its bark as a relick. —

This very tree, and the pot in which it grows, are figured in the frontispiece of Boerhaave's *Index* above mentioned. It appears then to have been about half as high as at present; and must without doubt be the palm mentioned by Linnæus in his *Prælectiones in Ordines Naturales Plantarum*, p. 27, published by Professor

feffor Giseke in 1792 at Hamburgh, which Linnæus suspected to be a *Chamærops*, but which his ingenious editor rightly refers to the *Rhapis flabelliformis*, Ait. Hort. Kew. v. 3. p. 473. It comes from China and Japan. There is a tree of this kind, and about as large, in the Botanic garden at Paris, and I shall mention another in speaking of Pifa.

I remarked also the *Ginkgo* of the Chinese, a standard twenty feet high; *Strelitzia reginae*, Ait. Hort. Kew. v. 1. p. 285, tab. 2, which has never yet flowered in any garden out of England; *Olea laurifolia*, a new species, according to Mr. Van Royen; *Royena lucida* in flower, as large as a moderate hawthorn tree, and very beautiful;—and a singular plant from the Cape, probably an *Ecbites*, with a large tuberous root raised high above the surface of the ground, two or three weak stems a foot high, and large dark brown flowers.

Mr. Van Royen was kind enough to borrow from the University Library for me part of Rauwolf's Herbarium, which is very magnificent, and the plants well preserved. Also Boccone's Herbarium of the plants described in his Fasciculus Plantarum, published

published by Morison at Oxford in 1674. These specimens are miserably bad. We also looked over together Herman's collection of Ceylon plants, which belong to the College, and are a part of the celebrated Herbarium the rest of which is at Copenhagen. They have also here a volume of West Indian plants, which belonged to Herman, and, plants from that part of the world being very scarce in Holland, are much more valued than they would be in England. I carried Mr. Van Royen a numerous collection of West Indian ferns from Sir Joseph Banks.

The chair of Natural Philosophy was at this time filled by Mr. Allamand, since dead, well known by his edition of the Natural History of Buffon; a fine old man of the most agreeable manners, and with that happy mixture of politeness and cheerfulness, almost peculiar to Frenchmen in the decline of life. In his family I found myself quite at home. He very obligingly shewed me the collection of mathematical instruments used in his lectures, which appeared far superior to the celebrated collection

lection of that kind at Glasgow. Among other things is a most pure and brilliant prism of Brazil pebble, and a two inch cube of Iceland refracting spar, perfectly clear, and without crack or blemish. The mahogany models of different machines are of a very large size, and must have been very expensive.

At the College is a Museum of Natural History, collected entirely by Professor Allamand, containing many very rare quadrupeds and amphibia, with very fine corals, ores and pebbles. There is a young ostrich in the egg, *Argonauta Argo*, paper Nautilus, with the animal in it, and some good Papilios, though few in comparison with what the Professor shewed me afterwards at his own house, where he had *Papilio Priamus*, *Ulysses*, *Helena*, *Idea*, &c. in abundance.

The public library is very well furnished with books, but the room itself not good. In it are many very good portraits of eminent men who have belonged to this university, or been benefactors to it. Among the rest appears that elegant and voluptuous poet Johannes Secundus, who died at the
age

age of twenty-five. His countenance is very striking; his complexion dark, with very black hair and beard, and dark piercing eyes. This picture is only a copy of an original in the possession of Professor Van Royen, which he picked up by accident in a broker's shop.

Professor Sandifort shewed me the Anatomical Theatre, and the preparations of Albinus; the latter can be seen in his presence only. Among them are some fine things, particularly the preparations relating to the progress of ossification in the foetus, a favourite subject of Albinus; but on the whole this collection will bear no comparison with either of the Hunterian Museums. In it are a few pieces prepared by Ruysch, so celebrated in his time, which are so bad, that no London anatomist would deign to keep them.

Dr. Sandifort's private library is one of the finest things in Leyden. Nor must I forget to mention the collection of diseased bones belonging to my friend Dr. Vander Wyperfe. It is one of the best I have seen.

The simple and elegant monument of the illustrious Boerhaave is in the principal church,
and

and I visited it with awe and respect. The plate of it in Van Swieten's Commentaries is a very exact representation, and the medallion is said to be a good portrait. If I am not much mistaken, a systematic physiognomist would be far from forming a just idea of the mind and genius of Boerhaave from his portrait. The form of the nose is peculiarly unpromising—but nature delights in thwarting the systems of philosophers. Professor Allamand himself had destined a very fine piece of red jasper to be employed in this medallion; but, on account of the very great expence of cutting such a stone, near two hundred pounds, was deterred from the execution of his design.

Besides those gentlemen already mentioned, one of the chief ornaments of this university at present is Mr. Pestel, Professor of Jurisprudence. His *Fundamenta Jurisprudentiæ Naturalis* is a book every inhabitant of a free state ought to study, and I cannot help wondering this admirable work has never appeared in English. The French have been beforehand with us in translating it into their language, and it had the honour

of being prohibited in France ; for that people, although then much enlightened, were not as yet enlightened by authority. Now the same author might have a chance of being proscribed in France for contrary reasons. His pure system of elevated piety, his union of christianity with morality, and of manly principles of liberty with virtuous order, are not at all in the style of philosophers who insinuate atheism, or of fools who avow it, and who scarcely take the pains to screen barbarity, under even so base a principle as vengeance.

I cannot take leave of Leyden without mentioning that glorious period of its history the ever-memorable siege it sustained when Holland was about to shake off the Spanish yoke: an event upon which its inhabitants still dwell with pleasure ; and in relating the particulars of which, I have several times seen the glow of a generous enthusiasm illuminate the most inanimate countenance.—It is scarcely necessary to enter into the detail of an event which so many historians have delighted to relate. The people having been reduced to eat the leaves of trees, as well as

horses, dogs, leather, and every other animal substance within their reach, a pestilence carried off more than half the inhabitants. In this dreadful exigency the besiegers calling on the townsmen to surrender, the latter appeared on the walls, and declared they would each of them first cut off his left arm for provision and fight with his right. The governor wrote to the Prince of Orange, that without help from him or from Heaven they could not resist two days longer. At this crisis, providentially surely, the wind changed, and blew in such a direction that the Spanish army, fearing a flood, made a precipitate retreat. They were no sooner gone than the wind returned to the same point as before, the waters retired, and there was an easy access to the town for the people with provisions who flocked in on every side. The churches were crowded with famished wretches who, just saved from the jaws of death, one moment greedily devoured the welcome food, and another with sobs and inarticulate exclamations returned Heaven thanks for their deliverance; insomuch that no regular service could be performed.

And

And here a new distress occurred. Many of the poor creatures, too eager in gratifying their craving appetites, fell down dead on the spot, so that the magistrates were obliged for some time to regulate the quantity of food for each person.

The day after this signal deliverance, the Prince of Orange went to Leyden to express his admiration of the inhabitants behaviour. What an interview must that have been ! He gave them their option, whether to be for a time exempt from certain taxes, or to have an university founded in their town. They wisely chose the latter, and have derived much profit from it.

Such is the origin of the university of Leyden. May it long continue the seat of freedom, and the nursery of every sentiment most favourable to the interests of humanity !

C H A P. III.

EXCURSION TO HAERLEM AND
AMSTERDAM.

June 29. **T**HE trekschuyt took me to Haerlem. The canal was pleasant, and abounded with *Menyanthes nymphoides* all the way. It was the time of the celebrated Haerlem Fair, which lasts a week; consequently the town was very busy. At the ordinary were people from most parts of Europe, so that seven or eight different languages were talked at once at the table.

During dinner we were entertained with music; the performers an itinerant party of three men and as many women. Two of the latter played on violins, which they accompanied with their voices, and the other on a tabor. The men had various instruments. They performed several French songs in parts, *con brio*, in an interesting manner.

SAH 8

Walked

Walked into the church, which is very large, principally to see the famous organ, for it was not then playing. This instrument occupies the whole west end of the nave, and is very handsome. It is supported by eight marble columns, between two of which in the centre is a noble emblematical alto relievo, with three figures as large as life, and a Latin inscription, signifying that the organ was erected in 1735 at the town's expence.

The church is crowded, like others in this country, with square wooden monuments, painted with the arms of the deceased on a black ground, with the date of their death in gold letters, but no name.

In the fair are sold all kinds of wearing apparel, Dutch, English, and French toys, perfumes, confectionary, &c. But meeting with nothing very amusing, I set out for Amsterdam, and arrived there that night. The canal for three or four miles is perfectly straight, and Haerlem church a fine object at one end of it. As we approach Amsterdam the country grows less pleasant, and is furnished with a greater number of draining mills. This celebrated capital is situated in

the very sink of the whole country. The canals were at this time highly turbid and offensive, but the pavement very clean. The streets are many of them airy and planted with trees; others more frequented are encumbered with large signs hanging across the way. The shops are generally without glass windows, and on the whole I conceive the most busy parts of Amsterdam to afford a very good representation of what Cheapside and Ludgate-street were in the last century. The druggists here and in other parts of Holland use a singular kind of sign, the meaning of which I could not learn. It is a huge carved head with the mouth wide open, standing before the shop window. It has generally a fool's cap; sometimes it is a Mercury's head. They call it *de gaaper*, the gaper.

June 30. Next day was employed in walking about this rich and populous city, where they who love the "busy hum of men" may be abundantly gratified. The Change is larger than that of London, though more antique and much less handsome. But
 where

where shall I find any thing in London to compare to the Stadt-house? This superb building has the advantage of a fine open situation, and really deserves all that has been said of it. Its architecture is not perhaps of the purest kind, but there is a degree of magnificence about the whole, and its decorations are so rich, that it cannot fail powerfully to interest any beholder who has not seen the more exquisite works of art in Italy. A minute description of this building would be tedious, but I cannot help noticing some things which struck me very much.

The great hall in the centre is a very noble room entirely lined with marble, but the different apartments where business is transacted are furnished in a manner more suitable to this climate, being generally hung with velvet. A small room for passing sentence of death, is fitted up entirely with marble decorations, calculated to inspire the greatest degree of awe. On one side are colossal female figures, covering their faces with their hands. Between them are bas reliefs representing Solomon's judgment, and other memorable examples of justice

from ancient history. By the Secretary's seat sits a figure of Silence, with her finger on her lips, and a death's head at her feet, and on each side a serpent with an apple in its mouth, alluding to the fall. Above are gorgons, children weeping over death's heads, &c.

Most of the ornaments throughout the house are strikingly apposite. Over the door of the room where bankrupts' affairs are decided, is a bas relief of Dedalus and Icarus. Over the Secretary's chamber the highest degree of fidelity is represented by a dog almost starved to death, watching the body of his murdered master.

Of all the pictures in the house one by Rembrandt pleased me most. This represents a night patrol, and in the grouping of the figures and the management of light and shade, is so infinitely superior to all the rest, which nevertheless are many of them very fine pictures, as nobody can conceive without seeing them. In the same room is a party at dinner, said to be by Vandyck, grievously deficient in grouping, but full of fine detached figures. One old man's
head

head is so much admired that an immense sum of money has been offered for it to be cut out of the picture. It might be taken away without any injury to the composition, and, I think several heads in the picture of equal merit. In the next room is a most capital painting, esteemed the best in the house; the painter I forget. It represents an entertainment at which a treaty of friendship is made between a Dutch burgo-master and a Spanish general.

• *July 1.* The Botanic Garden, formerly so famous, is scarcely worth the notice of an English botanist. It is however neatly kept, and furnished with some good plants. Among others *Dracæna Draco*, about forty feet high, *Aucuba japonica* of Thunberg, and *Strelitzia reginæ* of the hortus Kewensis in abundance. I was shewn the *Cactus pendulus* of Hort. Kew. for *Aloe perlata*, which might have passed for a gross blunder of the gardener, had not the learned Professor, whom I saw afterwards, insisted to me that it was an *aloe*, an opinion I modestly but vainly controverted!

The

The garden is near a part of the town inhabited by the Jews, who live here in great opulence and splendor, enjoying that toleration which Christians are generally more ready to claim themselves than to grant to those who differ from them. The State finds the advantage of securing the attachment of a numerous and industrious body of men, who certainly do not make the worse subjects for having fixed, although peculiar, principles of religion. It being Saturday evening, the Jews were dressed in their best apparel, and either walking in parties of both sexes in their principal street, which had the appearance of a fair, or receiving the visits of each other. Among them were several very beautiful women.

July 2. (Sunday.) I heard the organ of the New Church, esteemed the best in this country, and doubtless a very good one, though surely inferior to our Temple organ. One of the most remarkable things in this church is the superb monument of Admiral de Ruiter, standing in the place usually occupied in Catholic churches by the

the altar. In the epitaph he is styled "*Im-*
mensi tremor oceani," "the terror of the
 "vast ocean;" and on the marble door of
 his vault is inscribed "*Intaminatis fulget*
honoribus," "he shines with unblemished
 "lustre." Such praise does no less honour
 to his grateful country, than to the hero
 who richly deserved it.

The Old Church contains some bad monuments, and three very fine and well preserved painted windows. Its floor is much encumbered with clumsy carvings in marble and brass on the tomb-stones. One part of this church excites in a benevolent mind more veneration than the shrines of saints, or even the tombs of the good and illustrious. This is the Hamburgers' chapel, a place which at the dawn of the Reformation was granted by the magistrates of Amsterdam, at that time Catholics, to some Protestant merchants of Hamburg for a burying-place. The wise and truly Christian magistrates received these exiles with open arms, in spite of the remonstrances of their own priesthood; and a grant of the above-mentioned chapel was one of the earliest triumphs

triumphs of liberality and charity over superstition in one of its most tender points. The chapel is still destined to the interment of Hamburgers dying at Amsterdam.

The Dutch never take their hats off in a church except during service; they even put them on in the intervals of prayer, and during the sermon. The minister who preached this afternoon was a formal old man, and his delivery whining and monotonous to a most ridiculous degree.

July 3. My stay at Amsterdam was so short, I can say little of the state of natural history there. The Dutch in general seem still to retain that extravagant rage for buying rarities at an exorbitant price, for which they have long been famous; and when they do not lock up such rarities from those who are worthy to behold them, no well-wisher to science can lament their possessing them. Dr. Houyttin, known by his voluminous Dutch translation of the *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus, has a large museum, rich in East Indian and Chinese productions well preserved, which he has no objection
to

to selling *. He was one of those who procured the celebrated Professor Thunberg to be sent to Japan, and has specimens of most of his acquisitions. Among the rest are several artificial insects stuck on pins among real ones, with which the knavish Japanese attempt to cheat foreign virtuosi.

I called on Dr. Burman, Professor of Botany, whose Herbarium I was very anxious to consult for the purpose of ascertaining a few plants among the *Plantæ Africanæ* in the sixth volume of Linnæus's *Amœnitates Academicæ*. The plants of that dissertation were described by Linnæus from dried specimens lent him only by this Dr. Burman, and are consequently among the few species mentioned in his works, that are not to be found in his own collection. Many of them indeed are well known; but about forty remain obscure from the brevity of their descriptions, and these I much wished to have seen, not doubting but they are for the most part plants to be found in the

* My friend Mr. Stephen De Lessert jun. of Paris has since bought his Herbarium.

English gardens and collections. Unfortunately however the Professor was so much engaged in the practice of physic, and so averse to entering on botanical subjects, that notwithstanding the recommendation of my good friend Van Royen, I was obliged, after repeated appointments, and as many disappointments, to give up my object, though the business might have been done in ten minutes, as I did not wish to take up the Professor's time by any conversation with himself. If the reader is shocked at this disgraceful anecdote, let him remember, for the honour of science, it is the only one of the kind he will meet with in the course of my tour.

For the use of Botanists who may be more fortunate in obtaining the favour of Professor Burman, the following is a list of the plants which were the objects of my curiosity.

Chironia jasminoides.

Crassula strigosa.

Melanthium punctatum.

Buchnera africana.

Selago Lychnidea.

Selago coccinea

Cheiranthus africanus

Hermannia triphylla

Geranium incanum

Spartium capense

<i>Borbonia ericifolia</i>	<i>Senecio umbellatus</i>
<i>Aspalathus quinquefolia</i>	<i>Arnica piloselloides</i>
—— <i>pinnata</i>	<i>Anthemis leucantha</i>
<i>Crotalaria perforata</i>	<i>Buphthalmum capense</i>
<i>Pforalea prostrata</i>	<i>Cineraria linifolia</i>
<i>Indigofera racemosa</i>	<i>Perdicium semistofculare</i>
<i>Ononis capensis</i>	<i>Bidens tenella</i>
—— <i>cernua</i>	<i>Orchis flexuosa</i>
<i>Lupinus integrifolius</i>	—— <i>bicornis</i>
<i>Dolichos capensis</i>	—— <i>cornuta</i>
<i>Hieracium capense</i>	—— <i>satyrioides</i>
<i>Athanasia levigata</i>	<i>Satyrion capense</i>
<i>Gnaphalium ferratum</i>	<i>Ophrys catholica</i>
—— <i>cylindricum</i>	—— <i>caffra</i>
—— <i>ericoides</i>	<i>Arethusa capensis</i>
—— <i>discolorum</i>	<i>Myrica trifoliata</i>
<i>Senecio persicifolius</i>	

Erica calycina, *corifolia* and *gnaphalodes*, though not in the above-mentioned dissertation, are in the same predicament otherwise; also *Glinus dictamnoides* and *Cistus capensis*.

July 4. In returning to Leyden by Haerlem I was gratified with a sight of the rich collection of natural productions at Dr. Van Marum's, belonging to the Haerlem Academy. It consists of stuffed Quadrupeds and Birds, Amphibia, Fish, Insects, Shells and Corals, arranged and named according to

Linnæus,

Linnaeus, in exquisitely neat order. Among them are many very choice things, but 'tis pity the whole are constantly exposed to the light, it being the well-known property of that body to impair the colours of all dead animal and vegetable substances, as to heighten those of living ones.

Mr. Voorhelm, the famous nurseryman, produced with great triumph a drawing of the *Limodorum Tankervilliae* (Hort. Kew.) which flowered in his garden for the first time in April 1786, at the time it first flowered in the neighbourhood of London. My friend Mr. Salisbury near Leeds was so fortunate as to have it in perfection the year before, and to raise abundance of young plants from its seeds, which is perhaps the first instance of the kind among the Orchis tribe.

I got to Haerlem just in time to hear the great organ, which is played on two days in the week, an hour each time, and the church is then the resort of the best company. The tone of the instrument appeared to be very fine, and the organist was a very able one.

CHAP. IV.

THE HAGUE.

July 17. **T**HE canal which leads from Leyden to the Hague is pleasant; the Hague itself is celebrated as the most magnificent village, it being esteemed but a village, in Europe. Streets of very large dimensions, with spacious canals planted with fine trees, added to a situation rather more elevated, and a better air than that of other Dutch towns, make this really a desirable abode. The eye long accustomed to watery flatness and Dutch regularity, cannot but be peculiarly sensible to the charms of a fine natural and extensive wood, about a mile from the town, adjoining to which stands the country-seat of the Prince of Orange. The gardens of this palace are a curiosity in their way. The projector of them having doubtless heard the general disapprobation of Dutch gardening, and how very odious strait walks and rows of trees are

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universally reckoned by all who esteem themselves critics or persons of taste, was resolved at least to avoid that fault; so that every walk in the Prince's garden is twisted into a semicircle, every grass-plat cut into a crescent, and every hedge thrusts itself where it is least desired. In vain does the right-on traveller wish to saunter leisurely and insensibly along, to attain any point of view, or other object, that promises him pleasure. He soon finds the most specious path is not to be trusted; for, instead of leading him where it promised, an unexpected turning may bring him near the spot from whence he set out. Whether the contriver of this garden was an English politician, and thought it wholesome to accustom his princely employer to a little twisting and turning, I will not determine.

About three miles from the Hague, on the sea-shore, stands the little town of Scheveling, the road to which is along a noble avenue of trees. The sandy ground on each side this avenue is over-run with birch thickets, and abounds with the true *Arundo epigejos* of Linnæus (that is *Calamagrostis* of all English writers), *Aira canescens*, *Hippophae*

phae rhamnoides, a singular dwarf variety of *Ligustrum vulgare* (Privet), and a number of heath plants, mixed with others usually found in marshes. The fluctuating moisture of the soil may perhaps account for this. I certainly never before saw a small spot whose *Flora* would in print appear so paradoxical. Among the rarer species were, *Convallaria multiflora* and *Polygonatum*, with *Gentiana cruciata*, the first plant I have met with abroad not a native of Britain.

In Scheveling church is a monument very similar to that of Boerhaave at Leyden; the inscription on it only

OSSA

Cornelii ab Heemschkerck.

The principal church at the Hague is entirely lined with black escutcheons, than which nothing can be more infernally hideous. It contains a monument of some Landgrave or other, who should seem by his epitaph to have been at least as great a personage as any of the Roman emperors at the height of their glory.

The palace has nothing very remarkable. In one of the apartments are portraits

of all the Princes of Orange from William I. Each wears a glaring orange-coloured sash; a circumstance as unfortunate for the painter as the scarlet robes in Mr. Copley's picture of the death of Lord Chatham.

The Prince's Museum, one of the principal curiosities at the Hague, is very rich, and most admirably kept. Englishmen are politely told, that this is inferior to the British Museum only. I do not see how the two can be accurately compared, as each excels in a different way. This at the Hague is peculiarly rich in toys and other things from the East Indies. The insects and shells are very good. The birds uncommonly choice, though not very numerous. Our conductor was a gentleman whose civility could not be exceeded, but we were obliged to see the servant at the door.

Mr. Lyonet the celebrated naturalist was then living at the Hague, and I should be ungrateful not to commemorate his politeness in shewing me at leisure his very capital collections of shells and pictures. The former, although not systematically arranged, appeared one of the finest collections I had

ever seen, containing many unique shells, as well as all those that usually sell at the dearest rate. Among others the very specimen of *Trochus solaris*, from which Rumphius's figure was drawn; and especially that famous unique *Conus Cedo nulli*, figured in Seba's Museum, vol. 3. t. 48. f. 8, the despair of all other collectors. This shell is not granulated, as would appear from Seba's figure, but quite smooth. The shades of the marking make it seem granulated.

Among the pictures I was struck with a Joseph by Rembrandt, not represented as usual in his encounter with Potiphar's wife, but more peaceably employed in his study; so that it might do as well for the portrait of any other good studious lad as for Joseph: but the face is that of

“ ——— no vulgar boy.”

Mr. Lyonet shewed me also the manuscript of an intended miscellaneous work of his own on Insects, entirely physiological, and accompanied with exquisite drawings; and another on the *Phalæna Cossus* (Goat Moth) in its perfect state, intended as a sequel to his

former elaborate and unrivalled treatise on the caterpillar of that fly. He even consulted with a bookseller in my presence about the publication of these works; but I have not yet heard of their appearance. Possibly his death some months afterwards might put a stop to them. He did not pretend to have discovered the use of the antennæ of insects, but rather supposed them the organ of some sense unknown to us.

This ingenious philosopher was, at the time I saw him, a venerable grey-headed man, seventy-eight years of age, full of expression, and very talkative; in his conversation continually expressing his admiration of the works of Nature, and recurring to their Divine author. He spoke of Buffon as a quack in science, whose factitious reputation would certainly soon fall to the ground. Mr. Lyonet, not being at all a systematic naturalist, seemed to know little or nothing of Linnæus, nor had he any of his works. He complained of the number of new names and terms that author has introduced; but this he appeared to have taken from report. Of all the foolish objections to Linnæus, of which
it

it has been my fortune to hear a great many, this surely is one of the most absurd : he has introduced new names only because he has described new objects; as to old names, every intelligent naturalist well knows Linnaeus has been rather too cautious of changing them. It would perhaps have been better could he early have foreseen his extensive influence, and have reformed many things which, from a deference to the opinion of others, he suffered to remain.—But, to return to Mr. Lyonet.

I found him employed in writing an Art of Poetry ("*risum teneatis*") in Dutch, from the commendable design of improving the poetry of his own country; for he was a native of Holland, not as generally believed of France, nor has he ever been in that country.

July 20. In returning by Delft, the churches of that place detained me a few hours. The old one, a clumsy edifice of red brick, has a neat pyramidal monument near the west door, ornamented with a medallion, in memory of the celebrated microscopic phi-

lofopher, Leewenhoek. He died in 1723, aged ninety-one. The maufoleum of the great Admiral Tromp, in another part of this church, is very superb.

In the new church, the chimes of which are very mufical, is the magnificent and venerable monument of the great Prince of Orange, William I. The east end of the church is femicircular, and a femicircular range of pillars fupports the roof. Within thefe pillars is a large fpace furrounded with iron rails, and paved with black and white marble, under which is the family vault of the Princes of Orange. In the centre of this fpace, the beft poffible fituation, ftands the monument, confifting of a farcophagus, on which lies a marble figure of William I. in his robes, as if dead. At his feet is a dog, the expreffion of whole countenance cannot be too much admired. Fidelity and ftern grief could not be better reprefented. Above is a magnificent piece of architecture, confifting of a marble canopy, fupported by four buttrefles of white marble, and twenty columns of black and gold, in an admirable ftyle. On the top a tablet, held up by two boys
in

in bronze, contains the epitaph, but in such small and obscure characters I could not read it. At each corner of the tomb stands a bronze figure, the first representing Liberty with a cap, inscribed, surely with peculiar emphasis, "*Aurea Libertas*;" the second is Fortitude, the third Religion, and the fourth Justice, represented not blind, but accurately observing, with rather too pert an air, the balance in her hand. Under an arch at the head of the tomb is a bronze statue of the same Prince William I. in armour, in a sitting posture; and at the other end of the tomb a figure of Fame just taking flight, likewise of bronze. All the figures are as large as life. This monument cost 1800*l.* sterling. Who was the artist I know not, but the whole is in a style of design and execution vastly superior to the taste in England at the same period; witness the uncouth monuments of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots in Westminster Abbey.

On the pillars above the mausoleum hang various escutcheons and trophies of the family. That of the late Princess, eldest daughter
of

of King George II. is enriched with much cumbrous finery.

On the north side of the church a handsome monument has been lately erected over the grave of the famous Hugo Grotius, consisting of a large arch of black marble, with a white niche absurdly containing a pyramid, a medallion, and various other things rather too much in a heap. This *should* have been his epitaph :

“ See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,

“ To buried merit raise the tardy bust.”

Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes, v. 159.

Near the old church stands the very house in which the illustrious William I. was murdered by a bigoted hireling of the King of Spain, July 10th, 1584. Two holes still remain in the wall on the stairs, made by the pistol-balls after having passed through his body, with a Dutch inscription near them to commemorate the event, if such an event should ever need a memorial. Leaving this awful spot I could not help standing some minutes in the street, picturing to myself what must have passed in the town just
after

after the accident; the spreading of the too interesting news, the terror, the despair, the wrath, what must they have been! No wonder the murderer was put to death with every torture and indignity that could be devised. No wonder that bigots and tyrants celebrated him as a martyr; and that his descendants, to complete the execrable history, were ennobled and pensioned in Spain. It is only astonishing that Spanish nobility has not ever since been a by-word for infamy. *What what!*

From so transient a visit as mine, to a country so well known as Holland, no new observations are to be expected. Its political state at this time was such as made it an unpleasant abode for a stranger, especially an Englishman. Disturbances were every day expected at the Hague, and a party of gentlemen in the Prince's interest paraded about the streets of Leyden every night. The bulk of the people, "acrimonious and surly republicans" (to use the mighty Johnson's surly phrase), shewed their patriotism by an inveterate antipathy to the very name and colour of orange. No wonder that such
patriotism

patriotism was easily awed into submission, and that in a few weeks afterwards every public place glowed with orange cockades. Yet, in the last century, these Dutchmen were warlike and free, at the same time that they knew how to value princes deserving of their love. In this people, not "chill penury," but on the contrary increasing wealth seems to have "repressed the noble rage" of the soul. A thirst for gain is certainly the prominent feature of their character. Woe to the stranger who employs a Hollander without making a previous bargain, or who should hope, in case of an overcharge, to find any thing like honour, shame, or compassion to work on by remonstrances; nor must the slightest act of common charity be expected without a reward. The custom of paying other people's servants seems to exist in its full extent in Holland. In coming away from an evening party I have seen a footman at the door with both hands so filled with florins, he was quite at a loss how to dispose of what were pouring in upon him. It ought, however, to be mentioned, in justice to Holland, that I did not observe there the far
more

more shabby custom of *card-money*, which still disgraces my own country ; a custom so totally repugnant to all ideas of hospitality, and all the feelings of a gentleman, that nothing but a habit of gaming could debase our national manners low enough to tolerate it.

Whether or not cleanliness be positively a virtue I believe moralists are scarcely agreed, for they have not all travelled through Holland to France. No traveller will find a dirty bed in the worst Dutch inn ; nor, except the smell of tobacco which impregnates all the rooms and furniture, and the spitting-pots placed on the tea-table, and often much *too* like the cream-pot in shape, will he meet with any thing inconsistent with perfect cleanliness. Some utensils are of such resplendent brightness and purity, that it shocks a person of any feeling to make use of them for the purposes for which they are designed.

C H A P. V.

ANTWERP.

July 22. **H**AVING crossed the Maese from Rotterdam the preceding evening, and slept at a small inn on the other side, I departed at five in the morning, in what is called the post waggon, for Antwerp. The carriage was much better than its name promised, and might have been called a coach in England; certainly it would in France have been entitled a *carosse*. The first part of the road lay through a most unpleasant marshy country, where *Senecio paludosus*, marsh ragwort, grew sparingly in the ditches, but quite out of my reach, even if I had ventured to incur the suspicion of insanity by desiring the coachman to stop; so I was obliged to be content with having at least seen it growing once in my life. These low lands were succeeded by open sandy heaths,

heaths, no less wretched, in the midst of which we dined at a miserable hovel. A starved tree near our inn afforded me a *Lichen* unknown in England, now described in the Transactions of the Linnæan Society, vol. i. p. 83, by the name of *L. corrugatus*. Soon afterwards the face of the country began to mend, and the stately spire of Antwerp appeared in sight. We stopped to take some refreshment at a little village which wore the appearance of cheerfulness. Here I first saw a monk. His whole deportment was animated with zeal, and his eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. Before the door of the inn stood an image of the Virgin, enshrined in glass, decorated with flowers and a variety of tinsel ornaments, which no one passed without a devout inclination of the head, or other sign of veneration, according to the zeal of the passenger; but it was not to *this* virgin the devotions of my monk were directed; nor was his piety of that ostentatious kind which shews itself by praying at the corners of streets. I undesignedly disturbed him by abruptly entering the little parlour where he was with the daughter

daughter of the landlord, a pretty plump lass about sixteen. She no doubt was profiting by the holy father's lessons of piety.

We arrived at Antwerp about eight; were not much troubled with questions at the gates, nor was our baggage opened. At the Hôtel St. Antoine, a very good inn, we found a table magnificently spread, and adorned at each corner with a very large and superb glass-beaker, filled with excellent water, which to me, who had lived so long on the ditch water of Holland, and who would at any time prefer a draught of the pure element to the best Falernian Horace ever celebrated, was a real treat.

July 23. Being Sunday, I heard High Mass in perfection, for the first time, in the noble cathedral of this town, with curiosity not unmixed with awe. The pageantry of the service, the sweet and solemn music, the prostrate multitude, all naturally impressed a solitary and unprotected stranger, of a different persuasion, with unusual sensations, partly perhaps justified by reason,
partly

partly originating in that bigotry, from which I fear the best of us are not always free. Antwerp is said to be a place of great devotion and of great gallantry, feelings well known not to be incompatible. Surely the inhabitants have need of every sort of dissipation to make existence tolerable in so gloomy and lifeless a town. One would think the plague had swept away half of them, and that the rest were deprecating the vengeance of Heaven by a solemn fast. Every thing here is gloomy and mysterious. Those countenances which nature formed for "wreathed smiles," the genuine expression of an uncorrupted and ingenuous mind, are here the seat of hypocritical and wanton leers; and the natural irresistible charms of youth and beauty, are effaced by the traces of art and intrigue.

The Schelde is a fine river, about as broad as the Thames at Chelsea: but the Dutch, having possession of its mouth, have ruined the trade of Antwerp; and this proud city, once so flourishing, now stands a silent monument of the melancholy influence of tyranny and superstition. While its despi-

cable inhabitants are sunk in idleness and sloth, with their concomitant vices, and scarcely capable of any higher duty than kneeling to their Madonnas at the corner of every street; the triumphant and industrious Hollanders, happy at home and respected abroad, have long ago seen those who wished to bind them in chains humbled at their feet, and those very chains themselves by this time despised and trampled on by the greater part of mankind.

The churches of Antwerp afford high gratification to a connoisseur in painting; no where are the works of Rubens to be seen in greater perfection and abundance. An enumeration of only the most choice morsels in this way would lead me too far. A valet-de-place, with a little book published on purpose, will inform all curious travellers, much better than I can, what they are to enquire for; other readers will think my Journal long enough without such amplifications. Yet I cannot refrain from saying a few words on the subject.

Family monuments in the churches of Antwerp are most commonly adorned with
 paintings

paintings by the best masters, either portraits
 of the principal persons there buried, or
 portions of sacred history, by which they
 are rendered more interesting than such me-
 morials generally are. But the more elab-
 orate and superb productions of the pencil,
 are commonly to be seen in the altar-pieces.
 Of these the most celebrated of all is the
 descent from the cross, over one of the
 smaller altars in the cathedral, esteemed the
 master-piece of Rubens, in which he has
 drawn the portraits of his three wives. Of
 the force and harmony of colouring, the
 management of light and shade, and all the
 peculiar excellencies of Rubens exhibited in
 this picture, too much cannot be said; but
 it is too well known by engravings to need
 any description here. The principal altar-
 piece of St. Walburgh's church, by the same
 great master, is equally admirable. Its sub-
 ject is the elevation of the cross. Nothing
 can be more animated and masterly. Every
 muscle of the principal figure is alive, and
 his exquisite sensibility and resignation under
 the greatest bodily sufferings, are represented
 with most energetic truth. This picture is

accompanied by others whose subjects are connected with it, and the whole forms one of the finest assemblages that can be seen.

Of the innumerable paintings in the cathedral, besides the capital picture above mentioned, many by Rubens, and worthy of his pencil, claim the first attention; nor are they the only ones. The story of St. Thomas, with some other pieces by Martin de Vos, and especially the monument of the Vander Aa family by Cornelius de Vos, scarcely suffer by a comparison with the works of Rubens himself. The altar-piece in the chapel of the Circumcision, by Quintin Matsys, is esteemed his master-piece, and has great merit for strong and just expression, though deficient in those graces which charm us in the productions of a more advanced period of the Flemish school. I enquired with eager curiosity after the picture of the Fallen Angels by Floris, to which Matsys, being in love with the painter's daughter, and having taught himself painting on purpose to obtain her, added a fly, or rather a huge humble-bee, upon the thigh of one of the angels; which surprised and pleased Floris so much when
he

he next looked at his picture, that he gave Matsys his daughter. This piece is in good preservation over one of the altars of the nave.

In this church are several fine painted windows, and some good morsels of sculpture ; especially a bas-relief of children turning the wine-press, on the altar of the Wine-coopers' Company, by Quillen ; and above all, St. Sebastian, with two children, carved in wood by the same artist, in another part of the church.

The monument of Quintin Matsys near the west door is always shewn to strangers, as well as the ornaments of a pump near it, wrought entirely with a hammer by the hand of that celebrated painter during his first profession of a smith. His epitaph says,

Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem.

The magnificent Gothic outside of this cathedral is well known by Hollar's accurate print. I ascended the tower as high as possible, for the stair-case does not reach to near the top. The view from it is extensive, and comprehends several considerable towns.

St. James's church is the most remarkable, next to the cathedral, for its size and magnificence, as well as for pictures. Here Rubens is buried. The altar-piece of his chapel is one of his most exquisite performances. The subject a Holy Family, with St. Jerome and St. George; the latter his own portrait. Those who know the works of Rubens may conceive some idea of this enchanting picture, by imagining all the perfections of that inimitable painter united; those who are not conversant with his merits, could form no conception of it from the most elaborate description. His friend Gevaerts, who wrote his epitaph, in dwelling with so much complacency on the subject of his embassy from Philip IV. to Charles I. seems to forget that there have been many ambassadors in the world, but never another Rubens.

All the churches in Antwerp abound with family vaults, now rendered useless, or rather innoxious, by the Emperor's decree against burying in towns. Near the cathedral is a house to which every corpse is carried, after the service at the church has been performed. There the friends consign it to persons

sons appointed on purpose to convey it to a burying-ground out of town, where priests and laymen, rich and poor, lie side by side without distinction. The old burying-ground, instead of being the source of pestilence and an object of disgust, is now a verdant and beautiful square, equally healthy and ornamental.

Besides the pictures in churches, Antwerp has some good private collections. In that of Mr. Van Lancker, in the Place de Mer, I saw a most capital picture of an Army plundering a country, by Wouvermans, and a view near Scheveling by the same hand; a fine landscape by Both; several pieces of Rubens and Rembrandt, &c.—Messrs Pilaer and Beeckmans, dealers in pictures, shewed me Rembrandt's mother, by himself, not unlike that formerly at Houghton, and a young man very well painted by the same hand. The former they valued at three hundred pounds, the latter at eighty. An artist kept in their house paints flowers very admirably on glass, in a singular method. The colours in oil are laid on the back of the glass, so that the lights must be done first;

just the reverse of ordinary painting. But I fear my readers will be glad to hear no more of painting for the present, so shall only beg leave, which perhaps had better have been done long ago, to refer them to Mr. Ireland's tour through the Low Countries, for full information on these points.

On one of the bridges at Antwerp is a crucifix as large as life, with the following inscription :

*Effigiem Christi dum transis pronus honora :
Non tamen effigiem, sed quem designat adora.*

That is—*Honour the image of Christ as you pass along, but reserve your devotions for Christ himself.*

This is very sensible ; but who can help remarking that the inscription, being in Latin, is addressed to those only who do not want such advice, and not to the vulgar, who are most in danger of falling into idolatry ?

C H A P. VI.

BRUSSELS, AND FROM THENCE TO PARIS.

July 24. **A** TOLERABLY good diligence took me in about seven hours to Brussels, through a pretty village called Conti, and Mechlin, a good town famous for its lace, and the environs of which are pleasant. In a town between this place and Brussels is an immense house of correction lately built, capable of containing six hundred persons. The country improved much as we approached the place of our destination. We passed several very noble villas, with gardens in the English taste (*à l'Angloise*), which are quite the fashion here; and among others the superb country seat of the Governor, brother-in-law to the late Emperor, which I have ever since regretted not stopping to visit.

Putting up at the Hotel Rouge, by no means the best, nor indeed the worst hotel in Brussels, I was immediately pestered with
laquais-

laquais-de-place, and, after I went to bed, by a worse plague, those troublesome and disgusting insects from which Dutch cleanliness had hitherto preserved me, and whose very name is obscene in England to all but Londoners. At the table-d'hôte I was ashamed to acknowledge as my countryman a talkative young man, who amused the apparently incredulous company with such accounts of his prowess, that he seemed to want to pass for another Hercules, though by his appearance one would rather have taken him, as parson Adams says, for Hylas.

Dr. Burtin, an eminent physician and naturalist, for whom I had letters, was out of town; I therefore only took a hasty view of the principal churches, &c. the day after my arrival, and departed on the following noon.

The great church is a stately Gothic pile, with some fine and well-preserved painted windows. The pulpit a curious piece of carving in wood, brought from the Jesuits' church at Louvain. It represents Adam and Eve, with the Virgin, Christ, Angels, and other figures. There are many good pictures over the different altars.

The

The church of the Capuchins has a dead Christ in the arms of the Virgin, with various other figures, by Rubens ; a capital picture, but somewhat faded, and an angel in red on one side has a bad effect. The altar of this church is furnished with abundance of rotten bones and other relicks in glass cases. The Capuchins will touch no money, so I gave a small gratuity to a woman who was to give it to the convent, and in return the friars promised me their prayers.

The altar-piece of the barefooted Carmelites is a very fine assumption of the Virgin, by Rubens ; and near it, by the same master, but not of equal merit, Christ and St. Theresa.

The palace built by the late Duke Charles of Lorraine is well worth seeing, though not so magnificent as elegant and really comfortable. The inlaid floors however are remarkably handsome. One room is wainscotted with coloured inlaid woods, representing the rape of the Sabines, and other historical pieces, in the style of tapestry, with a tolerably good effect. The ornaments are of bronze.

The

The next apartment is lined with japan and looking glasses, and there is an elegant closet hung with tambour work on silk. The furniture rich embroidery and very good silk tapestry. There is only one manufactory of tapestry in this town at present. Its productions are held in considerable estimation.

In the principal square are several public buildings of great magnificence. Many of their external ornaments are gilt. The Hotel de Ville has a very elegant spire. The park is a delightful place for walking, and the view from the ramparts rich and extensive.

Brussels is said to be an agreeable place for strangers. It has all the gaiety and dissipation of a court, or rather of a watering place; for the great concourse of idle strangers makes it more resemble the latter.

I observed several nuns of the dissolved monasteries walking about in their religious habits, and was told they generally persisted in wearing them.

July 26. The Paris diligence conveyed me through a fine cultivated country, with here and there some rising ground, to Mons, where

where we slept. This town stands on an eminence, commanding extensive plains.

July 27. Setting out at four o'clock, we arrived by ten at Valenciennes, famous for its bleaching-grounds. This being a French town, our baggage was examined with all that troublesome exactness, and that insolence of office, so unpleasant to an honest man, and yet so insufficient to prevent fraud. We were detained in this place four hours, and found no object of curiosity to console us. At length we resigned ourselves again to our rumbling vehicle, and arrived early in the evening at Cambray, a place interesting on many accounts; not so much for what is to be seen there, as for the events of which it reminds us. The town is handsome and pleasant, like some of the smaller cities in England, but more strongly fortified. Its old Gothic cathedral is richly adorned; the clock singular and curious. The choir is decorated in a modern taste, and so placed that the altar, rich in silver, and very handsome, stands immediately under the spire. Underneath is the common vault of the Archbishops, and
their

their epitaphs are on tablets of black marble on the pillars surrounding the choir. Here lie the venerable remains of Fenelon; but I could not find his monument, nor could the guide point it out to me, though it certainly exists there, and is ornamented with his bust. His ashes are mixed with those of vulgar Archbishops; but the temple of superstition is not worthy to be the guardian of his name.

The abbey church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is modern and very elegant, is chiefly remarkable for some pictures by a painter of Antwerp, intended to imitate bas-reliefs, and thought the best things of their kind. They have too much the air of a trick.

Some of my companions were desirous, in the true style of French travellers, of going to the play. We were just in time to pay our money, and see half a scene, before the curtain dropped.

July 28. Leaving Cambray at four in the morning, which was still and misty, I could not help contemplating the then silent unoccupied battlements, and solitary ramparts, so often
the

the theatre of bloody contentions between people who could have no possible inducement to cut one another's throats, but a slavish adoption of the pride and caprice of their own tyrants. How vain were the wish that these walls might moulder away in undisturbed tranquillity, till the plough-share and pruning-hook take possession of their site !

About ten we arrived at Peronne, but passed through its suburbs only, where we were again thoroughly examined, and where we dined at that early hour. Here every thing began to wear a very frenchified appearance. Our plates, like those in common use all through France, were of the shape and thickness of the red pans used in England to set under garden-pots. The salt seemed to have been mixed with an equal quantity of pepper, so abundant was the proportion of dross. This of course was royal salt, and it was treason to hint that it was not the very best possible.

Dirtiness of salt, however, is but a trifling public imperfection compared with dirtiness of ideas and manners ; of which, alas ! I too soon discovered striking marks in the most polished

polished and elegant of nations, and which veracity will not allow me to conceal. Our company in the diligence consisted of several reputable people of the middle ranks of life, chiefly in the mercantile line, with a well-informed and literary lawyer, an elderly woman of genteel appearance, and a beautiful girl of sixteen, as innocent and unaffected as those of my own country-women at that age who have never been at a boarding-school. Shall I record, that in this company the most undisguised and shocking descriptions were given of the debaucheries of the capital, and particulars, which would scarcely be whispered in England, discussed with the most minute exactness! I cannot relate even the outlines of the conversation. Suffice it to say, I then for the first time learned what, for the honour of both sexes, few would believe were I to relate it, and still fewer I hope will divine from my silence. If any should, let them then go and admire the beauties of an elegant Parisian circle,

“——with what appetite they may.”

How did I feel for the lovely innocent
who

that was obliged to hear the whole ! She seemed to understand enough only to wish she had not heard it ; while the old lady joined in the conversation ; expressing, naturally enough, her horror at the facts, but not seeming at all shocked at the relation of them.

We continued our journey without interruption all that night, and next morning by ten arrived at Paris.

July 29. The country appeared flat and unpleasant. This approach to the capital is one of the worst. The suburbs on its north side are ill built and dirty. They have a striking resemblance to the worst parts of Edinburgh ; and every little shop where bread, beer, wine, &c. are sold, is painted on the outside with a most uncouth representation of loaves, and bottles with liquor spouting from them into glasses, exactly as at Edinburgh. Nor in this trifling circumstance alone do these two capitals resemble each other. The style of building, at least of the old houses ; the custom of dividing one house into several tenements, with one com-

mon open staircase, is the same in both ; not to mention other circumstances which it might seem invidious to particularize, and which are indeed too celebrated to need a repetition.

Accident took me into an indifferent hotel, where the gilt tables and silk furniture but ill atoned for the dirty brick floors, and other uncomfortable appearances. I attempted to dine at the table-d'hôte, but my ill stars obliged me to pass through the kitchen.

I beg the reader's pardon for troubling him with these petty distresses. Such things form the middle tints in the colouring of life, and have their importance in the general effect. The impressions I experienced on my first arrival at Paris were so unfavourable, that nothing could have reconciled me to the thoughts of a long abode there but the delightful anticipation of renewing old friendships and forming new ones ; of conversing with persons of congenial tastes with my own ; of contemplating a new scene of men and things, and of judging for myself in matters known hitherto by hearsay only. Such objects would reconcile one to sleeping in a
dungeon.

dungeon. Never did I experience a moment of *ennui* after the day of my arrival. I spent three months in the very same hotel, always indeed avoiding the kitchen and table-d'hôte, and was served with the utmost civility and attention. When other amusements failed, I was diverted by my opposite neighbour, who, before Sundays and holidays, displayed on the roof his habiliments of lilac embroidered with silver, along with some new-washed pieces of linen intended as a substitute for a shirt. Whenever I was disposed to roam abroad, every perambulation afforded amusement or information. After mornings spent among books or plants, my afternoons, when not otherwise employed, were devoted to a ramble in that epitome of all Paris, the Palais Royal, and from thence through the delightful gardens of the Tuilleries and along the Boulevards to the gate of St. Denis, or perhaps to the Vauxhall d'été, or some of the many theatres which seem one of the necessities of life to a Frenchman. In the fine evenings of summer the Royal Botanic Garden was much frequented, especially by the literati. I was taken there the

FAUC F 2 evening

evening of my arrival by my good friend Mr. Brouffonet, with whose friendship a stranger could want nothing in Paris, and whose benevolence I had not now to seek for the first time. To him and to the celebrated botanist Mr. L'Heritier I trusted with full confidence for every thing that friendship could expect ; it were too little to say I was never disappointed.

And here it may not be amiss to depart a little from the form of a journal. I shall therefore, in a few following chapters, comprize under two or three general heads, what I have to say about Paris and its environs ; beginning with some things most generally noticed by strangers ; then proceeding to matters of science ; reserving miscellaneous remarks till my return. Not that it is possible to keep these subjects perfectly distinct, especially in speaking of little excursions made in the neighbourhood of Paris, in which I have found it most convenient to mention at once every thing that presented itself in the course of each.

CHAP. VII.

VERSAILLES. ST. GERMAIN.

Aug. 6. **SUNDAY** being the best day in the week for seeing Versailles, Mr. Broussonet accompanied me thither. The road was crowded with all kinds of carriages, and those carriages with Chevaliers de St. Louis. We saw the royal family go to chapel, with young maids of honour painted of a rose colour, and old ones crimson. We saw the crowd adoring their grand monarch, little thinking how soon that adoration would cease. The king's countenance seemed agreeable and benignant, by no means vacant; his ears, which his hair never covered, were remarkably large and ugly, and he walked ill. He had some very fine diamonds in his hat. The queen received company in her chamber, not having been

out of it since her lying-in. The king's brothers had nothing striking about them.

Versailles must undoubtedly be allowed the praise of magnificence, if not of elegance or classical taste. The great terrace is superb, and the view from it as fine as art could make a dreary barren waste. The sandy walks of the gardens, between miserable cut hedges, are crowded with indifferent statues, but destitute of verdure or any natural charms. The water-works surprise by their magnificence and absurdity, and tire with their noise and frequency; yet, when they are not playing, Versailles is the most melancholy spot upon earth. The large lake is fine on account of its size, though unpleasantly formal. Near it are some tolerably natural woods, but they have nothing picturesque or peculiarly interesting.

The ponds produce abundance of *Trapa natans*, water caltrops, the spongy footstalks of whose leaves support them on the surface, and whose fruit is eatable, tasting like chestnuts. This plant might be naturalized in our marshland ditches.

The

The Orangery is very noble, and contains some trees coeval with Francis I.

In the Menagerie are several rare animals, as a very large male Rhinoceros, a fine Zebra, a beautiful species of *Antelope* from the Cape; also a Pelican and *Columba cristata* Linn, with many other scarce birds.

We visited the celebrated Mr. le Monnier, first physician to Louis XV., after whom *Monnieria* was named, and found him in his garden with Messrs. Thouin, Dombey, and other botanists. He shewed us many fine American trees, and some rare oriental plants, as *Lepidium vesicarium*, a new *Onosma*, and a very curious new *Garidella*. His Herbarium is said to be uncommonly valuable; but my time would not allow me to make use of the permission he politely gave me to study it.

From Versailles we passed by Marli to St. Germain-en-laye, and slept at the house of the venerable Marechal de Nöailles, the old friend and correspondent of Linnæus, and the first patron of the sexual system in France. His garden, rich in hardy trees and shrubs, is laid out in the English taste.

Since my being there the Marechal has decorated it with a monument to Linnæus, and has celebrated a jubilee in his honour.

From the terrace before the royal palace of St. Germain, is an extensive prospect to the east. The spires of St. Denis are seen at about four miles distance, and from hence Louis XIII. contemplated them on his death-bed. "There," said the dying monarch, disgusted with the world, and disappointed in his dearest attachments, "there is my last home, to which I shall soon remove." Louis XIV. his son had no relish for contemplating his own burying-place, and for that reason, it is said, preferred the miserable situation of Versailles to that of St. Germain.

Aug. 7. We visited a gentleman who regaled us at breakfast with the Abricots du Pape. This fruit, which has not yet been introduced into England, is about the size and colour of an Orleans plumb, but downy. Its flavour approaches that of an apricot, though more spirited. In the street *Papilio Podalirius* was flying, so that I see
no

no reason why that insect may not also be found in England, as some have reported, but more have doubted. It is more plentiful in the southern parts of France, especially about the coasts of the Mediterranean.

After dinner we were entertained with a shooting party of the Grand Monarque in the forest of St. Germain, about a mile from the town. The Marechal attended the King on horseback. His Majesty arrived about half past three in a coach, and having taken off his coat and blue ribband, appeared in a brown linen dress, with leather spatter-dashes. He proceeded on foot, immediately followed by eight pages in blue and white dresses made like his own. Each of them carried a fowling-piece ready loaded, and as soon as the King had fired off that in his hand, he took another from the page next him. Behind these pages followed ten or twelve Swiss guards, with several persons whose office it was to attend, among others a physician and a surgeon, all on horseback; as was the Marechal de Nöailles and a few other persons of rank, most of whom conversed occasionally with the King. Some
of

of their train followed on foot, as did Broussenet and myself. The greater part of the spectators were kept at a considerable distance, by guards forming a spacious ring. On the right and left of the King were persons with dogs, to raise the game of all kinds, which had been previously driven to this spot as much as possible. His Majesty killed almost every thing he aimed at, so that the destruction on the whole must have been very great.

The King having learned by some accident that there were Englishmen in his train, desired the Marechal to acquaint them with Margaret Nicholson's attempt on the life of the King of Great Britain, of which he had just had an account by express, adding, that the King had received no harm, and was very well. A very polite and useful piece of condescension; for when we returned to town that evening, all Paris was filled with the report of his Majesty's having been absolutely murdered.

The road from St. Germain to Paris passes close to the great machine which raises water from the Seine, to supply the fountains

tains of Versailles and Marli, and which is a stupendous piece of mechanism. The artist who constructed it was named Rannequin. It raises 5258 tuns of water, in 24 hours, to the height of 500 feet.

C H A P. VIII.

CHURCHES OF PARIS AND ITS
NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE old church of St. Genevieve is chiefly remarkable for the number of votive pictures, and for the tomb of Clovis the first christian king of France ; for courtesy obliges us to call him a *christian* king. The new church now building, dedicated to the same saint *, may perhaps be more celebrated for containing the ashes of Voltaire and Mirabeau ; for, whether their memory be honoured or abhorred by posterity, they will certainly not be forgotten. This new church is a magnificent edifice. Its portico is the only very beautiful piece of architecture that it was my fortune to meet with in Paris, except the celebrated colonnade of the Louvre, not indeed more celebrated than it

* Since called the Pantheon.

deserves,

deserves. The portico of St. Genevieve seems to have been imitated on a smaller scale at Carlton-house, but its effect is there injured by the screen, rather injudiciously copied from a palace at Paris. The Palais de Bourbon, from whence that screen is taken, has a very spacious court next the street; the front of the house towards that court has no windows, and is low and very plain, so that the screen is there a necessary ornament, or at least a sort of artifice to give the building consequence, for which the beautiful portico of Carlton-house had no occasion.

The church of St. Sulpice, rebuilt by Louis XV. is almost as magnificent as that of St. Genevieve, but not in so fine a taste. Nothing however can be more striking than the chapel of the Virgin behind the high altar. In a recess behind some pillars which are above the altar of this chapel is a white marble figure of the Virgin, with the infant Jesus, as large as life, descending from Heaven on clouds, which fly before her, and curl round the bases of some of the columns. The light is thrown on the figures from
2 behind,

behind, in such a manner that one knows not from whence it comes, and the whole has a most astonishing effect. Nor is the roof of this chapel less happily imagined. Several pillars support a circular cornice, above which is a dome painted by Le Moine, representing the heavens opened, with God the father and all the heavenly host. This dome being of a much larger diameter than the cornice, and consequently independent of it, the eye has no fixed point by which it can judge of the distance of the plane of the picture ; a very great advantage, almost producing a deception.

In the nave are two shells of the gigantic cockle, *Chama gigantea*, which an inscription tells us “ were presented by the Venetians to Francis I. as natural curiosities “ to ornament his palace ; but that Louis “ XV. *more zealous for the glory of God,* “ destined them to hold holy water here ;” which purpose they now serve ; being edged with brass. Thus the church had an opportunity of paying a compliment to the king, in return for his compliment to the church ; but we must not be seduced by this

this inscription into conclusions respecting the comparative piety of Francis I. not consistent with his holy zeal in burning heretics; for these shells were certainly much greater curiosities in his time than they were in that of Louis XV. whose church might have been lined with such at no very great expence.

The cathedral of Notre Dame is a light Gothic structure, somewhat in the style of York Minster, but inferior in size and magnificence. From its towers, which are not very high, is a good view of the town. The monument of the Comte d'Harcourt by Pigale, in one of the chapels, is worth seeing; in another is a good picture by Vanlo, of St. Charles Boromeo administering the sacrament to people sick of the plague.

The Sainte Chapelle, built by St. Louis, is a much more elegant model of Gothic architecture, and its painted windows harmonize well with the building. It is enriched with relicks, whose pretensions are very great indeed; but in these sceptical days they would hardly fetch so much money as they did from that pious king, whose great and good qualities

qualities however make us respect even his weaknesses, at the same time that we the more deeply lament them. One visits with different sensations the church of the English Benedictines, where the remains of our unfortunate James II. and of his daughter-in-law, lie still unburied. Their coffins, covered with tattered palls, and crosses of cloth of silver, are accompanied with a bust of the king cast from his dead body in wax. He expressly desired that his ashes might lie here in state, till his victorious son should transport them to England, to mix with those of his forefathers. But here they still remain, and probably will continue. So deplorable a spectacle softened my contempt into pity.

Every lover of the arts must contemplate with peculiar pleasure the monument of Cardinal de Richlieu, in the church of the Sorbonne, one of the finest pieces of modern-sculpture out of Italy. The form of the whole mass is very good. The figure at the feet is perhaps the best. That of Religion supporting the Cardinal is said to be a portrait of his niece. The countenance is handsome,

handsome, but has that haughty, forbidding, intolerant look, which catholic painters and sculptors too often give their figures of Religion; and by which we may know more certainly than by all the writings and declarations in the world, what ideas many catholics have of religion, as well as what notions those who order and superintend these works wish them to have. I visited this monument with undiminished pleasure after my return from Italy. A white marble crucifix over the high altar has likewise great merit.

The church of St. Eustatius, one of the most elegant Gothic buildings in Paris, contains the tomb of a far more worthy minister than Richlieu, the great Colbert. His figure, well executed, and accompanied by two angels, is kneeling on a black marble sarcophagus. Near the great door of the same church is an inscription which I could not help copying, especially on account of the spirited passage (here printed in Italics) celebrated by Mercier in his *Tableau de Paris*.

Cy git

François de Chevert

Commandeur grand-croix de l'ordre de St. Louis,

Chevalier de l'aigle blanc de Pologne,

Gouverneur de Givet et Charlemont,

Lieutenant-general des armées du Roi.

Sans ayeux, sans fortune, sans appuy,

orphelin des l'enfance,

il entra au service a l'age de XI ans,

il s'eleva malgré l'envie a force de merite,

et chaque grade fut le prix d'une action d'eclat ;

le seule titre de Marechal de France

a manqué, non pas à sa gloire,

mais à l'exemple de ceux qui le

prendront pour modèle.

Il estoit né à Verdun sur Meuse le 2 Fevrier 1695, il

mourut à Paris le 24 Janvier 1769.

Priez Dieu pour le repos de son ame.

The celebrated antiquary Count Caylus is buried in the church of St. Germain, under a small antique sarcophagus of red porphyry, which could not have been better applied.

In the church of the bare-footed Carmelites, among several other good pictures, is the famous Magdalen, the master-piece of Le Brun ; and which is a portrait of the Duchess de la Valiere, the only disinterested mistress of Louis XIV. who, like Ephesion, was attached to the man and not to the king.

king. She no sooner perceived her influence to be on the decline, than she retired to this convent, giving herself entirely up to an ostentatious, but apparently sincere repentance ; now perpetuated by the picture above mentioned, which serves as an altar-piece to a little chapel. Directly before it is a very spirited monumental statue of an old lawyer in his gown, kneeling in the utmost fervour of devotion to the beautiful Magdalen ; but his devotion seems so much of the courtly kind, that one cannot possibly forget it is the king's mistress he is kneeling to, and this idea turns the whole into burlesque.

The church of the Celestins, near the Arsenal, contains several curious monuments in the Chapelle d'Orleans. Here, in a gilt urn, supported by white marble statues of the three Graces in a fine taste, are the hearts of Henry II. and his queen Catharine of Medicis ; and near them, in another urn on the top of a column, those of Francis II. and Charles IX. It would have been more kind to the memory of the execrable Catharine and Charles to have endeavoured to bury their hearts in oblivion.

The Hôtel des Invalids, and especially its church, which I did not visit till my return from Italy, is one of the most noble things in Paris. Behind the high altar is a large space under the great dome, with a chapel at each corner; the whole paved and decorated with fine marbles, and furnished with paintings and sculpture, quite in the style of an Italian church, and extremely well kept. Foreign churches have generally the advantage of our English ones in cleanliness; the difference between Westminster Abbey and that of St. Denis in this respect is very striking. With this celebrated repository of fainted bones and royal dust, I shall finish my remarks on Parisian churches.

The little town of St. Denis and its Abbey are about four miles from the capital, on the English road. A fine avenue of trees leads to them, near which are several handsome crosses to mark the places where Philip III. son and successor of St. Louis, occasionally rested, when he carried his father's bones to be interred at St. Denis. These crosses very much resemble those at Waltham and Northampton,

ampton, erected about the same time by our Edward I.

The Abbey Church is very handsome; its windows richly painted. The finest monuments are those of Louis XII. Francis I. and Henry II. ; under which last are buried all his celebrated, but worthless offspring, in whom the race of Valois so unpropitiously concluded. Catharine of Medicis, likewise buried here, intended to have built, adjoining to the church, a circular chapel, after a design of the most consummate elegance, in the centre of which this tomb was to have been placed. The design of the whole, as well as of the other two monuments, may be seen in Felibien's History of the Abbey. Many precious marbles, collected for this edifice, remaining unemployed, Louis XIII. granted them to his mother Mary of Medicis, to adorn her palace of the Luxembourg. In vain did the monks remonstrate against this violation of all human and divine right: they were silenced by a *lettre de cachet*. The figures on these three monuments are very finely executed, but the design of some of them is very strange. They represent

the kings and queens in marble, as large as life, lying dead; their limbs and features in ghastly disorder; their bodies as if having been opened for extracting the bowels, and then sewn up; there is scarcely any drapery about them. The bas-reliefs on the tomb of Francis I. are exquisite, representing battles. It were too invidious to have looked for that of Pavia.

The figures on the older tombs are chiefly of alabaster or white marble, robed in the usual formal style; certainly much more decent, if not so picturesque as those I have just described.

Here is a superb mausoleum for the Viscount de Turenne, a tribute of the imperfect gratitude of Louis XIV. That little great man, it is said, after having in the first moment of enthusiasm given orders for a sumptuous funeral and monument for his illustrious general, was mean enough, from paltry jealousy and envy, to withhold the epitaph, because one which had been composed seemed to interfere with his own glory. From the same motives, he ordered the preface to a fine history of all his own medals

to

to be cancelled, because the writer had complimented the engravers and other artists employed in the work. "That book," said Louis, "shall contain the praise of nobody but myself." Yet Frenchmen for this last century have been so much at a loss for something to bestow their loyalty upon, that they have been reduced to the abject necessity of calling this man *great* ! It is high time their eyes should be opened, and it must be confessed they are now no longer in the dark on this subject. Happy will it be if they know how to value a well-meaning king, and can make his virtues beneficial to the state *.

The reader has been all along perhaps expecting to hear of some transcendent effort of genius at the tomb of Henry IV. ; but while some of the most infernal miscreants that ever disgraced a human form, are commemorated with every prostituted honour that slaves could invent, and even Charles IX. is called in his epitaph, with

* It will easily be perceived at what time this passage was written, now alas but too vain !

most peculiar effrontery, *optimus & mitissimus princeps*; the only monument of the good and great Henry has always been in the heart of every true Frenchman. Little could it have been imagined, that the gratitude with which the memory of this prince has been cherished by his countrymen, should be turned to their reproach, and that too in a work which should appear in English. In the sepulchre of the Bourbons, among other descendants of Henry IV. reposes Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I. as well as her daughter the Duchess of Orleans, the cause of whose premature death still continues obscure, like that of many other royal personages. We every where meet with some wreck or some melancholy monument of the Stuart family. The Scots college at Paris is the repository of several affecting relics of the celebrated and unfortunate Mary; as a manuscript missal, finely illuminated, which she used on the scaffold; her will, to which was never paid the smallest attention; and many of her public acts and private letters. Among the latter is one written on the death of her
uncle,

uncle, the famous Cardinal of Lorraine, in 1574, the writing of which is in many places blotted with her tears. Here are also several original letters of her son James I. and his queen, as well as of Charles I. and II. and James II. In those of Charles I. particularly in one addressed to his sons, recommending them a tutor, the style of an accomplished gentleman, and the dignified tenderness of a father, are very conspicuous; nor did this prince disdain to write a very good hand. I was indebted for the sight of these curiosities to the favour of the Abbé Gordon, principal of the college.

C H A P. IX.

CHANTILLY AND ERMENONVILLE.

AN excursion to Chantilly and Ermenonville ought not to be neglected by any traveller to Paris, as both places are very interesting, and serve admirably as foils to each other. I set out on this little tour September 17th, in company with an Englishman, Mr. A. and cannot but remember it with the more pleasure, as having afforded me an opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of an amiable and sensible man, of whom I might otherwise perhaps have known less.

Chantilly is a little more than 20 miles from Paris on the English road. We found there a comfortable inn and very civil English hostess, and arriving about five o'clock could not refrain from visiting a part of the Prince of Condé's fine seat that evening.

This

This place is in the style of Chatsworth, or rather more antique. The parterre disposed in formal walks and flower-beds, with several jets-d'eau and other water-works constantly playing. The house moated, and amongst the most pleasing things about it are, or rather were, the immense shoals of very large carp, "silvered o'er with age," like silver fish, and perfectly tame, so that when any passengers approached their watry habitation, they used to come to the shore in such numbers as to heave each other out of the water, begging for bread, of which a quantity was always kept at hand on purpose to feed them. They would even allow themselves to be handled.

The menagerie is large and well stocked with gold and silver pheasants, but no very rare birds, except indeed two curious varieties of the common fowl; one the negro breed, whose skins are quite black, and whose history, if well examined, might perhaps throw light on the varieties of our own species; the other a race of fowls without any feathers except in their wings and tails, the rest of the body being clothed with fine down only, like powder

powder puffs. They were brought from Brussels, and have been reported to have been procured by the late Prince Charles of Lorraine, by means of a hen and a rabbit. But this is in the highest degree improbable, if not impossible, and the keepers assured me the breed was constant. Indeed we saw many young ones.

The dairy is a cool marble room, with water carried round its inside, and thrown prettily in little cascades over china vessels. Here the family sometimes supped.

Sept. 18. We began our perambulations early, having much to see, but on the outset were disappointed ; for the first thing shewn to strangers is the house of the Duke d'Anguien, son of the prince, a very long range of small uniform ill-furnished apartments, just like an inn, and not at all worth the pains of walking through. Near it is *la Sylvie*, a kind of labyrinth, with a temple in the middle, and just by are a summer-house and little garden.

We went through some woods to the *Hameau*, a little artificial village, if I may be allowed

allowed the term, situated in a most romantic spot, with water about it. This hameau consists of an apparent barn, cottage, and other thatched buildings, and near them a water-mill, a well and an orchard. But the stranger is surprised to find these rustic buildings consist of ball-rooms sumptuously fitted up, nor is this surprise of the agreeable kind. I never was less pleased with silk and tinsel fringe. It is just like meeting with a pretty milk-maid some fine evening in summer; and on a near approach finding her painted and perfumed.

From hence we proceeded to the Chateau, built in a pentagonal form, with a tower at each angle, and a court in the centre; yet not one of the gloomy kind of old castles. Before the principal entrance is an equestrian statue* of the last Constable de Montmorency, one of the many who are said to have made an impression on the susceptible heart of Mary queen of Scots.

This palace consists of a great number of rooms, with nothing very remarkable

* Since, I believe, destroyed.

in them, except a coloured wax bust of Henry IV. cast from his body a very few hours after his decease. The countenance is extremely melancholy, much more so than one would expect, considering the suddenness of his death, and cannot be contemplated without extreme compassion.

Here are several pictures relating to the history of the great Condé, especially one in which is great allegorical parade of his penitence for having been in arms against his sovereign, Louis XIV. or rather against that sovereign's worthless ministry. He spent the latter part of his life in literary tranquillity at Chantilly, and assembled about him the most eminent wits and poets of his time. He even made a little museum of natural history, which still exists, but it is poor, and in bad condition.

The altar-piece of the chapel, an ascension by Coypel, has been engraved in mezzotinto.

We next visited the Isle de l'Amour, formally cut into alleys, bordered with treillage, and furnished with various bowers or *cabinets de verdure*, in which are tables for playing at

different games, a swing, a see-saw board, &c. but nothing that recalls any idea of love. There is however a statue of the god, in somewhat an unusual but not ill-judged style. He is represented as a little naked boy, without darts or wings, holding a flaming heart. On the pedestal are the following beautiful lines :

“ N’offrant qu’un coeur à la beauté,
Nud comme la Verité,
Sans armes comme l’Innocence,
Sans ailles comme la Constance,
Tel fut l’Amour dans le siecle d’or.
On ne le trouve plus, quoiqu’on le cherche encore.”

The temple of Venus, at the extremity of this island, is a pleasant summer-house, furnished all round the inside with a number of little jets-d’eau under glass bells.

Not far off is an elegant little theatre, richly ornamented. The back part of the stage can be laid open, so as to present a real cascade, between which and the building is a space large enough to allow of horses and dogs being introduced; sometimes done when the *Partie de Chasse d’Henri IV.* is acted.

The

The Prince of Condé himself has often performed on this stage, which is a much safer one, if less glorious, than that on which so many of his ancestors have distinguished themselves. Yet I think the armory just at hand, containing many trophies of his forefathers, must now and then have raised an humiliating reflection in his mind.

Here is an office where strangers pay the sum of three shillings sterling, for leave to see every part of the house and gardens. Nevertheless, it is usual to make some little recompence besides to those who shew the different places.

The stables are uncommonly magnificent. Our road to Ermenonville, about eight miles distant, lay through the forest of Chantilly. There is something very fine in the twelve great alleys, each above two miles long, meeting in a large circular opening in the centre of this forest. We were obliged to have a guide along this solitary and little-frequented road, in which we saw scarcely any signs of inhabitants, except a lonely convent near the end of our journey.

About dusk we arrived at the town of Emmenonville, and put up at a little inn, which we found by an inscription had been honoured with the presence of the late Emperor Joseph II. and the King of Sweden; both came here on the same errand as ourselves.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that this is the place to which Jean Jacques Rousseau retired to end his days, near his illustrious friend the Marquis de Girardin. He lived six weeks only after he was finally settled here. Our landlord, who knew him well, and spoke of him with great regard, told us he met him on the morning of his death, botanizing in a field near the village. He complained of having had a sleepless night from the head-ach. This was about seven o'clock, and before ten he was dead. His widow gave this man his snuff-box, and the very wooden shoes, topped with straw, which he wore to protect his feet from the dew, and which he had on at his death. Two admirers of Rousseau, one of them at least, an ecclesiastic, have written very flattering inscriptions on these relicks.

Sept. 19. We proceeded full of expectation to visit the celebrated gardens of the Marquis de Girardin, who has in the disposal of them shewn great taste and judgment, in what is called the English style of gardening. Indeed this gentleman seems an enthusiast in English literature, as well as English gardening; for this romantic spot abounds with quotations and memorials of several of our most eminent writers, and we were told he made very frequent visits to London.

These gardens consist of about 800 acres: they have often been professedly and minutely described, so that I shall only give a sketch of what made the greatest impression upon us. We were attended by a very intelligent and obliging Scotch gardener, who had lived here about two years, and who has acquired great praise by his management of the lawns; for he assured us, and indeed what we saw confirmed it, that the superior beauty of our British grass-plats to those of other countries, is principally owing to management, and not to soil or climate.

We entered near the large cascade, by which

which the great lake empties itself opposite to the south front of the house. A very wild path by the side of the lake led us through a wood, where are several inscriptions in English, French, or Latin, all which have been published. A boat conveyed us to the isle of Poplars, the repository of the remains of Rousseau. His tomb, of white stone, is of an elegant form, and embosomed in a grove of those trees. On one side of it is inscribed,

“ L’Homme de la Nature de la Verité.”

On the other are some sculptures representing Nature and Truth, and a mother reading Emilius, with her children about her. Above is another inscription, “ *Vitam impendere vero,*” the favourite motto of Rousseau. His body we were told was inclosed within in lead. A tomb of another form was originally erected, but the Marquis changed it for this. It was impossible to contemplate this monument without various reflections and emotions. Many people may wonder that I should bring away a little portion of

moſs from its top ; but I knew ſome gentle minds in England to whom ſuch a relick would not be unacceptable, and I thought, with ſecret ſatisfaction, that the *manes* of Rouſſeau, if conſcious, would not be offended.

From this iſland we could diſcern another in which is a leſſer monument, over the grave of a German artiſt named Myers, who taught the Marquis's children drawing, and, being a proteſtant, could not be buried in holy ground ; ſo that in this inſtance, as in many others, humanity puts what is called religion to the bluſh.

It was the expreſs deſire of Rouſſeau to be buried in this garden, in which he was ſurely more conſiſtent than Voltaire, who, after his undisguiſed attacks upon every thing either really or imaginarily ſacred, was by the indulgence of grudging and insolent prieſts, ſneakingly, and “ with maimed rites,” interred in a church-yard.

On the ſhore, at the landing-place, are ſome inſcriptions in memory of Rouſſeau ; and not far off, in the plantation, others in honour of Thomſon and Shenſtone. A

little

little farther on stands one of the most romantic hermitages I have seen, and near it the Temple of Modern Philosophy.

This is an *unfinished* building, very happily imagined. Each of the eight pillars already erected is marked with some distinguished name, attended with a characteristic word, thus: Rousseau, *naturam*; Voltaire, *ridiculum*; Franklin, *fulmen*; Priestley, *aërem*; Newton, *lucem*; Des Cartes, *nil in rebus inane*.

Poor Dr. Priestley! he who erected this pillar would scarcely, though a catholic, have assisted to destroy thy habitation, and ruin thy hive of literary treasures, intended for the use of all mankind! nor would he perhaps have exulted at the mistaken zeal of those who did.

On an unfinished pillar is engraved
 “*Quis hanc perficiet?*”

From these monuments of the literary philanthropy of the owner of these gardens, we came to no less pleasing, though different, proofs of the amiableness of his heart. We were conducted to some simple wooden sheds, near several very fine umbrageous

trees, where the neighbouring peasants amuse themselves every Sunday with music and dancing, at which little festivals the Marquis and his family are often present. Our presbyterian conductor told us, his lady having always missed him at these sports, and having learned that he absented himself on account of scruples of conscience, had occasionally appointed the same amusements on other days, on which he could join them without reluctance.

We now began to leave the thicker parts of the wood, and soon arrived at an elevated spot, from whence we enjoyed at leisure a very fine and extensive prospect, from a seat under a wide-spreading elm, inscribed by the Marquis as follows :

“ Le voici cet Orme heureux ou ma Louise
a reçu ma foi !”

Descending the hill to another piece of water, we presently arrived at a hill of a different kind ; rude and heathy, full of rugged rocks, and clothed with juniper, birch, and heath, like the Highlands of Scotland. Wandering along through scenes
where

where even Salvator Rosa might have taken hints of wildness, we found a rock with two Italian inscriptions, which guided us to another rock in a most enchanting situation, on which is engraved, by the hand of Rousseau, and with his own knife, *Julie*.

This indeed is classic ground. We could scarcely tear ourselves from it; but we were summoned to another place, no less attractive, called the Hut of Rousseau; a rustic edifice on the brow of a hill, commanding a delicious landscape, and furnished with a wooden table and chair of the most simple figure. Within this hut, where, it is said, Rousseau often, "nobly pensive, sat and thought," is written,

"Jean Jacques est immortel."

That the intelligent observer of nature may have a just conception of the magnificent scale of these gardens; and that he may be well satisfied they are no paltry unnatural jumble of grottoes and rock-work, and "plantations raised in a garden pot;" I shall give a most decisive proof of their genuine wildness, in truly saying, that even a botanist

would here almost think himself on the Alps. The rocks and craggs are covered with a profusion of the rarest mosses and *Lichens*, which for the most part shun the haunts of men, and flourish only in the purest air and most alpine stations. Among others I gathered the true *Lichen deustus* of Linnæus, figured in Vaillant, not that of Dillenius, tab. 20. fig. 117. which is *polyrbizos*, and possibly also *velleus*, of Linnæus. It grew abundantly just below Rousseau's hut, nor did I ever find it in any other place.

From hence we again descended into the valley, and after traversing some delightful groves and meadows, crossed the water in a boat, and came to the tower of the fair Gabrielle d'Estrées, the favourite mistress of Henry IV. This is a Gothic building, consisting of several pretty little rooms, and furnished with Gothic inscriptions. Here is preserved the very armour which belonged to a faithful follower of Henry IV. who, passing two days after the murder of that prince through the *rue de la ferronnerie* where it happened, fell down in an agony of grief and died the next day. This garden is said

to have been the first place of rendezvous between Henry and the fair Gabrielle, which occasioned the building of this tower. From it the vineyard appears in view, and many charming scenes.

We next visited the garden of Jean Jacques; a sweet sequestered spot, "where," says an inscription, "he used to come to admire nature, to feed his favourite birds, and play with the Marquis's children." Adjoining is a house which was building for him when he died; and at a little distance another edifice, in which it was at first designed to have deposited his remains.

After visiting the grotto, and some other very beautiful places in the same natural and simple style of ornament, we arrived at the north front of the house, and our enchanting ramble was at an end.

From Ermenonville we went to Pleffis de belle vüe, a village at about two miles distance in the way to Paris, in order to pay a visit to the widow of Jean Jacques, his celebrated Theresa. We had doubts about visiting her, fearing lest we might see something about her to lessen our venera-

veneration for her husband. The event, however, was far otherwise.

We found her in a neat cottage, in a linen dress like that of her neighbours, and she wore a small gold cross on her breast. Her person appeared rather low, not much resembling her portrait in the French print of her husband's last moments. Her countenance was sensible and striking; her manners those of a gentlewoman, and which expressed a mind scarcely unworthy to be the companion of Rousseau. She is accustomed to see visitors of curiosity, and her reception of us was polite and easy. She received our expressions of esteem for her husband in the most becoming and engaging manner, and answered with great readiness such enquiries as we thought proper to make. From her I learned the following particulars:

The character of Julia, after her marriage, was drawn from Madame Boy-de-la-Tour of Lyons, an intimate friend of Rousseau and herself, to whom they generally made a long visit every year, and who is still living. But the story of the Nouvelle Héloïse has
nothing

nothing to do with this lady's history. How far that was founded in truth, and who were the characters, were secrets in the breast of its author. Neither did any of the scenes described in that celebrated novel pass at Ermenonville, as some have reported. The Confessions, Mrs. Rousseau assured me, were all written by her husband, and published by her after his death. She entrusted the manuscript to the Marquis de Girardin, who expunged some private anecdotes, and some names of people still living; not entirely with her approbation, as she would have published it just as it was left by the author. Surely the warmest admirer of Rousseau must regret that this work was ever published at all; for what can be the effect of an exhibition of every failing, every wayward thought, of a character in many respects eminently virtuous; except that the bad may from thence take occasion to decry all virtue as mere outward shew, and even those who are less abandoned may lull their consciences with the soothing reflection that they are perhaps as good as the rest of the world. Nothing probably can have done
much

much more harm to the cause of religion, for instance, than the minute display that has been made of the abject superstition and miserable despondency of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the best-meaning, but most prejudiced of men; who seems to have thought a person could have no religion at all, who "was not of the church of Rome, or was not of the church of England*." If such sentiments were the genuine fruits of religion, they would go farther than all the boasted efforts of wits and sceptics against the superintendence of a beneficent Providence. Yet this good man has been injudiciously held up as a model of piety; and thus the world are made to believe, that all who pretend to any devotion are as contracted and uncomfortable in their notions as he was in his. Some late writers have introduced the same kind of sourness into politics, to the great injury of their cause.

Mrs. Rousseau shewed us a plaster bust of her husband, cast from his face a few hours after death, and which she thinks gives

* Life of Milton, p. 209.

a perfect idea of him. This is by far the most pleasing portrait of Rousseau I ever saw. The sensibility, and yet tranquillity of the countenance is charming; and the mouth one of the most expressive I ever saw. I should think it as difficult to draw as that famous statue so admired by Michael Angelo, the muscles of which, when accurately studied, seem in motion.

We were told at Ermenonville, that the widow of Rousseau has a pension of fifty pounds a-year from the King of Great Britain; an anecdote I have not heard confirmed, and for the truth of which I cannot vouch. She appears to have been younger than her husband, and seems likely still to live many years. We learned, on our return to Paris, that her notions of delicacy not being always so romantic as his, they were once very near parting, for a cause of dispute not the most usual between man and wife. It is well known this celebrated man had always a violent aversion to receiving presents, except from very select friends, even when in the greatest want; and this conduct occasioned him to be reckoned a madman

madman by the bulk of mankind, at the same time that it raised him up a great number of most inveterate enemies, among those who believed him perfectly in his senses. His wife, less scrupulous, thought there was no harm in receiving a morsel of bread from any body, when they were both just starving; and, lest her husband's feelings should suffer, she did not let him know from whence their support came. Unluckily however for both, he discovered the deception, and considered it as a dreadful conspiracy against his honour.

With respect to the character of Rousseau himself, about which the opinion of the world is so much divided, I have found it improve on a near examination. Every one who knew him speaks of him with the most affectionate esteem, as the most friendly, unaffected and modest of men, and the most unassuming in conversation. Enthusiastically fond of the study of nature, and of Linnæus, as the best interpreter of her works, he was always warmly attached to those who agreed with him in this taste. The amiable and accomplished lady to whom
his

his Letters on Botany were addressed, concurs in this account, and holds his memory in the highest veneration. I have ventured to ask her opinion upon some unaccountable actions in his life, and especially about those misanthropic horrors and suspicions which embittered his latter days. She seemed to think the last not entirely groundless; but still, for the most part, to be attributed to a something not quite right in his mind, for which he was to be pitied, not censured. Her charming daughter shewed me a collection of dried plants made and presented to her by Rousseau, neatly pasted on small writing paper, and accompanied with their Linnæan names and other particulars. Botany seems to have been his most favourite amusement in the latter part of life; and his feelings, with respect to this pursuit, are expressed with that energy and grace so peculiarly his own, in his letter to Linnæus, published in the *Journal de Paris*; the original of which I preserve as an inestimable relick.

I need offer no apology to the candid and well-informed reader for this minuteness of

anecdote concerning so celebrated a character. Those who have only partial notions of Rousseau, may perhaps wonder to hear that his memory is cherished by any well-disposed minds. To such I beg leave to observe, that I hold in a very subordinate light that beauty of style and language, those golden passages, which will ever immortalize his writings; and a faint resemblance of which is the only merit of some of his enemies. I respect him as a writer eminently favourable on the whole to the interests of humanity, reason, and religion. Wherever he goes counter to any of these, I as freely dissent from him; but do not on that account throw all his works into the fire. As the best and most religious people of my acquaintance are among his warmest admirers, I may perhaps be biased in my judgment; but it is certainly more amiable to be misled by the fair parts of a character, than to make its imperfections a pretence for not admiring or profiting by its beauties. Nor can any defects or inconsistencies in the private character of Rousseau, depreciate the refined moral and religious principles with which his works abound.

abound. Truth is truth wherever it comes — from. No imperfections of humanity can discredit a noble cause; and it would be madness to reject Christianity, for instance, either because Peter denied Christ, or Judas betrayed him. It will be hard to meet with a more edifying or more consolatory lecture on religion than the death-bed of Julia. Her character is evidently intended as a model in this respect. By that then we should judge of its author, and not by fretful doubts and petulant expressions, the sad fruits of unjust persecution, and of good intentions misconstrued. Nor would it be difficult to produce, from the works of Rousseau, a vast majority of passages directly in support of Christianity itself, compared with what are supposed to be hostile to it. It is notorious that he incurred the ridicule of Voltaire, for exalting the character and death of Jesus above that of Socrates. “But he was insidious; and he disbelieved miracles,” say his opponents. If he believed Christianity without the assistance of miracles to support his faith, is it a proof of his infidelity? If he was insidious, that is his own concern. I

have nothing to do with hidden meanings or mystical explanations of any book, certainly not of the writings of so ingenuous and perspicuous an author as Rousseau. Unfortunately for him, the whole tenour of those writings has been too hostile to the prevailing opinions, or at least to the darling interests of those in authority among whom he lived; for Scribes and Pharisees are never wanting to depress every attempt at improving or instructing the world, and the greatest heresy and most unpardonable offence is always that of being in the right. For this cause, having had the honour of feeling the vengeance of all ranks of tyrants and bigots, from a king or bishop of France, to a paltry magistrate of Berne, or a Swiss pastor, he was obliged to take refuge in England. Here he was received with open arms, being justly considered as the martyr of that spirit of investigation and liberty which is the basis of our constitution, and on which alone our reformed religion depends. He was caressed and entertained by the best and most accomplished people, and experienced in a particular manner the

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bounty

bounty of our present amiable Sovereign. One cannot but lament, that one of the most eminent, and I believe virtuous, public characters of that day, should of late have vainly enough attempted to compliment the same Sovereign, by telling him he came to the crown in contempt of his people, should have held up a Messalina for public veneration, and become the calumniator of Rousseau !

It is, indeed, true that a certain morbid degree of sensibility and delicacy, added to the inequalities of a temper broken down by persecution and ill health, made Rousseau often receive apparently well-meant attentions with a very bad grace. Yet, from most of the complaints of this kind which I have heard from the parties immediately concerned, I very much suspect he was not unfrequently in the right. But, supposing him to have been to blame in all these instances, they occurred posterior to his most celebrated publications. Was it not very unjust, therefore, for those who had patronised and extolled him for those publications, to vent

their animosity against *them* for any thing in *his* conduct afterwards?

Far be it from me, however, to attempt a full justification of his writings. I only contend for the generally good intention of their author. The works themselves must be judged by impartial posterity. I merely offer my own sentiments; but I offer them freely, scorning to disguise my opinion, either because infidels have pressed Rousseau into their service, or because the uncandid and the dishonest have traduced him falsely, not daring to declare the real cause of their aversion—his virtuous sincerity.

CHAP. X.

BOTANY. ACADEMIES. DEATH OF
MR. BERTIER. OBSERVATORY.
MINERALS.

THE botanic garden of Paris has lately been much enlarged, and now occupies a very considerable extent of ground. It consists of many public walks, and some places enclosed with iron rails, in which are the stoves and green-house, and in which hardy plants are arranged according to the system of Jussieu. This garden used in summer to be the evening walk of literary people, and even of persons of fashion; and was, besides, frequented all day long by students of both sexes. Here ladies might be seen at close study, dissecting flowers, and reading their descriptions; nor is it at all unusual at Paris for the fair sex to attend scientific lectures in considerable numbers. This collection of plants is generally reckoned

inferior only to that of Kew. It contains however many plants not in England, mostly from Peru and the Levant. *Datura arborea*, covered with its magnificent and fragrant flowers, was at this time the finest thing in the garden, and had crowds of visitors every evening. Few people could support its perfume for any length of time. The rare *Gundelia* was living here; but many of Tournefort's finest plants have been lost, as well as in England.

Adjoining to the garden is the Cabinet du Roi, or Museum of Natural History, consisting of a long train of apartments, particularly rich in splendid birds and insects from Guiana. Here is the only *Papilio Hecuba* perhaps in Europe, well figured in Buffon's Planches Enluminées, from whence Linnæus described it. The collection of precious stones is very valuable. The vegetable part of this Museum contains Du Hamel's own specimens of his experiments on trees, with a large number of exotic fruits, and above all the original herbariums of Tournefort and Vaillant. Of these the latter is the most numerous and in best condition.

Both

Both are extremely useful for settling the synonyms of old botanists, and especially of the writers by whom these collections were made. By the indulgence of Mr. D'Aubenton I had leave to examine both at my leisure, and looked over that of Tournefort with particular attention, describing from it about eighty plants from the Levant, not noticed by Linnaeus. Its arrangement is alphabetical according to the French names ; a worse could hardly have been contrived, as different species of the same genus are by this means often widely separated. The specimens are pinned upon brown paper, with tickets annexed. There are not so many of each species, nor are the specimens so fine, as in the collection of Vaillant. From the manuscript observations of the latter, he appears to have been a much better botanist than is generally supposed. He had formed excellent conjectures about the affinities of many new plants, as well as the synonyms of many old ones. I was surprised to find his Herbarium rich in North American specimens, collected by Sarrazin in the beginning of this century, many of which are

now supposed to be of very late discovery, as *Kalmia glauca* of Hort. Kew. This does not detract from the merit of those who have gathered these plants since; but how wonderful is it they should have remained so long undescribed by French botanists! A vast collection of drawings and manuscripts of Plumier remain still unpublished in the hands of the Academy of Sciences, which would be a most acceptable present to the botanical world.

On the staircase of this Museum is a marble statue of the celebrated Count de Buffon, the size of life, with accompaniments expressive of the study in which he excelled. The inscription transgresses all bounds of modesty, and indeed borders on impiety; "*Majestati Naturæ par ingenium. A genius equal to the majesty of nature.*" The expression of the countenance is equally bombastic. How even a French "*philosophe soi disant*" could reconcile himself to such flattery, exceeds the comprehension of a less sublime genius. I was not fortunate enough to see this illustrious character, as he was at some distance from Paris. With his distinguished

tinguished colleague and friend, Mr. D'Aubenton, I had often an opportunity of conversing, and always with pleasure and advantage. The Count de la Cèpede, who has since published an able work on Reptiles, intended as a sequel to Buffon, was also frequently at the cabinet during my visits there. In the garden I have occasionally met with Mr. Adanson, whose knowledge in botany would procure him great reputation, were he less a slave to paradox and pedantry. He generally accosted me with some attack on Linnæus, sometimes calling him grossly *ignorant* and *illiterate*, and then, when I have ventured to quote *Philosophia Botanica* as a proof of the contrary, abusing him as *scholastic*. I was contented with smiling to think how the one accusation destroyed the other. Mr. Adanson no less warmly contends for barbarous names in botany; recommending that every species of plant should in all books be called simply by the name by which it is known in its native country; as if the same plant were not often found in fifty or an hundred different countries, and in each called by a different

ferent name; and as if the Linnæan nomenclature were not abundantly justified by reason and experience!

This leads me to give a short account of some other principal botanists now living at Paris.—Mr. Anthony de Jussieu takes the lead among those who, with respect to system, may be called Anti-Linnæans. He inherits his taste for the science from his uncles Bernard and Joseph de Jussieu; the former of whom was Professor at Paris, and the latter made a fine collection of plants in Peru. Their books and collections descended to their nephew, who has not turned his attention to botany till within these few years; but with what very great success he has in that time studied natural orders, is manifested in his *Genera Plantarum*, published in 1789; a work which will immortalize its author, and probably go down to posterity with the *Genera Plantarum* of Linnæus, to which it is an excellent companion. Those who can read and judge of his work, need not be told that he is a true philosopher, profound in science, ardent in the pursuit of truth, open to conviction himself, and

candid

candid in his corrections of others; nor will they be surpris'd to hear his manners are gentle and pleasing, his conversation easy, cheerful, and polite. Although we differed on many points, as the laws of nomenclature and the merits of the Linnæan system, yet as truth was our common object, repeated and free discussions increased our esteem for each other, and to me at least were productive of instruction as well as pleasure. At Mr. de Jussieu's I sometimes met Mr. de Lamarck, who is equally devoted to botany, in which indeed he is quite absorbed, and whose knowledge is undoubtedly very extensive, but whose character is less pleasing than that of Mr. de Jussieu. This gentleman is engaged in the botanical part of the *Encyclopedie*, a work which I have been deterred from studying so much as it perhaps deserves, partly by its barbarous arrangement, and partly by the scorn with which it was universally spoken of by scientific botanists in France. By this inattention, and, as I am told, by neglecting to visit him, I unfortunately incurred the public censure of Mr. de Lamarck, to which justice to myself required

quired a reply, and the public are already in possession of a conclusive one*. I freely acknowledge that I shrunk from the society of a man who always took occasion to attack, with violence, what he knew to be my most favourite sentiments, and whom I have seen transgress all bounds of decorum, when a plant named in his dictionary happened inadvertently to be spoken of in company by a different, though usual, name. I have more than once had occasion to observe, that the violence or indecorum of the French, the politest of nations, is peculiarly disgusting. So the rudeness of certain sets of people, who affect extraordinary gentleness and humility, when it occurs, is rudeness indeed!

Among the Linnæan botanists Mr. L'Heritier, now one of the Judges for the Paris department under the new constitution, is eminently distinguished by his most superb and scientific publications, the plates of which are executed with a degree of elegance and accuracy rarely to be met with; nor are the

* Plant. Ic. fasc. 2. præf. botanicæ. I. 96

descriptions less complete. To this gentleman is entrusted the publication of Dombey's plants, gathered in Spanish America, and it is to be hoped he will not keep the world longer in expectation than is necessary for the perfection of the work.

Mr. Bulliard is well known by his *Herbier de la France*, the plates of which are printed in oil colours. Several copper-plates are required for each figure, generally about four or five. On one of them is engraved all the green parts of the figure, on another the red or blue, &c. These are printed successively on the same paper, care being taken that each shall fit exactly to the impression of the other. Last of all a plate with the shades, name, and number, in black, completes the figure. This mode succeeds admirably in objects of such few and simple colours as Fungi; but in other plants not so well. Mr. Bulliard's work principally contains Fungi, and those plates may be had without the others. They are a valuable accession to Botany.

Mr. Desfontaines, now Professor of Botany at the Royal Garden, was, in 1786,
lately

lately returned from Barbary with a rich harvest of plants and insects, all which he allowed me to examine and to partake of. It is probable he may favour the world with an account of his journey.

Mr. Thouin, who has the superintendence of the botanic garden, deserves my warmest acknowledgments for the very liberal manner in which he at all times allowed me access to that rich collection, as well as to his own private herbarium, which I looked over entirely with great advantage.

Few Naturalists equal Mr. Brouffonet, whom I have already mentioned, for zeal and abilities; nor can it be sufficiently regretted that his various engagements will not allow him to finish his systematic work on Ichthyology, nor to continue the excellent figures and descriptions of Fishes, of which one number appeared in 1782; perhaps however his country ought rather to rejoice that he has devoted his talents to more important objects. To his indefatigable perseverance and activity is principally to be attributed the success of the Royal Society of Agriculture, established under Louis XV.

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but afterwards neglected for many years, and of which he is the Secretary. By instituting judicious experiments, giving premiums for useful undertakings, and by well-timed and striking publications, calling the attention of the husbandman and the citizen to this important subject, this Society has improved the agriculture of France more rapidly perhaps than ever happened in any other country. Among other improvements, the cultivation of turnips and potatoes has become very general. In order to reconcile the poor to the use of the latter as food, the example was set by several persons in genteel life. I have seen an entire course composed of this useful vegetable, differently dressed, at the table of Mr. Parmentier of the Hôtel des Invalids, who has written a book on the cultivation and use of potatoes. A veterinary school was instituted at Charenton, where Mr. Brouffonet and others gave lectures on the several branches of Rural Economy, which were attended by farmers and husbandmen, as well as by gentlemen, and even ladies.

The meetings of the Agricultural Society
used

used to be held weekly, at the house of the unfortunate Mr. Bertier, late Intendant of Paris, who was so cruelly and unhappily murdered at the beginning of the revolution. He was a great patron of this institution, and constantly attended its meetings; where too I have often seen the late excellent Duke de la Rochefoucauld, and many other distinguished persons, still more eminent for their patriotism and accomplishments than for their rank. Mr. Bertier was a most active magistrate: he kept 40 clerks constantly employed, and seldom allowed himself above four hours sleep. The police of Paris and its district, the roads, pavement, lighting the streets, collection of duties, care of prisons, all was under his superintendence. No less amiable in private life, than indefatigable in his public character; a good husband, a good father, remarkably attentive to the education of his children; his death is one of the foulest stains in the history of the revolution. It does not appear that he had, though a magistrate, made himself peculiarly obnoxious to the mob; nor was he marked out for destruction till immediately before

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the sad catastrophe. An unguarded expression was the cause of his fate. Paris being threatened with famine from the scarcity of bread, Mr. Bertier, then in the country, was sent for to the capital. Being informed of the riot, and that the people loudly demanded bread, he is said hastily and petulantly to have replied, "Give them straw!" These words, true or false, were carried to the mob, who, enraged at the unfeeling insult, vowed revenge, and too soon accomplished it. The melancholy particulars are well known. The people carried his head about the town on a pole, with straw in the mouth; a circumstance which has not before been accounted for, either by the enemies of the original revolution, who, under the mask of humanity, secretly exult in these disgraceful outrages, or by its temperate friends who sincerely deplore them. These enormities resemble too much the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the circumstances following the murder of the Marechal d'Ancre; they seem a proof that the national character of the French wants a reform, as much as their old government. But let us leave such

horrid subjects. On the 4th of September I attended a public meeting of the Society of Agriculture at Charenton. It was held in a large tent, the new veterinary school not being finished. The meeting was splendidly attended; many of the first nobility, and seven or eight blue ribbands, were present. Mr. Fourcroix, the celebrated chemist, read an oration for himself, and one for Mr. D'Aubenton; Mr. Vicq d'Azyr the anatomist and Mr. Broussonet delivered others, all relating to the design and progress of the society. After which, some of the pupils gave specimens of their knowledge in the anatomy of the horse; and at the conclusion, Mr. de Vergennes the minister, who was present all the time, expressed his satisfaction, and the meeting ended.

The assemblies of the Academy of Sciences were held on Wednesdays and Saturdays at the Louvre, in apartments granted to that illustrious body by Louis XIV. their founder. One of these rooms was the bed-chamber of Henry IV. In place of the bed, railed off, stands the bust of that prince. Here his bleeding body was left for many hours in absolute

absolute neglect ; so much did the intrigues concerning the regency occupy every one about the court. " Ainsî," says Mezerai, " il n'y avoit qu'un moment entre les adorations et l'oubli."

At the meetings of the academy one meets with all the most eminent literary characters, and hears as much of the papers that are read as the incessant talking will permit. The president (who in all the French societies is changed about every three months) has indeed a bell to proclaim silence, but he rings it only when the general noise prevents his hearing himself or his next neighbour. A more important defect in this society is the tardy publication of their memoirs, which never appear in print till about five years after they are read ; and the communications of persons, not members, are even ten years before they are given to the public. This is an imperfection which it is to be hoped will be corrected in the intended new organization of the academy. The real use of such institutions is to afford an asylum for essays and dissertations, either too small, or, from the plates required, too

expensive to be separately published. If such works are kept back five or ten years, they lose their novelty, and any information they may contain is generally forestalled. An Englishman wonders the name of the academy should be prostituted to give a sanction to particular kinds of *rouge*. Nothing is more common than to see at a perfumer's, "*Rouge approuvée par l'Académie des Sciences*." But it must be considered that this article is used by most women, even of worth and character, in Paris; and the innocence of its composition is therefore an object of public importance.

The Royal Library, in the Rue de Richelieu, merits particular attention. It is confessedly one of the first in the world, and is easily accessible to persons of merit. Here is preserved that splendid collection of drawings of plants from the *Jardin du Roi*, begun under the auspices of Gaston Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIII. and still continued. Those by Robert, who was employed in the beginning, are by far the best, and very masterly. Here are also the original

ginal coloured drawings of Feuill ; rude enough, but curious as originals.

The Observatory is situated on an elevated spot near the Rue St. Jacques, and from its top is an extensive view. The building was now repairing, and all in disorder. What instruments I saw did not appear to be fine, nor well kept; probably these were not the best, as the science of astronomy is nowhere more cultivated than at Paris. I descended into the celebrated caves, from 80 to 100 feet deep, winding for the space of three leagues under this quarter of the town. Here the thermometer of Reaumur stands at 10 degrees, equal to 54 of Fahrenheit, all the year.

Whatever other places may want in elegance, is abundantly made up in the new chemical lecture-room and laboratory of Mr. Le Sage at the mint. It is so finically neat and fine, that I could hardly believe it ever had been, or could be used. The beautiful and scientific arrangement of minerals, in glass-cases round the room, is worthy of all praise, and calculated to excite the curiosity and admiration of the most ignorant spec-

tator, as well as to gratify the most intelligent. The specimens are not large, but very numerous, and judiciously varied.

It would be endless to describe all the museums of natural history, with which this capital abounds; nor is it necessary even to enumerate them, after the accurate account given of Parisian collections by the Rev. Mr. Townsend, in his excellent travels to Spain.

The principal ones which fell under my inspection, were that of Mr. Gigot D'Orcy in the Place Vendome, a magnificent assemblage of minerals and insects particularly, and of Mr. Besson in the Rue du Cocq St. Honoré, consisting of minerals only. I should be ungrateful to forget the obliging attentions of these gentlemen. Mr. Besson is a very scientific mineralogist, as the disposition of his collection evinces. He possesses many fine iron-ores from the isle of Elba, and many good things from Auvergne. His crystals of feldt-spath, his hornstein, which he traces from wood, and his agates, are very select, and very instructive.

C H A P. XI.

PARIS TO MONTPELLIER.

Oct. 31. **H**AVING ever had an earnest desire to visit Italy, and having always read with transport every description of that celebrated country, I prevailed on an old friend and fellow-student, whose tastes and pursuits exactly agreed with my own, to accompany me thither. As our aim was instruction, not dissipation, and due œconomy of time and money a part of our plan, we sought to mix as much as possible with the people of each of the countries through which we passed, especially the literary and scientific, and resolved to conform to their manners and customs, even their mode of travelling and living, as much as possible. We seldom sought the society of our own countrymen, particularly of the travelling herd, whose general plan of operation would but ill have

accorded with our own ; and we had frequent occasion to rejoice in our independence.

Dr. Younge met me at Paris the first week in October ; and on the last day of that month, at four in the morning, we set out in the diligence for Lyons. The snow beginning to fall, made us impatient to migrate southward ; but we had only cold cloudy weather and rain as far as Montpellier. Our carriage was roomy, the company numerous, and tolerably agreeable. We paid, I think, five louis each at Paris, and were fed and lodged by the way without any farther expence, as is usual in France. We dined the first day at Melun, a poor place ; and took coffee at Montereau, pleasantly situated at the foot of a hill. Its Gothic church seemed considerable, and its *curé*, a Corsican Abbé, was one of our companions to Lyons. Slept at Ville neuve le Guiare.

Nov. 1. We arose at four. The early hours of these diligences are not suited to winter travelling. At half past seven, arrived

rived at the archbishopric of Sens. The cathedral is a venerable old church, with good painted windows, and a handsome choir, in the middle of which lie interred, according to their own desire, the Dauphin and Dauphiness, father and mother of Louis XVI. Their monument, by an artist of Paris, is of an elegant design. Time is throwing a veil over their urns, one of which he has already enveloped. Hymen, represented with a dejected air, is a very good statue. This monument, like that of Cardinal de Richlieu at Paris, stands insulated, and has a very low basement; the figures of course are on a level with the spectator. After dining at Ville neuve le Roi, we supped at Auxerre, where it was a general complaint that our beds seemed stuffed with potatoes rather than feathers.

Nov. 2. The road lay over high ground to Lucy le Bois. Our resting place at night was Saulieu, where fortune favoured us with a very good inn.

Nov. 3. The country improved as we advanced.

vanced. We dined at Autun, the oldest town in Burgundy, where are many Roman ruins. In the neighbourhood are some large houses of education. This neighbourhood is said to be remarkably cheap. We passed over some very fine woody hills to Chalons on the Soane. Here was a large gloomy inn in the Spanish style, the walls of whose vast eating-room, blackened with age and smoke, were scarcely discernible by the dim glimmering light of the taper, which stood on a ponderous oak table in the middle of the apartment. In the solitary court was a well, which, when the mule-drivers came for water in the morning, reminded me of that where Don Quixote kept watch, previous to his being knighted.

The chief manufactory of this country is hardware; and we were beset, on our arrival at most of the inns, by women who sell such articles made by their husbands. They seemed, in general, badly finished and dear; and the "Sheffield whittle" of my companion was often drawn forth with patriotic zeal, to the utter confusion of these French pretenders.

Nov.

Nov. 4. At Chalons we exchanged our land carriage for a spacious barge on that fine tranquil river the Soane, where our party received a considerable addition. Several ladies, some officers, and a young abbé, joined us, and the conversation became very entertaining. Among other things the celibacy of priests was discussed, and generally reprobated. Some objected to it as a hardship; others as a source of immorality. I ventured to observe, that it could never have been considered as a hardship by the clergy who instituted it, as they were then in the height of their power and corruption, and by no means inclined to impose any burthen on themselves. They therefore could have restrained their order from a lawful and natural indulgence, only because they found promiscuous gallantry less burthensome, and more suited to their depraved appetites. Accordingly it was notorious that one of the divines, most zealous for the law of celibacy, arose immediately from the bed of a prostitute, to attend the assembly in which the matter was debated. The ladies applauded my argument very much.

much. The young abbé sat reading his breviary in a corner with great devotion ; being as yet a novice in his profession, he turned a deaf ear to our profane discourse. One of our companions was a protestant of Languedoc. He spoke of the inhuman restrictions on their religion, and expressed a faint hope that the present king, being a merciful prince, would be disposed to alleviate them, if he were to follow his own inclinations. This led on to the consideration of the edict of Nantes, and the irreparable injury which had been done to the state by its revocation ; while I enlarged, as I always in France took every possible occasion of doing, on the advantage it had been to the neighbouring nations, and on the many respectable families and valuable manufactories which had been transplanted to England, and which still, to my own personal knowledge, flourished there. While these points were discussing, more generous indignation was expressed by the looks of the company than I should have expected in a French countenance. They seemed to indulge such rebellious ideas, as that govern-
ments

ments ought to be wise and impartial ! We went ashore to dinner at Tornus, and slept in a very good inn at Macon.

Nov. 5. Next day we again quitted the boat to dine at as wretched an inn, whose situation however was very fine. Noble ruins crowned the hills above it, and the Soane glided gently along below. About five in the evening arrived at Lyons ; our trunks passed the custom-house for a little gratuity unopened, which is generally the best way, and we were soon very comfortably lodged in the Hôtel du Parc.

Being much indisposed, and the weather very wet, I saw less of Lyons than I could have wished. We accompanied Dr. Brun round the Hôtel Dieu, an hospital which has been more praised than it deserves. The beds have large thick woollen curtains, and each contains two or three patients. When we expressed our wonder that so absurd a practice should still be continued, we were told that hospitals must not be made too comfortable, as the poor would then be too fond of having recourse to them ! On each
bed

bed was a ticket of direction concerning the diet or treatment of the patient. Some were inscribed "*Extreme unction*;" and one, "*Instruction in the holy mysteries*." I was curious to see the person who occupied this bed, and, on advancing, perceived a young woman in a fever, who started with a look of horror and despair at our approach. Surely a more apt, as well as a more humane prescription might have been thought of, unless, indeed, some mysteries are best inculcated into the mind in a state of delirium. The affixing these tickets is chiefly, I believe, at the discretion of the *Soeurs de la Charité*, an order of nuns who devote themselves entirely to the painful office of nursing the sick without any reward. Surely, in the generally too just censure of monastic institutions, this order ought always to be excepted. Protestant churches should be very perfect in other respects, to atone for their want of such an example of piety and virtue. What is the fashionable charity of subscribing to a London hospital, for the sake, perhaps, of being able, occasionally, to relieve ourselves from the trouble of a sick domestic, compared

pared to the almost Divine benevolence of these nuns? some of whom have scorned the most flattering allurements of life, to devote themselves irrevocably, like their blessed Master, solely to doing good! We justly admire and venerate *one* man, who pursued to the last a conduct like this; but these poor nuns are each a *Howard*!

Lyons has a public library, consisting of about sixty thousand volumes, arranged in a spacious gallery paved with marble. The books on history bear the largest proportion. I observed a fine Pliny, printed on vellum in 1472, in two volumes folio: a manuscript on Natural History, with coloured figures, very much like the Hortus Sanitatis: some Chinese manuscripts, and some old French romances with fine illuminations.

Visited Mr. Frossard, the Protestant clergyman, who has published a good translation of Blair's Sermons, and who has lately exercised his pen, as becomes a Christian minister, against the infernal slave trade. This gentleman introduced us to Mr. Gillibert, formerly settled in Poland, where he wrote a *Flora Lithuanica*, which had the singular fortune

fortune, for a botanical book, of being prohibited, and that not so much perhaps on account of its imperfections, however great they may be, as from the intrigues of its author's enemies. He has since published an useful compilation of several works of Linnæus.

We were likewise presented to Mr. de Villers, a very able entomologist, whose cabinet is said to contain about 5000 European species of insects, on which he was then preparing a systematic work, which has since appeared, to the great benefit of the science. His exotic insects are few. We found Mr. de Villers modest, communicative, and unassuming, like most people of real knowledge and genuine taste for science. He is rather advanced in years.

The cabinet of Mr. Imbert, a merchant, is a general collection, containing shells, insects, birds, minerals, &c. but not very rich in any thing. Here we met the late Count de Charnacé of Angers, a young gentleman of a literary turn and pleasing manners, who, as well as ourselves, was bound for Montpellier, and we joined to engage a voiturin

voiturin to conduct us thither; being dissuaded from going down the Rhone to Avignon in a boat, on account of the damp weather, and the uncertainty of the passage at this season, when the Rhone, like all rivers that originate in the Alps, is more shallow than in summer; and we were told the large boats often ran aground. Nevertheless, I would advise all travellers to prefer this voyage to the journey by land. We were eight tedious days in getting to Montpellier, and might have gone in two or three.

These voiturins are to be met with throughout Italy, and the south of France. They undertake the conveyance of a traveller, for a certain sum, in a fixed time, to the place of his destination; and, if desired, will pay all his expences at the inns by the way, which we afterwards found the best method. This mode is much cheaper, and infinitely less embarrassing, than travelling post. It requires, indeed, very early rising, and is very slow; but the latter was no objection to us, as we could alight at pleasure to botanize, and walk full as fast as our horses or

mules, till we were tired. Those who choose to pay their own expences, desire, on arriving at an inn, to dine at the *table-d'hôte*, that is with other company that may be in the house, for which the common fixed price throughout this country is 40 sous (20 pence) each for dinner, and 45 for supper and lodging. Our table was always plentifully, and even luxuriously furnished, with truffles, red-legged partridges, and great variety of small birds; the latter were not indeed very palatable to us at first, on account of the high flavour of the juniper berries on which they chiefly feed. The turkies in Languedoc and Provence are more like my illustrious countrymen, the Norfolk ones, in size and flavour, than any others I ever met with. We had always clean linen, and silver forks. I have often thought, the immense number of these forks in France might prove a great resource in any state exigency; but it seems silver buckles were judged more eligible lately on such an occasion.

Nov. 10. We left Lyons at ten. Our
carriage

carriage was none of the best, and the road most execrably stony and bad. Vienne, a long narrow dirty town, five leagues only from Lyons, was the extent of that day's journey.

Nov. 11. We were called again upon duty at five in the morning, and ascended a hill covered with snow to our dining-place, whose name has escaped me. Afterwards, walking a long way by the side of the carriage, I had the pleasure of gathering the pretty *Gnaphalium Stæchas*, *Teucrium Polium*, and some other plants, not natives of England. Slept at St. Vallier.

Nov. 12. Sunday. We were extremely obliged to the maîs, which detained our map? voiturin till past eight; after which we proceeded chiefly along the banks of the Rhone to Valence, a small fortified town. Our inn was in the suburbs; possibly the very place which Rousseau mentions in his Confessions. Arriving early, M. de Charnacé proposed, as a probable source of amusement in our own way, to go in search of the principal

apothecary. We were accordingly directed to a Mr. Boniface, who received us very civilly, and on hearing our errand, told us he also was a botanist, and produced his herbal. This was a folio volume of dried plants, collected by himself in the Paris garden, about the year 1764, arranged according to Tournefort's system, with synonyms, generally pretty right, and the reputed virtues of each plant, that is, in what degree it is *hot* or *cold*.

Nov. 13. From Valence we proceeded to l'Auriol, an old decayed town, with the ruins of a castle. In the way from thence to Montelimar, plenty of lavender, *Lavandula officinalis*, grew by the road side, with *Teucrium Polium*, and *Cercis Siliquastrum*. Montelimar is, like all the towns hereabouts, enclosed with a wall, but wretchedly built; with narrow streets, so ill paved as to be almost impassable. Our companion being desirous of seeing the celebrated volcanic philosopher, M. Faujas de St. Fond, who was Seneschal of this miserable place, and

has

has still a house in the town; we went to call on him, but he was then at Nice.

Nov. 14. A heavy rain rendered us the same service as the mias did on Sunday, and we were allowed to repose till eight o'clock. About five in the afternoon arrived at the Pont St. Esprit, a town on the west side of the Rhone, taking its name from a curious old stone bridge of twenty-two arches over that river. This bridge is very narrow, so that two carriages cannot pass it abreast, and is built with an obtuse angle pointing up the river, that the structure may the better resist floods. It was near 45 years in building, and was finished in 1309. The arches are so small as not to be passed in a boat without danger, when the river is rapid,

Nov. 15. We dined at a little village, in which was a fine perpetual fountain of slightly tepid water. In the afternoon, after traversing a country covered with Box, Evergreen Oak, Lavender, Garden Thyme (*Thymus vulgaris*), *Melissa Nepeta*, several

L 3 species

species of *Cistus*, and other fine plants, most of them however out of flower, we arrived at the noble *Pont du Gard*, one of the most majestic Roman edifices now remaining in the world. It is situated in a solitary spot, between two rocky hills, over the river *Gardon*, whose steep banks are clothed with wild Fig-trees, Olives, and a variety of beautiful shrubs, in the most romantic manner; so that this magnificent ruin enjoys every advantage of scenery and situation. It indeed can scarcely be called a ruin, being composed of stones so massy as to have hitherto suffered enough only, from the injuries of time, to make it picturesque, and scarcely so much as to destroy even its original use as an aqueduct, if it were now wanted for that purpose. It consists of three rows of semicircular arches, of which the uppermost are much the smallest; the lowermost range has been enlarged in breadth, so as to make a bridge. On the building we gathered *Camphorosma monspeliaca*, in which I never could perceive any smell of camphor, and *Satureja Thymbra*. Took up
our

our night's lodging in a little dirty inn, called *La Fourche*, not far distant.

Nov. 16. The road to Nîmes lay through a flat country, planted with olive trees, which have a dreary appearance, being low and void of luxuriance in their foliage, as well as of a greyish hue, neither possessing the chearful green of our common forest trees, nor even the silvery splendour of a white willow. The ripe fruit, which was still in many places ungathered, is tempting in appearance, like a small damson plumb; but to the taste most intolerably nauseous. Its oily juice is mixed with the watery fluids, and a peculiar acrid bitter, in the form of a white emulsion, all which, from its superior lightness, it leaves behind when the fruit is bruised in a proper vessel. While dinner was preparing, we visited the famous amphitheatre of Nîmes, trusting to another opportunity to see the other curiosities of the place. This building is so encumbered with miserable houses, both within and without, that scarcely any idea can be formed of its original effect. Projects have been formed to

clear it, but hitherto without success, on account of the expence.

In the way to Lunel, *Euphorbia ferrata* and *Centaurea salmantica* were in flower by the road side. The wine made in this neighbourhood, is a kind of muscadel, much in request. Our inn was excellent.

Nov. 17. We travelled through a heavy rain, with a tired horse, to Montpellier, a welcome resting-place after so tedious a journey.

C H A P. XII.

MONTPELLIER.

THE situation and climate of this town, long procured it great reputation, as an asylum for persons whose delicate health required a more temperate air than that of England. Of late years it has been less frequented; probably from the unfavourable account, more ill-natured than just, which Smollet has given of the state of physic there. Physicians, like sectaries in religion, have each their peculiar theories and dogmas, and the cry of heresy has generally as little to do with truth, good sense, or justice, when it comes from one profession as from the other. In each, honest sensible men find principles enough for their own guidance; and while the consciousness of a facility of error, in speculative and less important points, makes them

! p. 150.

them tolerant and compassionate to those who differ from them, they leave to the rabble of their brethren the thorny path of controversy and censure.

We were certainly more fortunate than Smollet in our medical acquaintances here. I have seldom met with a more sensible, or a more amiable and humane man, than Dr. Broussonet, the professor of physic, father of the celebrated ichthyologist at Paris. We formed indeed a very favourable opinion of the national character in the south of France. Urbanity and hospitality mark it very strongly; and even certain prejudices, which make a part of it, are by no means unamiable. These good people think, not without reason, their own country one of the most favoured under heaven; their climate, their productions, their manners, all preferable to those of other countries, and they delight in gratifying a stranger with every thing that can most ensure his approbation. Their manners are certainly less artificial, and more truly pleasing, than those of the inhabitants of Paris. Their politeness is rather the expression of genuine benevolence, than the
empty

empty grimace or insidious flattery with which we generally charge the French. They seem averse to

“ Parisian paint of every kind,

“ Which stains the body or the mind.”

We were shewn, as a phænomenon, a lady suspected of making use of this meretricious ornament. The natives of Languedoc and Provence are, in consequence of their national character, closely attached to each other wherever they meet. If two of them are in Paris, though previously strangers, they will not be long before they find one another out. They form, as it were, a separate clan amid the multifarious society of the capital. It is remarkable, that the Parisians charge them with the same levity of character with which we charge the Parisians.

There are many Protestants about Montpellier, who perform their worship in private, or more commonly in the country, where they offer their homage, under the broad canopy of heaven,

“ To Him whose temple is all space,

“ Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !”

They

They intermarry with the Catholics, and live among them in great harmony.

The public walks about Montpellier are superior to most in the beauty of their prospects, owing to the elevated situation of the town. The *Place de Perou*, undoubtedly one of the finest things in Europe, is a square bounded on one side by the town-wall, and on the opposite one by a fountain of magnificent architecture, terminated by an open temple, built over the principal reservoir which furnishes the town with water, and which is itself supplied by a long aqueduct constructed on arches in the ancient style. This aqueduct is more for ornament than use, the science of hydraulics having taught us that water will always nearly keep its level, and therefore might have been brought as well in pipes under ground as by this expensive channel. Smollet criticises this building, because it is not like the Pont du Gard, as if a different form were not proper, and even necessary, for an aqueduct four miles in length, but of a small proportional elevation, and one intended to carry water from the top of one lofty hill to another

other close by it! It may farther be remarked, if, as Smollet seems to hint, a resemblance to the works of the ancients be the touchstone of merit, that this edifice is constructed on the plan of those ancient ones still remaining in the Campania of Rome, at least as to its general figure; with respect to minutiae of architecture or decoration, I did not go near enough to examine it. The other two sides of the Place de Perou are enclosed with a balustrade, intended, according to the original design, to have supported statues of several great men of the age of Louis XIV. his own equestrian statue, the only one of the whole that has hitherto been finished, being in the centre of the square. From hence the view is so extensive, that the eye commands not only all the country about Montpellier, the sea, the hills of l'Esperou, &c. but likewise in clear weather the Pyrenees on one hand, and the snow-clad summits of the Alps on the other, each perhaps at sixty miles distance. The Esplanade is likewise a very pleasant walk. The streets of Montpellier are extremely irregular, as well as ill-paved, having no foot-

walks

walks on the side. Provisions here are cheap, the people civil and cleanly, so that a stranger finds it a desirable abode as to the common conveniences of life, as well as society; those who cannot live without a continued round of dissipation, must seek it elsewhere. Nor do I much approve of this place for invalids. Very cold and boisterous winds are not unfrequent, and the air of the neighbourhood is often infected by the marshes lying between the town and the sea.

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The botanic garden was founded in the time of Henry IV. and its original form remains. There are spacious terraces, sheltered with very large and lofty trees for such plants as require shade, that being a much greater requisite in this climate than in ours; on the contrary, the green-house here is very trifling, and we saw scarcely any thing uncommon in it, except a *Tropæolum*, which I have named *aduncum*, *Spicil. Bot. t. 30*. This was not the season to judge of the stock of hardy plants; but I believe it is not very rich.

The first professor here was Richier de Belleval, who planned the garden. He was

a man of great zeal for the science, and had a number of figures of plants engraved on copper, which were never published. Tournefort mentioned their loss with regret, probably having never seen them. Professor Gouan not many years ago found the plates in the archives of Belleval's family, and sent impressions of them to Linnaeus, which are now in my hands. The figures are inelegant, but tolerably faithful; they are rather curious than useful.

Mr. Bannal, whose family for several generations has had the care of this garden, shewed us the spot where the celebrated author of the Night-Thoughts interred his daughter-in-law with his own hands. It is in a low retired part of the garden (destined for plants that require much shade) under an arch. Mr. Bannal's father was present, and by his friendship the ashes of poor Narcissa obtained this asylum, which, I am sorry to hear, has been violated since I was there. The Intendant of the province, in the intention of erecting a monument here, had the precise place of interment sought for. The bones were found, but the convulsions
of

of the late revolution occurring just at the time, the monument was never executed, and several of the bones were dispersed, being preserved by many people as a kind of relick. A few years ago two Italian abbés visited this place, and left with the gardener a Latin inscription, which they requested to have placed over the grave; but this was neglected. Young is of all our poets one of the most admired abroad, especially in Italy. My fellow-traveller was often welcomed with enthusiasm, on account of the similitude of his name to that of this favourite author.

Notwithstanding the season was unfavourable for botanizing, we could not refrain from visiting some of the places in this neighbourhood celebrated for rare plants. The rocks near the river at Castelnau, a romantic spot, afforded us several new *Lichens*, some of which are described in the first volume of the Transactions of the Linnean Society. By the way grew *Lithospermum fruticosum*, *Osyris alba* (Poet's rosemary), *Mercurialis tomentosa*, and *Xanthium spinosum*, with plenty of the Mastick tree, *Pistacia*
Lentiscus,

Lentiscus, full of those horn-shaped excrescences, occasioned by the puncture of a minute insect, which have been introduced into some pharmacopæia's as an article of medicine. What their supposed qualities are I do not recollect. The excrescences themselves are about the size of the finger, hollow, and lined with a saccharine substance. The beautiful little tree frog, *Rana arborea*,¹ was skipping from branch to branch among the bushes; as well as that singular insect, *Mantis religiosa*. Nothing can exceed the bright polished verdegris hue of the head and back of this frog, nor the delicate rose-colour of its under side. Its feet are so formed as to stick very strongly to the branches and leaves, and it seldom misses its hold. It is so pretty and inoffensive an animal, that even those who have the greatest aversion to the reptile tribe can scarcely fail to admire it. The *Mantis* is named *religiosa*, that is, *over religious* or *superstitious*, from its perpetual erection of its fore-paws close together, with a quick motion, like the action of praying. "So divine a creature is it," says the translator of Mouffet, "that if a child

has lost its way, and enquires of the Mantis, it will point out the right path with its paw." Such is the common opinion of the country people. But Mr. Dorthes, a very ingenious entomologist, who was of our party, and whose collection of the insects about Montpellier we afterwards looked over with great pleasure, told us a story of this insect which favours little of divinity. Having caught a male and a female of this species, he put them together into a glass vessel. An union was the consequence; after which, the female, which in this, as in most other insects, is the larger and stronger of the two, devoured the head and upper part of the body of her companion. But the most wonderful circumstance is, that a subsequent union took place; the life and vigour of the male being, like that of the horse-fly, unimpaired by the loss of his head, as that part is not in insects the seat of the brain; this was no sooner concluded than his insatiable mate ate up the rest of his body! There is no room to doubt Mr. Dorthes's accuracy or veracity; and I believe he has already published the account in some French work. We found every

every where plenty of *Helix decollata* and *Planorbis*, two uncommon snails, and collected specimens of a curious bed of fossil oysters, of an unknown species.

Our next expedition was to the famous wood called the *Bois de Gramont*, chiefly composed of evergreen and kermes oaks (*Quercus Ilex* and *Quercus coccifera*), the trunks and branches of which, as well as those of the common oak and chesnut, we found here and there producing the very elegant and rare *Lichen chrysophthalmus*, or golden-eyed Lichen. See *Dillenius's Hist. Musc. tab. 13, f. 17*, copied from *Micheli, tab. 36, f. 4*. We saw growing *Scabiosa graminia*, *Lavandula Stoechas*, *Isoetes lacustris*, and several other rarities, regretting we could not examine so interesting a spot at a better time of the year.

We declined so long and laborious an expedition as that to l'Esperou, or the Hortus Dei, the weather and season being too unfavourable, as the former place was covered with snow; and contented ourselves with only one more herborization, towards the sea, among the rocks near the bridge of Ville-

neuve. Here we found two or three new *Lichens*, plenty of widow-wail (*Cneorum tricoccum*) in seed, *Rosmarinus officinalis*, *Cistus albidus*, *Daphne Gnidium*, *Scirpus Holoschoenus*, commonly mistaken here and in Italy for *Juncus conglomeratus*, &c. &c.

Professor Gouan, the old correspondent of Linnæus, well known by his botanical and ichthyological works, very civilly shewed us his herbarium, the specimens of which are magnificent and well dried. All the botanists here, as well as Mr. Gerard, who has written a dissertation upon the subject, are mistaken about *Lathyrus amphicarpos*; what they take for it is a new species of *Vicia* (near *peregrina*), which has the same wonderful œconomy of producing subterraneous fruit, apparently without flowers.

Mr. Cusson, then demonstrator of botany, is since dead. His death is no loss to the science, as he kept entirely from the world his father's celebrated manuscripts and collection of umbelliferous plants, of which he had neither abilities nor leisure to make use. They are now happily fallen into the hands

hands of Mr. Dorthes, who is amply qualified to digest and publish them.

The hospital of Montpellier, *Hôtel Dieu St. Eloy*, is a very good one. The walls are often white-washed, the bed-furniture of neat white cotton, the house very clean, but scarcely airy enough. The physician, who is attended in his rounds by a great number of students, and a soldier to keep the peace, gives his prescriptions aloud in French, not, as usual, in Latin.

We were lucky enough to be present at a graduation at the College, conducted with great ceremony in the old style. We were seated, with much respect, on a bench among the Professors, who were dressed in scarlet furred gowns. But when the new-made Doctor received the ring, the girdle, the cap, and above all the kiss of the Rector, we could hardly demean ourselves suitably to the gravity of our situation.

We also attended a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, which is, as it were, a younger sister of that of Paris, having been founded in 1705. It possesses a cabinet of stuffed birds, in which are some rare species.

We heard no papers read. The business of the meeting was to deliberate upon what measures should be taken with the *Pénitents bleus*, a congregation of monks who had committed a most unfortunate encroachment in building a church close to the windows of the Observatory. How the dispute was determined, I have not heard.

There are some good pictures at Montpellier, particularly the death of Simon the magician, who threw himself from a tower in the presence of Nero, trusting, as it is said, to his art. This picture, one of the most celebrated works of Sebastian Bourdon, is in the cathedral. The characters of the heads of Nero and St. Peter are particularly fine. The private collections of Mr. Duché, and of Mr. Gourgas, are worth seeing; especially the latter, where are many good pieces of the Italian and Flemish schools; among others, a holy family by Raphael, for which its possessor has been offered a thousand pounds sterling. At Mr. Duché's was an animated portrait of Henry IV. which engaging my attention, the master of the house remarked, that "Englishmen always love every

every king but their own." I did not feel the reproach in any sense applicable to myself; nor do I conceive it to bear hard on my countrymen in general, as it necessarily implies that Englishmen have no aversion to kings as kings, and they have lately repeatedly and most unequivocally shewn their affectionate fidelity to a good one.

C H A P. XIII.

NISMES. AIX. MARSEILLES.

Nov. 27. **TAKING** leave with regret of Montpellier and its kind-hearted inhabitants, as well as of Mr. de Charnacé, we set out for Nîmes, accompanied by a superior of Cordeliers, with whom we found it impossible to exchange many ideas, and who was better skilled in the French exercise of his "flag of abomination," than in any thing else.

Nov. 28. Dr. Granier, to whom we had letters, lives in a house late the property of the celebrated botanist and antiquary Mr. Seguiet, and left by him, along with his museum, to the Academy of Sciences of this town. Mr. Seguiet, of whom every body speaks with respect, died a very few

years

years ago at the age of 81. His excellent book on the plants of Verona is well known. His library consists, as we were told, of about eleven thousand volumes, chiefly on antiquities and natural history. The herbarium is not considerable. The most splendid and curious part of the collection, are the vast variety of fossil fish in sand-stone, collected by this indefatigable man, in the course of thirty years, near Verona. Among them almost all the species, now inhabitants of the Mediterranean, are to be distinguished, as well as several exotic ones; even some of the Otaheite fish described in Broussonet's Decade; at least we were told so by a gentleman, the colleague of Dr. Granier, who was our guide. It required more time and accuracy to investigate the point thoroughly than we had to bestow. All visitors to this museum write their names in a little book, according to the desire of the founder.

A most violent and perpetual rain, added to a desire to get forward, prevented our visiting the fountain and ruins of the Temple of Diana, with other curiosities in the neighbourhood of Nîmes. This is no loss

to the English reader, as Governor Thicknesse has in his travels given a very full account of these interesting objects, as well as of Mr. Seguiet himself, and his scientific labours. We could not omit visiting the *Maison carrée*, one of the most entire and most exquisitely beautiful Roman temples now remaining. There is a character of elegance about it; of which I had never before seen an example; nor is there scarcely any thing in Italy that excels it, except perhaps the three mutilated columns in the forum at Rome. The preservation of this architectural jewel is almost perfect, and it is now secured from outrage by being consecrated to Christianity.

This evening we were doomed again to sleep at the little dirty inn of La Fourche, of which Lady Miller's pen alone could describe the filth and misery. Even our Cordelier was disgusted, and exerted himself successfully in alleviating some of our distresses, driving from the eating-room a squalid group, who were half-stripping themselves by the fire.

Nov. 29. The morning was fine, and we departed very early, re-passing about day-break the *Pont du Gard*, which, by the uncertain light of the misty dawn, appeared with uncommon majesty. The first rays of the morning illuminated its summit, while its massy base, with the rocks and woods on either side, were still half-veiled in darkness. The wind was hushed, and the bubbling stream of the valley below, alone disturbed the general repose.

At a little distance we quitted our former road, and turned towards Avignon. Near a small inn by the way, are some high peaked rocks, which afforded us a few good *Lichens*, as my *exanthematicus* and *tumidulus*, Trans. of Linn. Society, vol. i. as well as the *immersus* of Weber, and some others. This *Lichen immersus* is a very wonderful production. It consists of a hard white crust, greenish when cut or scraped, bearing many small black shields, each of which is immersed in a deep cavity of its own form, apparently hollowed, not only out of the crust, but even out of the stone itself. That any effect of vegetation should produce such

such hollows is inconceivable, yet that appears to be the case. Some parts of the rock may be found strongly marked with these impressions, after the plant which occasioned them is totally decayed, and the shields fallen out. This phænomenon is well worthy the attention of those who do not affect to despise any thing that has engaged the wisdom of the eternal mind. The plant is found in most countries, and very plentifully in Derbyshire, on calcareous rocks. Some other minute *Lichens*, as *exanthematicus* above mentioned, seem to possess a degree of the same power of excavating the stone on which they grow.

The country hereabouts is uncultivated, and clothed with the evergreen and kermes oaks, box, lavender, garden thyme, *Ruscus*, &c. Some part of our road afforded most extensive views over the valley watered by the Rhone, which forms several islands in its way. Avignon and Villeneuve were at our feet; and mountains of the most grotesque shapes, many of them covered with snow, and lost in the clouds, bounded the prospect. The road leads down a hill to
Villeneuve

Villeneuve, which is distinguished by a very large Benedictine convent, situated on an eminence, and enclosed with lofty walls and towers. Having crossed two branches of the Rhone in ferry-boats, we found ourselves at the gates of Avignon.

Here is a very fine public walk, planted with trees, by the river side, which we explored by moon-light. There are several verbose inscriptions on the town-walls, and in other places, all having a reference to inundations of the Rhone, the mischiefs they have done, or their miraculous cessation. The ancient palace of the Popes, in the middle of the town, is an immense old building, founded upon a rock, which seems full as faithful to the trust reposed in it, as the spiritual rock on which its master's power is built.

Nov. 30. Nothing about Avignon could interest us so much as the famous fountain of Vaucluse, consecrated to immortality by the sweet muse of Petrarch, and now rivaling in celebrity the Castalian fount, which it excels in beauty and magnificence. We arrived

arrived on its brink about three o'clock in a bright afternoon, when the glowing refulgence of the declining sun, on the rocky scenery around, increased, by contrast, the charms of the sequestered vale, at whose extremity the fountain is situated.

It was now in great perfection, rather fuller than usual. The water, though clearer than crystal, appears green as it runs, from the depth of its channel. This fountain is, in fact, a considerable river, arising from an unfathomable rocky basin of a circular form, at the foot of a stupendous perpendicular, or rather impending, rock. A few yards from its source, the stream falls in the most majestic and picturesque manner over fragments of rock, and then forms a rapid river, winding through the vale, whose sides, for some distance, rise suddenly to an immense height from its banks, and then gradually expand into an open plain. The village of Vaucluse is built on some of the most accessible parts of these precipices, and many of its houses overhang the river. The only approach to the fountain is by a single path along the bank opposite to the town.

Although

Although it may seem approaching to impiety to visit this place with any other thoughts than of Laura and her sublime lover, whose eloquence I almost adore, and to whose refinement I do all possible reverence; yet I cannot but remark, that its beauties are in themselves sufficient to render it one of the most interesting spots in the world. A naturalist or a painter, as well as a poet, might spend many days here most delightfully. The neighbouring scenery wants only a little more wood.

Several *Lichens* presented themselves on the left hand of the path, near the fountain's source, especially a small fasciculated species like a *Fucus* in miniature. Here too we found something much resembling *Targionia*, but which proved only *Marchantia hemisphaerica* with its flowers budding. It is however the *Aitonium rupestris* of Forster, *Rupinia lichenoides* of Linn. Suppl. as I can prove from original specimens. Messrs. Broussonet and Sibthorp assured me they found the true *Targionia* in this place. Among many rare plants which decorate the neighbouring rocks and hillocks, we found
nothing

nothing in flower except *Convolvulus cantabricus*, and a yellow *Biscutella*. Dr. Younge collected the *Oniscus variegatus*, De Villers Entom. vol. iv. 188. t. 11. fig. 16, on moss near the fountain.

By the road side, about a quarter of a mile from the fountain-head, is a stratum of flint, from two inches to a foot in thickness, running nearly horizontally through the limestone rock, exactly like that marked No. 34. in *Voigt's Collection of Stones*. A similar stratum may be seen by the rock-house at Cromford, near Matlock in Derbyshire.

At L'isle, three leagues distant, we slept in a most comfortable inn without the town, and were amused with the poetical effusions, all referring to Vacluse, Petrarch and Laura, with which its walls were bestrewed. Whether inability or discretion prevented our adding to the collection, I leave the candid reader to guess.

Dec. 1. Returned to Avignon, dining miserably at a poor inn by the way. A very high

high hill called *Mont Mento*, covered with snow, was always in sight.

I paid a visit of ceremony to Mr. Pançin, the Professor of Botany, but we found nothing to detain us longer at Avignon.

Dec. 2. We were ferried over the Durance, a strong and rapid river, just above its confluence with the Rhone, and reposed at night at St. Amboise.

Dec. 3. The road lay through a very rocky open country, and after a long ascent presented us with the town of Aix, situated in a fine rich valley, or rather plain. The view on all sides was very extensive, and extremely beautiful; the out-line of the country grand and majestic; the spacious valley below, clothed with olive trees and vines, with here and there a towering cypress, and studded with villas and cottages.

Aix, like most towns hereabouts, has a broad public walk planted with trees, called *Le cours*, which runs through the middle of the town, and in which are three fountains perpetually running; two of them cold, and

one hot, that is, about the temperature of Bristol waters. Languedoc and Provence abound with fine springs. This town appears an eligible abode for consumptive patients, both on account of its situation, and of the tepid spring above mentioned; but it is said to be much exposed to cold winds. I know it is an unfashionable doctrine that any good is derived, in similar cases, from Matlock or Bristol, except what arises from air and repose; because chemistry cannot detect any thing in such waters, to account for their supposed effect; but my own repeated and personal experience has convinced me, that the Matlock water at least has a very powerful influence on the circulation, by no means to be experienced from any dose of common water, for which reason it is neither to be despised nor trifled with.

From Aix we traversed another wild tract of country, and from the top of a hill had a very striking and rich prospect of the town and port of Marseilles, with the country about it in the form of a spacious amphitheatre, covered with olive trees and villas,
 and

and bounded on every side, except a narrow opening to the sea, with lofty mountains. Yet, on a near approach, the environs of Marseilles are not pleasant. The villas are too crowded; and the country, intersected with innumerable dusty roads, often confined between walls, is deficient in rural beauty of every kind, and especially in the rich verdure and foliage common in more northern climates. The approach to the town is by a fine new road, by the side of which *Clypeola maritima* (Honey-scented Alyssum) was in flower, and which led us to the *cours*, where the hôtel *Des deux pommes* deserves to be recorded as a very good inn. This street was thronged with people of both sexes, in their Sunday's attire, and exhibited a scene of much gaiety.

Dec. 4. From three days only spent at Marseilles, our observations could not be very extensive nor accurate. Nothing is more striking to a traveller than the populousness and appearance of business which surrounds him on every side. In this respect, Marseilles resembles Amsterdam. The quay ex-

hibits groups of all nations and habits, and the harbour it borders is no less crowded with vessels. No fire or candle is permitted on board any ship in the harbour, as a conflagration would be dreadful. Indeed, in this delightful climate, fire is seldom wanted, except for culinary purposes. We sat now in the depth of winter with our windows always open. The market exhibited a profusion of spring flowers, and even carnations, intermixed with grapes, dates, pomgranates, and a prodigious quantity of *Agaricus deliciosus*, which really deserves its name, being the most delicious mushroom known; though it must be confessed nothing can be less attractive than its appearance, its colour being a dirty brown, and the juice of a deep orange, soon turning to a livid green, wherever the fungus is touched or bruised. This mushroom is in common use throughout Provence; but though a native of England and Scotland, it is a stranger to our tables. Mr. Bulliard had not found it about Paris when I visited him.

The regularity, breadth, and cleanliness of the streets and public walks, give this town

town a great degree of beauty. From the top of the observatory, to which we were obligingly conducted by Mr. Bernard the director of it, is a very noble view of the town and port. Passed by an hospital; opposite to which, on the other side of the street, and much too near it, is a house to which the dead are removed from the hospital previous to their interment. Through the bars of the door two coffins were visible, with palls and crosses upon them, and from the word *fair* at their feet, apparently destined to be buried that evening. Not far distant is one of the principal churches, the most horribly dark and gloomy, as well as shabby, one I ever entered. It seems as if devotion and commerce did not flourish well in the same soil. The play-house however, though large, was little more cleanly or cheerful than the church, but we were informed a new one was building. Here we saw Mercier's interesting piece, entitled *l'Indigent*, very well acted.

One evening we were present at a public assembly of the Academy of Belles Lettres, Sciences, and Arts. Such an assembly oc-

curs but once in six months. Discourses were read by the director and some new members, on the progress of Literature in France, and especially in Provence, interspersed with many compliments to several living patrons of the Academy; and the audience, which was a mixed one, were no less liberal of their plaudits. At length one member read a fable in verse, entitled the Lion and Tygers; the moral of which was, that mercy ought to be the characteristical attribute of the lion, as king of the forest. This piece, however, was received with less enthusiasm than the rest. Whether the company were tired of hearing, or tired of clapping, they evidently disappointed the poor author. In vain did he allow an interval after every period, ample in proportion to the brilliancy of the preceding thought, and pronounce in a trembling whisper the last word of every sentence, as well as the beginning of the next, that no grateful murmur of applause might be drowned in his own voice; no such murmur was heard after the first or second lines; and he had nothing to console him at the end, but a slight

slight mechanical clap of civility. His chief misfortune was his coming last.

We visited, with avidity, the collection of minerals, shells, and materia medica, belonging to Mr. Collé, inspector of the drugs that come to this port from the Levant; but were disappointed in every department. We saw very few rare drugs, nor is the rest of the collection at all worth seeing. I bought at his shop, at a pretty high price, a few curious varieties of rhubarb, a resinous gum which exudes from olive trees, used to burn by way of a perfume, some good liquid storax, and essential oil of orange flowers; the latter is often prescribed here as a cordial. Of *Fungus Melitensis* he could only shew us a miserable specimen, though we afterwards bought by the pound, at Genoa, enough to supply all our curious friends in England.

The inhabitants of Marseilles are reckoned about ninety thousand.

I regretted extremely not being able to see the celebrated Abbé Raynal, who has long resided here, but was at this time in the country.

C H A P. XIV.

FROM MARSEILLES TO NICE.

Dec. 7. **W**E hired the voiture in which we had come from Avignon, at the rate of twelve livres a day, for as long as it might be wanted, to carry us as far as Nice. Our baggage underwent a strict examination a few miles from Marseilles, at that formidable *bureau* mentioned by Smollet, but of which we were not forewarned. My drugs suffered considerable derangement; but by wonderful good luck, a parcel of chocolate which presented itself immediately on opening the trunk, written on at full length, passed unnoticed. Had it been seen, our carriage and all its contents must have paid for it. If the chocolate had been a relick, or I a saint, this escape might have passed for a most important miracle.

A very

A very romantic country now presented itself, clothed with firs and other evergreens.

We slept at a small town five long leagues from Marseilles.

Dec. 8. The country continued very hilly, covered with pines, rosemary, lavender, thyme, kermes oak, two or three species of juniper, &c. The pines were generally cut on one side, to allow the turpentine to run out, which it did very copiously. At length we came to a pass among perpendicular rocks, almost naked, except having a few straggling pines stuck about them, and composing by far the most wild and striking scenery I had ever beheld. The rosemary was in flower by the road side, and also that beautiful shrub the true *Erica multiflora* of Linnaeus, not that of English authors. This surely is the very spot described by Mrs. Charlotte Smith in the Orphan of the Castle, where her charming Emmeline meets with the old servant of her father, and so comes to the knowledge of her own birth. No one, who has been at this place, can fail to recognize

recognize it in the description of that elegant authoress.

We traversed a small town, whose environs were, in the highest degree, rich and beautiful; and came to a little dirty village, within a league of Toulon, where we saw, for the first time, abundance of orange trees in the open ground laden with fruit. The caper, *Capparis spinosa*, presented its trailing branches, like those of the bramble, on every wall and bank, and *Globularia Alypum*, herb terrible, grew by the way side. We had a good view of Toulon and its harbour from the hill, before we descended to it.

Toulon is well known to be one of the most important sea-ports of which the French are possessed. Its harbour is one of the best in the world; the town strongly fortified; the quay very fine. The arsenal is not allowed to be inspected by any strangers, nor could Mr. Auban, physician to the navy, for whom we had letters, procure us admission to it. This disappointment was not very serious, and we were consoled by a sight of the military hospital, which is very clean and well ventilated. Here lectures on
medicine

medicine and its various branches are given gratis. A small botanic garden is at hand, in which the plants are arranged according to the Linnean system, and where oranges, *Stapelia variegata*, *Solanum Pseudo-capsicum*, with many other tender vegetables, thrive well in the open ground. Mr. Marin, a zealous botanist, has the care of this garden.

At supper, at the *Croix de Malthe*, we had a number of French officers, with four or five Dutch ones belonging to a squadron then in the harbour. After supper, the latter called for pipes, and began smoking; this was made a pretence for quarrelling by some of the French, and a challenge ensued, which was immediately accepted by a spirited young Dutchman, and the combatants decided the affair with small swords, by moon-light, in the street. The Frenchman was soon disarmed by his antagonist, and no mischief done; but much noise and vulgar bullying ensued between the rest of the company, so that all the tranquillity of the evening was destroyed. It should be observed, that the Dutchmen had previously obtained permission to smoke from some officers'

officers' ladies who were at table. We, as impartial people, were applied to by both parties in this important dispute, but our conciliatory efforts were in vain. One would always labour to prevent duels, between persons whose profession is supposed to require their obedience to such savage principles of honour: other duellists may as well be left to themselves; for the community is not found to suffer any very important losses by this means; and the world are pretty well agreed what to think of bravos who fight without hurting each other. The most pleasant duel I ever heard of, was between two Edinburgh students, whose seconds charged their pistols with currant jelly; and as these heroes, from trepidation probably, really *bit* one another, the crimson catastrophe must have been highly diverting.

Dec. 9. We followed our more peaceable avocations, travelling as far as Hyeres to dinner.

It will not be easy to find a more beautifully situated, nor a worse built town than Hyeres. Its foundation is on a craggy rock; the

the streets very narrow, and so rugged as to be almost impracticable in wet weather. The houses are mean, dirty, and crowded. Yet the view of the surrounding country makes amends for all these imperfections. From the eminence on which the town is built, a gradual slope extends three miles to the sea. All this space is one luxuriant wood of orange trees. Noble hills shelter the town from the north, and on the south the view is terminated by the isles of Hyeres (*insula Stæbadum*), a few miles off at sea. These islands are thickly wooded with chestnut and other trees. They are uninhabited, but much frequented by sportsmen, as they abound in wild boars and other game. Had it been a favourable season, we should have been induced to botanize there, as they produce a number of rare plants, among others the *marum*, *Teucrium Marum*, the most powerful perhaps of all the European aromatics. The common myrtle abounds everywhere in this neighbourhood; but I was much more pleased to find *Targionia hypophylla* on some shady banks, among *Polypodium leptophyllum* and other curious ferns.

Targionia

Targionia forms a link in Nature's chain, which I was always curious to examine, but could never before meet with. Here too we first saw the date palm, *Phoenix dactylifera*, in the open ground. The dates are said not to ripen well, which is probably for want of impregnation. How happy should I have been to have come here in the proper season to investigate this curious point, and to have taught the inhabitants to lend nature the necessary assistance! I recommended this circumstance to the examination of Mr. Battaille, an ingenious young physician established here, who has paid much attention to botany. His herbarium is rich, well preserved, and well named.

There are commonly two or three English families who winter in the environs of Hyeres, for the sake of the climate, most of them invalids. There cannot well be a more delightful retirement for those who stand in need of repose and a mild salubrious air; and, from what I have seen of Mr. Battaille, I should think it a great object to be within reach of such medical advice as his.

We walked into a very large garden, or rather

rather wood, of orange trees laden with fruit; but these woods are most beautiful to look down upon. As their foliage is evergreen, and very thick, nothing grows under them, and the ground is strewed with the rotten fruit, so as to make it not very pleasant walking in an orange grove.

Dec. 10. We continued our journey over a fine botanizing country, covered with myrtle and different species of *Cistus*, but in the worst road that can be imagined; we were in perpetual danger of overturning, and often obliged to alight. To this circumstance however I was indebted for the discovery of *Bryum rigidum* of Hudson's Flora Anglica, growing on a bank in great perfection. Dined at Brigancieres, a little village in a most romantic situation, three long leagues from Hyeres.

Two pretty girls in their best apparel came to the inn, to solicit our contribution to a *fête* in honour of St. Joseph. One of them had the artless smile of innocence and good-humour; the other, the sour malicious aspect of a devotee. The same difference of character

racter appeared in the different manners in which they preferred their request. After amusing ourselves for some time in arguing the point, at which the innocent girl laughed, and the bigot grew almost angry, we contributed our mite, and sent our compliments to St. Joseph.

In the afternoon we rode by the side of an aqueduct of fine water, and of considerable length, which in one place is carried on high arches over a valley. The country continued to grow more and more interesting, as we advanced towards the heart of Provence. The road wound among high rocky hills, clothed with pines and evergreen shrubs, and interspersed with many small cascades, all in perfection, as it had rained hard the preceding night. A new feature in the landscape now presented itself, the great American aloe, *Agave Americana*, growing in immense tufts on the rocks, as house-leek does with us. Its sea-green hue was strongly contrasted with the dark firs, and the richly glowing orange trees; and this contrast, as well as the form of the plant, harmonized admirably with the bold features and broken
out-line

outline of the country. The pasturage, wherever it appeared, seemed of the richest kind. We passed through a miserable looking village, but in one of the most delicious situations possible, commanding luxuriant meadows in the valley, and surrounded with hills covered with olive trees and pines. Mr. Gerard, of whom I shall soon have more to say, is strongly persuaded that the aloe is a native of Provence, contrary to the unanimous testimony of all botanists, who describe it as of American origin. He observes not only its present luxuriance and abundance all over this country; but also that it is mentioned as growing here in an old topographical book, published above 200 years ago, consequently about a century after the discovery of America. The question is, whether it could, if brought over even by the first persons who returned from the new continent, be so perfectly naturalized within the space of time above mentioned? Cæsalpinus, in 1583, speaks of it as then lately brought from the West Indies, and as having just flowered near Florence for the first time. As therefore I have not myself consulted the

book mentioned by Mr. Gerard, I suspect his memory may have deceived him a little as to chronology.

We slept at la Roque, another small village three long leagues from Brigançieres.

Dec. 11. Nothing remarkable occurred between la Roque and Brignolle, a pretty considerable town, famous for its plums, called *prunes de Brignolle*, which are packed up in boxes and sent to very distant countries, and whose name we have corrupted into *Prunellas*. After dining here, proceeded through a heavy rain to Cottignac, a little town pleasantly situated in a valley on the side of a hill.

We came to this place purely to visit Mr. Gerard, author of the *Flora Gallo-provincialis*, one of the best European botanists of the golden age of Linnæus. We found him surrounded by his wife, two or three of his children, and some friends. He practises medicine, and appears to live in ease and affluence. Nothing could exceed his politeness and hospitality to us. We had much conversation together about the purchase

chase of the Linnean collection, a never-failing topic with all the botanists I met with in my journey, the state of our favourite science in England, Sweden, and other countries. Almost all I had to tell was news to him, and I felt as if paying a visit in the Elysian fields, so little did his "tales of other times" seem connected with what is now going on in the world.

Dec. 12. The following day was spent entirely with Mr. Gerard. He was very communicative, and made many excellent botanical remarks. He appeared particularly expert in remembering the synonyms of plants, with the phrases at length of old authors. He spoke very highly of Linnæus and Ray, and permitted me to copy two interesting letters from the former to himself. Professor Gouan is not on such good terms with this gentleman as two people devoted to so pleasing a study ought to be; but their characters are different.

We looked over some of Mr. Gerard's herbarium, particularly *Arenariæ* and the umbelliferous tribe, and he enriched me with

several valuable specimens of plants found and described by himself only. *Bryum rigidum* was new to him, nor has he paid much attention to the class *Cryptogamia* in general.

Dec. 13. From Cottignac we directed our course again towards the sea, in order to enter Italy by Nice. We passed the country house of a Mr. E——, who murdered his wife at Aix some time ago. The house is singularly situated on the summit of a peaked rock in a valley, apparently without an inch of garden ground. It is entirely commanded by the high rocks which enclose the valley. Lorgues, a little town where we dined, has some good houses; its air is esteemed very good for sick people. About five we reached Draguignan, a considerable place; but it being fair day, we were rather indifferently accommodated. In the middle of the town is a singular rock with a watch-tower upon it.

Dec. 14. We travelled through a fertile country abounding in olive trees, whose trunks were richly clothed with *Lichen caperatus*.

atus in fructification, of which we laid in a large stock, to supply our friends at home. The shields are chesnut coloured, from the diameter of a pea to that of a sixpence, or larger. The day was bright, and we rambled a long way on foot, but with little botanical success. *Sinapis eruroides* Linn. (Jacqu. Hort. Vindob. t. 170.) was now in bloom in the fields every where, this being its proper flowering season; but no other plants, except of the *Cryptogamia* class, were to be met with in perfection. Dined at Lamoignes, and by half past three we reached Frejus, situated near the sea side, formerly an important place, and now remarkable for considerable ruins of a Roman amphitheatre, and of a large aqueduct. The country around is picturesque, and bounded by lofty hills at some distance. Yet the town itself has few attractions to boast, and the accomplished Cardinal Fleury seems to have considered his appointment to this see as a kind of exile. He jocosely signed a letter to one of his friends, "Fleury, by the Divine indignation, bishop of Frejus." His presence however was of important service to this

country, when the army of the allies overran it in 1707. The Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene spared the territory of Frejus from devastation, for the sake of its bishop.

On the walls of the amphitheatre we found plenty of *Lichen Roccella* (Orchall), so valuable for dying red or purple when mixed with the volatile alkali, and which is collected principally from rocks and islands in the Mediterranean. It commonly sells in England for about 300l. a ton, but during the last war it rose to 1000l. Attempts have been made to supply its place with other species of the same tribe, and *Lichen tartareus*, collected for that purpose in Scotland, was used by the Norwich manufacturers when the Orchall was so immoderately dear; but I have been told the colours it gives, though beautiful, are far less permanent than what the *Lichen Roccella* affords. *Lichen fuciformis*, a native of the East Indies, seems likely to prove a better substitute, and grows much larger. The pretty hares-tail grass, *Lagurus ovatus*, is found about this amphitheatre, and its dry spikes were waving in the boisterous

ous wind, of which we experienced a good deal in this part of France.

Dec. 15. An additional horse was required to draw us up a very lofty mountain in our road, from which we enjoyed a most striking and extensive prospect. On one side was the sea, on the other a country finely diversified with fields, olive trees, and pine forests, interspersed with rocks and hills of every varied form. Nor was the fore-ground of this landscape capable of affording less pleasure to a botanist of taste. Around us grew myrtle, the white tree heath (*Erica arborea*), Cistuses, and many other beautiful plants; none however more lovely than the *Arbutus* with its strawberry-like berries, which Smollet also observed here, and, mistaking it for the cherry-laurel, wondered that any body should eat the fruit. Having climbed to one of the highest points of the hill, through the fir woods on the right hand of the road, I found *Cistus Tuberaria* and *Euphorbia spinosa* growing among the red crumbling granite of which this hill is composed. From hence the view was beyond

description. Frejus, at my feet, was almost imperceptible, except for the light white cloud of curling smoke which marked its place in the landscape. To the north-east the Alps of Piedmont appeared, covered with snow, and produced a fine effect over the intervening pine-clad hills.

Near a little inn in the valley, through which our road lay, we met Mr. Faujas de St. Fond, with three other gentlemen, returning from Nice, who informed us, with that *friendly* eagerness with which the common herd of mankind, when lately escaped from danger, warn those who are just entering upon it, that the road was infested with banditti, and we could not fail to be robbed. This prophecy however proved false, and we soon forgot it in the delicious scenes through which we passed. I never saw *Erica arborea* so truly arboreous as in this place. It was often ten feet high, with a trunk three inches in diameter, much resembling, in form and size, the trees on Box-hill in Surry. I am informed by Dr. Lind, it grows to a much larger size, even 18 inches in diameter, on the Serra at Madeira, 5165 feet

feet above the sea. Approaching Cannes, the road was particularly pleasant, lying along the beach, close to the water's edge, among thickets of myrtle, within reach of the spray of the sea, a striking example of Virgil's "*littora myrtetis latissima*."

Cannes is a little sea-port, whose houses are bathed by the waves of the Mediterranean. Walking a little way by the shore, I observed *Echinophora spinosa*, prickly sea samphire; but alas! it was a mere skeleton, and crumbled under my touch. Here we bought some pomegranates, which proved as acid as any lemon; and their acid was so pure and unmixed with any other flavour, I should suppose they might be very useful in the more innocent refinements of cookery.

Dec. 16. A cool bright morning—we passed along a delightful road by the sea-side, skirted with shrubberies of the same beautiful heath, myrtle, and cistus, with rosemary in flower, interspersed with the stately aloe, and came within sight of Antibes, a fortified town, which we did not enter. Nice soon after presented itself to great advantage,
stretched

stretched along the extremity of its noble bay. A few grapes and some bread served us for a dinner, at a miserable little inn; and after a slight examination at St. Laurent, the last town in France, we forded the river Var, with the help of some guides, and entered the King of Sardinia's dominions. This river, when at the lowest, forms several channels, some of which are very deep, and which are changed by every flood. These guides are therefore obliged to wade naked up to their waists on each side of the carriage, feeling their way with poles. If any person be lost, the guides are hanged without mercy; yet their pay, as fixed by government, is very low, three-pence for each passage. All travellers, who have the least spark of generosity, give them much more. Here grows the myrtle-leaved Sumach, *Coriaria myrtifolia*.

At Nice we found the *Hôtel des quatre nations*, a decent and reasonable inn; but were soon disgusted with the gross flattery paid here to strangers, and the English in particular. The whole neighbourhood has the air of an English watering-place. The town

town is much enlivened and enriched by the concourse of strangers, who resort hither for the sake of the climate in winter, and great numbers of people are supported by their means. An apothecary, Mr. Faroudi, has found it very well worth his while to acquire our language, and by various assiduities has engrossed most of the medical business among the English. Of his professional skill I had little opportunity of judging, but his civility nobody can overlook; and on what solid principles can, or do, people in general judge of a medical man?

In the environs of Nice are several very pleasant villas, mostly destined to accommodate strangers, with gardens of orange trees always laden with fruit, as it never arrives at perfection till the second year. We experienced here, nevertheless, a considerable degree of cold, with high winds, in a very clear atmosphere. Ice was in the streets about a quarter of an inch in thickness; the towering Alps covered with snow, which over-top the country, give a chilliness to the north wind. The public walks, especially about the port, are cheerful and pleasant;

but the galley-slaves, chained two together, walking about the streets, are not an agreeable spectacle to an humane mind. One cannot help thinking, that "their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them;" and whatever may be our ideas, on cool reflection, respecting this kind of punishment, the prevailing feelings of human nature, with such objects before it, must be either compassion or fear.

The inside of the Cathedral is handsome, and adorned with many rich altars.

A marble cross is built on the west side of the town, to commemorate the meeting of Pope Paul III. with the Emperor Charles V. and Francis I. of France, in 1538, when, however, the Pope could not persuade these monarchs to an interview in his presence, though, immediately after his departure, a most familiar conference passed between them at Aiguës-morte.

C H A P. XV.

FROM NICE TO MONACO, ST. REMO, AND
GENOA.

Dec. 19. **H**AVING been dissuaded from going by land along that formidable road the *corniche* to Genoa, on account of the badness of the roads and the danger of banditti, we hired a *felucca*, or open boat, to convey us thither, without any company, by sea, for five louis d'ors. We were promised a *halcyon* voyage, and, like inexperienced mariners, trusted ourselves with light hearts to the *insidious* deep.

About eight in the morning we were rowed out of the harbour. The sea was then not very smooth, and its disagreeable influence soon made me glad to lie down at the bottom of the boat, instead of enjoying the view of the majestic cliffs on one hand,
and

and the sea on the other. In a short time the sky was overcast, and rain, with contrary winds, obliged us to put into the little harbour of the principality of Monaco, four leagues only from Nice. We regretted this delay more at first than afterwards, as this singular place afforded us considerable amusement. In a small inn, between the port and the town, we were very comfortably lodged.

This principality is a very few miles in extent, and chiefly consists of a tract of country encircling the bay like an amphitheatre, richly clothed with olive and other fruit trees, and extended on the west into a very high perpendicular rock, on which stands the town of Monaco, strongly fortified by art, as well as nature, and commanding a noble view of the sea. After dinner we walked into the town, up a steep road through several gates, at one of which a sentinel received our names in due form.

In the principal *place* or square, we were accosted by an elderly gentleman, with the cross of some order at his button-hole, who enquired if we came from Nice, he having
been

been for several days in expectation of some strangers from thence who had letters for him. Although we were not the persons he expected, he seemed as happy to enter into conversation with us, as we could be to receive his civility, and conducted us to the palace, a large old edifice, much in need of repair. A marble staircase of a singular design, exposed to the air, leads to the principal apartments, in which died the late Duke of York, brother to our present king. The walls of the palace surrounding the court are very ill painted with grotesque ornaments. Some satyrs or tritons are better than the rest, but much injured by the weather. We next visited two churches, with noble altars of marble.

The name of our obliging conductor was Beauchamp. He gave us to understand that he was in great favour with the prince, and that it was usual for them to correspond in French, whereas his highness writes to his other subjects in Italian; that he had several daughters who were great proficient in music, and played well on the *violin*; that his eldest daughter was married to a noble-
man

man at Paris, and much noticed by the queen. He concluded his civilities with a polite invitation to his house, in case we should stay any time in the place. I could not help remarking a striking conformity between the character of this worthy gentleman and the officer whom Addison met with here, who told him with so much gravity, that amid all the convulsions of Europe at the end of last century, his master and the king of France had always been good friends.

The prince of Monaco, absolutely dependant on the king of France, has been used to spend the winter at Paris, residing at his principality for two or three months only in summer. His lady is a Genoese, by whom he has children grown up; but is separated from her.

The precipices below the town are covered, like the whole of this craggy coast, with the Indian Fig. Its stem is erect and strong, four feet high; the leaves, which in process of time become stem, are about a foot long, obovate, proliferous, very succulent, scattered with clusters of spines, not minute, but strong and sharp. The mistress of the inn, who

who was as obliging and conversible as Mr. Beauchamp, told us that the pulp of the leaves, applied externally, was very good for the gout, and that the prince used them for that purpose. The fruit is very delicious, much better than common figs, as we were told, but armed with thorns; the juice bright red. When in season, the soldiers run great hazards to obtain it, suspending themselves from the top of the rocks by a cord. This plant is the true *Cactus Opuntia*, which Linnæus says was brought from America to Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the island of Madeira, in all which places it is now, like the great aloe, perfectly naturalized. I cannot help thinking with Miller, that the common Indian fig of our gardens (Mill Ic. 191.), from which, however, the Linnaean specific character (*laxus*) seems to have been taken, is erroneously confounded with this.

Near the inn grew *Arum Arisarum* in flower, which the inhabitants call *il lume* (the lamp), from the striking resemblance of its flower, when reversed, to a lamp with its wick. We found another instance of the aptness of these people at nomenclature,

in the name of the dog at the inn, who having two remarkable spots above his eyes, was called *quattr'-occhi*, or *four-eyes*. Here too I gathered *Plumbago europæa* (Lead-wort) in seed, and *Euphorbia dendroides* in flower. *Cotyledon Umbilicus-Veneris* (Navelwort) grows on all the rocks, not only here, but throughout the south of France. *Arum Arisarum* we first met with at Hyeres.

Dec. 20. A rainy stormy morning still confined us at Monaco, and we received small comfort from our hostess, who informed us that an English gentleman, with his servant, had lately been detained in her house by bad weather three weeks. She described this gentleman as having a singular propensity to get together a heap of stones and rubbish, but his name she could not remember. We regretted not having met with this congenial spirit; but not seeing any necessity to repeat his observations on the lithology of Monaco, we by no means wished to stay here so long as he had done. In the afternoon we were honoured with a most civil invitation from Madame Beauchamp

champ to a concert. The message was a verbal one, brought by a maid in a checked apron without any hat, who pressed her mistress's invitation with all the honest frank hospitality, with which the domestic of some venerable country curate in England would execute a similar commission. It was not without great regret that we were obliged to send ^{an excuse} a refusal, which I wrote in proper terms. We expected every hour to depart, being absolutely at the command of our captain, and having only our travelling habiliments on shore, we really were under the necessity of declining this visit.

Dec. 21. Having a fair wind, we sailed from Monaco at five in the morning, long before day-break; and before nine arrived at St. Remo, eight leagues distant. The agitation of the boat was so great, that my former situation at the bottom availed me but little. Hanging, more dead than alive, over the stern, I even then thought my sufferings amply rewarded by the luminous appearance of the sea, which I never had an opportunity of seeing before, and which by far surpassed my expectations. The whole body of

the water, wherever it was in the least agitated, seemed like liquid fire, and a variety of objects floating in it, could be seen to a considerable depth. I regretted the morning dawn that deprived me of this curious spectacle. Nothing provoked me so much as to hear the sailors attribute my indisposition to fear; it being the only way they have of expressing that a person is sea-sick, to say, "*il craint la mer*" (he is afraid of the sea); whereas I was perfectly void of all apprehensions of danger, while those who really do dread the sea often feel no sickness at all. I was still more angry when they made my illness a pretence for putting in at St. Remo, as I wanted nothing so much as to get forward towards Genoa, eagerly anticipating the pleasure of seeing so celebrated a place, conversing with an old friend, and receiving letters from home.

At St. Remo however we were doomed to exercise our patience, for in the afternoon the sea was so rough, the captain would not venture out. We took up our abode at a miserable inn on the shore, amid groves of lemon and citron trees, which indeed I was but little disposed to enjoy. The wind was

high and very cold. Our room had no chimney, and was warmed by a chafing-dish with charcoal. The windows, except in the upper part, had no glass, only wooden shutters; nor had the beds any curtains. But to reconcile us to our fate, we were told the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester had, the preceding year, slept in the bed which fell to my share, having been driven in here, with their train, in sixteen feluccas, going to Rome in December 1785. Even this consolation, however, proved ill-founded; for we afterwards learned, when we had the honour of paying our devoirs to their Royal Highnesses at Naples, that, fatigued as they were at St. Remo, they really could not go to bed. They also informed us of what the people of the inn carefully concealed, that an English consul resided in the town, who, had he known of our situation, would have alleviated it by his attention and assistance. This I mention for the benefit of all whom it may concern in future.

Dec. 22. Being desirous of making the best of our misfortunes, we proceeded to investigate the curiosities of St. Remo, which

is by no means an inconsiderable town. Consisting of white houses built on the steep slope of a conical hill, which it entirely occupies, and being contrasted with the rich mountainous and cultivated landscape which serves as a back ground, it looks very pretty from the sea. The whole coast of Genoa, indeed, is of a beautiful aspect, rising more or less abruptly from the beach, richly cultivated wherever the ground will admit of it, and studded with numerous white cottages, villas, towns, and churches, often of a fantastic, but not inelegant architecture. The very summit of the hill of St. Remo is crowned with a chapel, surrounded with tall cypresses and olive groves *. From hence we had a delicious prospect over gardens of orange, lemon, and palm trees towards the sea, with the town at our feet; and on the other side a very mountainous country clothed with olives. In consequence of the steepness of the hill, many of the streets are nothing else than flights of steps, which the

* *Lucus in urbe fuit medja, latissimus umbrâ.*
Virg. Æn. i. 445.

and the mules

mules ascend and descend with ease and safety. We found many extraneous fossils at the top of the hill, and several *Lichens* with *Blasia pusilla*.

Dec. 23. The sea became calm; but the wind turning to the east, made our voyage to Genoa impracticable. We visited the principal churches out of curiosity, which good Catholics, in such circumstances, would have visited out of devotion, and perhaps with better success, for we found nothing in them but tawdry ill-judged decorations. Nor did the sea-coast afford us any botanical amusement. Here the great reed, *Arundo Donax*, grows abundantly, and looks magnificent, reminding one of the bamboos on Indian and Chinese papers. This kind of reed the English import principally from Spain, to be manufactured into weaver's flaes. No *Fuci* were to be found on the beach.

We lived here on a variety of fine fish, particularly John Dory's, but ill-dressed, with no other sauce than bad oil, salt, and lemon juice.

Near St. Remo is an inland town called St. Romulo, a bishoprick. What affinity these saints have with the founders of Rome, or whether their fame depends on the authority of some ancient inscription, like that of St. Viar, celebrated by Brydone, I have not been able to determine.

A reverend personage landed here during our stay, who seemed to enjoy a high degree of consideration. Every body kneeled at his approach to receive his benediction, and crowded around him to kiss his hand.

Dec. 24. Being weary of waiting in this poor spot, and but little inclined to go again upon the sea, even if the wind were fair, I determined, with my friend Younge's consent, to try my fortune by land, notwithstanding the terrifying accounts of bad roads, precipices, robbers, &c. I hired two mules, for myself and a guide, for five Genoese livres, or about three shillings and four-pence sterling each, by the day, agreeing to pay the same for the days they should be in returning. I found afterwards that the guide ought to have walked on foot. Taking, therefore,

therefore, in as small a compass as possible, such things as were absolutely necessary, but which I could, in case of extremity, carry about my own person, and not forgetting my pistols, I left my companion to follow with the selueca when he should be able, and set off at eleven o'clock.

The greater part of this day's ride was along a path, or rather shelf, traced along the craigs next the sea, being broad enough for one mule only at a time, and having a precipice of some hundred feet, quite unguarded, above the sea on the right hand, and a perpendicular cliff as lofty on the left, now and then only widening into a recess to enable two passengers to pass each other. I came to a large face of rock, sloping at an angle of about 45 degrees towards the sea, along which I could perceive no path, except a crack, six inches broad, in which one stratum of the stone rose above the other. While I was considering which way to go, the mule tripped lightly along this crack, and conveyed me safe over before I was fully aware of the danger. Once only my mule stumbled, but being used to this dangerous road,

the

she immediately crouched down to the ground, otherwise we might both have fallen into the sea. The guide seemed more alarmed than I was. In general both our animals went perfectly safe, where I would not have ridden the best horse in England for all the world. Our road was sometimes very steep, and more resembled a loose broken flight of steps than any thing else, but in such places the precipice was at a distance. I had soon more apprehensions of my guide than of the road; his gloomy countenance and rough manners were not at all prepossessing. I talked with him about the danger of robbers, signifying that I was not much afraid, as I had little money and very good pistols.

The rocks abounded with *Euphorbia spinosa*, some of it in bloom; and one poor starved saffron butterfly, *Papilio Electra*, commonly, though falsely, taken for *P. Hyale*, flew across the road.

About three o'clock we arrived at Port Maurice, fifteen miles from St. Remo, and put up at a wretched inn, the Crown, on the sign of which was written, *guind and sold*

“Ogn”

"Ogn' osteria e buona,"

"Ma questa e la corona."

that is, "Every inn is good, but this is the *Crown*, or the best of all." Having ordered what was both my dinner and supper, I strolled about the town and into the country. I looked into a church, but saw nothing worth notice. The town stands low, near the bed of a river, which seems, like the Var, to be very considerable in high floods, and whose bed contains many alpine shrubs and plants brought down by the torrents.

It being Christmas eve, I was totally deprived of sleep, by the jangling of bells for the midnight masses, and a great concourse of people in the street.

Dec. 25: After much wrangling with my villainous host, who cheated me abominably, we departed about day-break, and, after passing through several neat little hamlets on the sea shore, reached Allaffio, a small town fifteen miles from Port Maurice.

All along this road I observed plenty of Carob trees, *Ceratonia Siliqua*, growing among the olives, and out of the clefts of
the

the rocks. They were about the size and form of apple-trees; their foliage rich and evergreen; the flowers were just gone off, and the seed-buds from half an inch to an inch in length. The carob fruit is a long, flat, smooth pod, whose seeds are enveloped in a sweet pulp, not unpleasant to the taste. These pods are sometimes eaten by the lower sort of people; but their chief use here, as in Spain, is for the food of mules. This tree is treated as a green-house plant at Montpellier, as in England. In the bed of a large river I saw many plants of Oleander, *Nerium Oleander*, and this is the place from whence the Turin entomologists procure specimens of that very rare and beautiful moth, *Sphinx Nerii*, which feeds on the acrid leaves of the oleander. Here also grows the *Laurus-tinus*, *Viburnum Tinus*; and the honey-scented alyssum, *Clypeola maritima*, was now every where in flower.

The *Pinco di Genoa*, at Allaffio, proved an excellent inn. On conversing with the brother-in-law of the host, who spoke French well, I was dissuaded from going farther that day, on account of the high wind, which
made

made it not safe riding along these precipices, especially as a fall of snow was just beginning. I therefore sent back my guide and his mules, whose behaviour at parting did not serve to remove the dislike I had previously conceived towards him; and I was not sorry to be safe out of his hands. I thought it not amiss to conciliate the good opinion of my host and his family, by giving some account of myself; to confirm which, I luckily had in my pocket a letter from my good friend the Marquis Hippolito Durazzo of Genoa, the signature of which seemed to operate very powerfully on my auditors. I partook of their Christmas dinner, which was excellent; spent a very agreeable afternoon, and was lodged as well as the most delicate traveller could desire. For all this comfortable accommodation, with the most attentive civility, I was charged about half what I had paid at Port Maurice.

Dec. 26. Here being no mules at present to be had, I was induced to try my pedestrian abilities, as the day was fine, and every body assured me there was no fear
of

of robbers. After breakfast, I therefore set out on foot for Finale, twenty miles distant.

No part of my whole tour has left a more pleasing impression than this walk. Traversing these majestic cliffs, among groves of olive and carob trees, and thickets of oleander and myrtle,

“ I felt as free as Nature first made man,

“ When wild in woods the noble savage ran.”

Sometimes, from a lofty promontory, I looked down on the wide expanse of ocean, and saw the winds sweep its surface in vast circles. No sail was visible, nor could I, with certainty, discover the high lands of Corsica. At Albenga, a considerable town five miles from Allassio, I took coffee, and about noon sat down among some trees under the walls of a solitary convent, and refreshed myself with the bread and chocolate I carried with me. Here grew the *Lichen luridus* of Swartz and Dickson. The common bramble, *Rubus fruticosus*, is truly evergreen in this country, as the garden rose, *Rosa gallica*, is in Provence.

After passing through another pretty large town

town named Lodano, belonging, I believe, to the king of Sardinia, I came to a large olive wood, in which stood a figure of the Virgin, the first that ever gave me pleasure, and this on account of its inscription, taken from a verse of Ecclesiastes, " Ut formosa oliva in campis," *Like a fair olive tree in the fields.* Nothing could possibly have been better placed. In a low part of the road, on the beach, grew the chaste-tree, *Vitex Agnus-castus*, in seed. It is here a small shrub. The seeds have an unpleasant aromatic smell.

From the olive wood above mentioned, the road led up the side of a high craggy mountain, covered with beautiful plants. Here grew abundance of myrtle, even now in flower, *Daphne Gnidium*, several small species of *Cistus*, an *Iris*, which, from its leaves, seemed *I. pumila*, *Euphorbia spinosa* and *dendroides*. The latter was in full bloom, and formed very ornamental bushes about a yard high. The flowers and involucella are yellow. I regret not having collected its seeds, as the plant is unknown in our gardens. From the summit of this hill I look-
ed

ed down on the town of Finale ; but unluckily mistook the path to it, taking one intended for mules, which led through a rivulet. At the bottom of the hill I perceived my error, but too late, there being a bridge at some distance, which was now inaccessible without re-ascending the hill, and this I was too much tired to undertake. There was therefore no alternative but to strip off my shoes and stockings, and wade through the water, which cost me a severe cold some days afterwards, as there was a good deal of ice in the rivulet. Another misfortune befell me at the inn ; for having no chimney in my room, I was glad to have recourse to the common brazier of the kitchen, the vapour of which threw me into a fainting fit. Luckily I was taken up instantly, and carried into the air, and my recovery was soon complete. This house had no glass at all in the windows, so that the inhabitants must either sit in the air and rain, or in the dark.

Dec. 27. A rainy morning threw me into very low spirits, but it cleared up so much about ten, that I ventured to set out on a mule,

mule, attended by a good honest guide, the waiter of the inn, on foot, who, running before, looked back every now and then, to ask if the mule went well. "*Va bene, Signore?*"

The road proved very rough, leading over lofty hills, sometimes out of sight of the sea. The wind was high and cold, and I met, contrary to expectation in this climate, with much ice. Yet here the myrtle blooms, uninjured, near the sea. There is a great conformity between the vegetable productions of some of these hills, especially of those that bear pine trees, and the plants of Montpellier. For instance, *Lavandula Spica*, and *Stoechas*, *Cistus albidus* and *monspeliensis*, *Erica scoparia*, with its rosaceous galls; but especially *Litbospermum fruticosum*, which had never occurred since we left Montpellier. *Erica arborea* was plentiful, likewise, all over these hills. The English consul, at Genoa, told me this heath was sent from hence about thirty years ago to the Kew garden. But what pleased me excessively, was a fine specimen of *Lichen perlatus* in fructification, the first I ever saw in that state, though the

plant itself is very common. We reached Savone, a fortified town fifteen miles from Finale, in good time, and put up at a very decent inn, the Cross of Malta, without the north gate. Here *Erica arborea* is used for fuel; but the fire it makes is rather brilliant than efficacious.

After dinner I walked into some churches, the common resource of idle travellers in Italy; but the term of my disappointments in this pursuit was not yet exhausted. The citadel of Savone is very consequential. Near it I gathered the remains of the pretty *Poa Eragrostis*.

I was now within thirty miles of my journey's end, and anxiously wished to get to Genoa in good time the next day; but my conductor was pleased to attend mass in the morning, which delayed us a little.

Dec. 28. About seven we left Savone, and after passing over a great deal of bad and mountainous road, sometimes remote from the sea, and among picturesque cottages and fields, in whose borders grew the Carthusian pink, *Dianthus carthusianorum*, even then in flower,

flower, we stopped at a small town on the sea-shore, half way from Savone to Genoa. Notwithstanding the rest of the road was level and good, we could not get to Genoa before the gates were shut ; so I was obliged to submit to sleep in the suburbs of St. Pietro d'Arena, at the hôtel of St. Antonio, a palace indeed to some I had lately been in ; but impatience, that night, would have planted thorns under the softest pillow.

Dec. 29. When in the bright sunny morning I looked from my window, and saw the palaces, domes, and towers of this justly-termed *superb* town rising one above another, the noble port, the ships, and the great appearance of wealth and populousness around, I was struck with admiration. Genoa was once the extent of my views towards Italy. The kind invitation of a friend, in whose society I had spent much happy time in London, in 1783, determined me, when I first set my foot on the continent, to visit this celebrated place if possible, and I then scarcely dared to think of going farther. On arriving, however, at the thresh-

hold of the most interesting country in the world, it was impossible to turn back.

I walked alone into the town by the gate of St. Thomas, passing the Doria palace, and several others, all in a style of magnificence quite new to me; and came at length to the Strada Balbi, one of the finest streets in Genoa. Not that it is very striking, either for length or breadth; but few streets in Europe can vie with it for magnificence of buildings, or for neatness. Here I found my friend, the Marquis Hippolito Durazzo, at the palace of his father; and his hearty reception entirely dissipated the awe which his superb marble stair-case, and formidable ranks of servants at first inspired. Here too I met with that cordial, so beautifully described in the most beautiful of all books, as "cold water to a thirsty soul," in a large packet of letters from England.

My next care was to procure apartments in an excellent hôtel, called the *Gran Cervó*, and then to find out my banker, the English consul, Mr. Brame, to whose civilities I was afterwards much obliged, and for

none

none more than his making me that very day acquainted with Dr. Batt, a most ingenious English physician, who enjoys, and deserves, the chief practice in Genoa. All this business was scarcely transacted before Dr. Younge arrived, having sailed from St. Remo early the preceding morning. This eventful and auspicious day was concluded in a *conversazione* at the Marquis Durazzo's, where I immediately became acquainted with the several individuals of that amiable family, the first to which I was obliged in Italy, and the last that I ought to forget.

The three weeks we now spent in Genoa were principally devoted to seeing the many striking objects generally visited by strangers, as the churches, palaces, &c. Of these therefore I shall chiefly speak in the following chapter; reserving other particulars, relative to the characters and manners of the people, natural history, &c. till I come to this town again, in my return from Italy, when I saw its inhabitants more at leisure.

C H A P. XVI.

GENOA.

THE magnificence of Genoa does not, in general, consist in the dimensions of its streets or squares. Of the former scarcely any, except *Strada Balbi* and *Strada Nuova*, are wide enough to admit a coach. The rest are indeed straight and regular, but so narrow, and often so steep, as to be only passable on foot, or in a chair; and so intricate, that a stranger cannot easily find his way. The pavement, however, is good and well kept, and the narrowness of the streets is an advantage in hot weather, as they are impervious to the sun's rays, and well ventilated at every corner by sea breezes. For the stateliness of its buildings, this town is, perhaps, unrivalled. The two streets above named, are almost entirely composed

posed of the most sumptuous palaces in Europe, whose massy pillars and cornices of marble, spacious courts, arcades, and galleries, impress the spectator with the greatest ideas of magnificence; and whose noble apartments are furnished with the richest treasures of painting. Yet perhaps Genoa is still more remarkable for its situation. Placed on an eminence commanding a fine bay, and, from some points of view, an extent of most beautiful coast for 30 or 40 miles each way; sheltered from the north by an amphitheatre of bold and verdant hills; less dispersed than Naples, so that the eye can, from many different parts, command at once every principal object; Genoa appears to me the finest prospect of a town I ever beheld.

The style of architecture here is not of the purest kind, though often rich in decoration. Some of the palaces are painted in fresco on the outside. These paintings, though perhaps 200 years old, are not ill preserved; but they have no good effect. Some of the older buildings are cased with black and white marble, in alternate hori-

zontal stripes, which is perhaps of all kinds of building the most ugly.

The Cathedral is so decorated. It is of a very ancient date, and consequently Gothic. The three doors, by which is the principal entrance, are richly adorned with pillars and pointed arches, like most of our English cathedrals; the square tower has nothing remarkable. The most famous thing about this church is the sacred cup, supposed to be carved out of one solid emerald, about a foot in diameter, said to have held the paschal lamb eaten by our Saviour with his disciples. It is also reported to have made a part of the presents brought by the obliging queen of Sheba to the wife Solomon; and if Adam had been recorded to have used a vase for any purpose whatever, no doubt it would have been this. These lofty pretensions, it seems, are less controvertible than the nature of its substance. Not that I can speak from my own observation; for this venerable treasure is extremely difficult of access; the prudent senate having thought best that it should

“Be hid to be revered the more.”

No

No one can see it without an express decree of the council, and many heavy fees in consequence. I was therefore content with the report of a very skilful chemist and mineralogist, who has purposely examined it, that it has evidently several air-bubbles, as Mr. de la Condamine observed, which decide it to be glass. It is nevertheless a fine piece of glass, and of very remote antiquity.

The ashes of St. John Baptist are said to be preserved in this church. They repose in a chapel decorated with a profusion of large and handsome silver lamps, perpetually burning. These holy relicks were brought hither from Myra in 1098, so that their reality is certainly much less easily to be disproved, than that of the emerald vase; and miracles innumerable are not wanting in their favour, which I do not find that the said vase can boast.

The Church of St. Ambrose, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, is very richly ornamented, and in a good style of architecture. Here is the sepulchre of the Durazzo family. The altar-piece to their burying-place, in one of the cross aisles, is one of the finest pictures
of

of Guido Rheni, representing the Assumption of the Virgin, and consisting of twenty-six figures, in his stronger manner. Its composition and general effect much resembles his famous consultation on the immaculate conception, formerly at Houghton. The air of the heads is, in general, extremely fine. The situation of this picture is favourable, the church being lighted entirely from the attic story. Opposite to this is an admired painting, by Rubens, of some holy Jesuit curing a demoniac, a picture of good effect; much more agreeable than the circumcision at the high-altar by the same hand, in which is a vulgar virgin in red. This is one of the most elegant churches in Genoa, though not one of the largest.

The Anunciata is much more spacious, decorated with rich marbles disposed with little taste, and not yet finished on the outside. The columns of the nave are of white marble, fluted with red, very tawdry. On one altar are two magnificent twisted pillars of brown clouded alabaster, fine in their kind. Here is the monument of the Duke de Boufflers, sent by Louis XV. to the defence

sence of Genoa in 1747, and who died of the small-pox, just as his judicious measures had begun to distress the Austrian army. The senate have commemorated his benefits in a handsome epitaph.

After the many gaudy churches which every where present themselves, it is quite a relief to visit that noble edifice St. Maria di Carignano, whose inside is only white-washed, and owes all its charms to its architectural beauty, which is of the first rank. Its form is a Greek cross, with a cupola in the centre. At the angles of the area, under the cupola, are four colossal statues, two of them by the celebrated French artist Puget, who flourished in the beginning of this century. That of St. Sebastian certainly deserves the highest praise, for expression of piety and resignation under great pain, as well as for the anatomy. The other, representing St. Alexander Sauli a bishop, in his robes, is remarkable for the dignity and enthusiasm of its gesture, and the great style of the drapery. The situation of this church being very elevated, the approach to it is by a lofty bridge over a dry valley, from whence the

view of the bay and coast is very extensive, and which is a favourite walk in a summer's evening about sunset.

The Ducal Palace, a vast and solid building, contains nothing to detain a traveller long. The new great council-chamber, built in the place of that burnt in 1777, is an extremely magnificent room, about 120 feet long, and 50 wide, decorated with noble columns of Spanish brocatello, a marble richly variegated with red and yellow, with statues between the columns. One of them, in the fluttering French style, represents the Marechal de Richlieu, who succeeded the Duke de Boufflers in the command of the French army in 1747. The Genoese seem to have been heartily frightened upon that occasion, and not without reason; the French certainly saved them from ruin. Here are copies of those paintings of Solimene which were burnt in 1777, and of which every body speaks with great regret. The small summer council-chamber is also a richly ornamented room, where are some good paintings relative to the history of Columbus. No subject can be more interesting, and the
Genoese

Genoese may well be proud of their great countryman. Many private houses in the town abound with fresco paintings, in which his story is delineated, and the parts of it are in many instances very picturesque; as his departure from Europe amid the lamentations of his friends; his adventures in the new world, and his presenting its various productions to the Spanish monarchs on his return, amid a group of astonished and admiring courtiers. He has lately had a fresh tribute to his memory, in a most elegant and full historical eulogium, in Italian, written by the M. Hippolito Durazzo, and beautifully printed at Parma, along with a similar one, by the accomplished M. Nicola Cattaneo, in praise of Andrew Doria, that truly great patriot, who, after having saved his country by his wisdom and heroism, refused its offered sovereignty, because he thought it not for the interest of the state that so much power should be vested in one man. Such characters, however rare, repay us for those scenes of blood and perfidy, "that system of villany called politics," of which history is generally composed. I cannot help copying

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ing the beautiful inscription on the pedestal of Andrew Doria's statue, in the great court of this palace; it is in every book, but its brevity and elegance must be my excuse :

ANDREÆ DORIÆ,

Quod Rempubicam diutius oppressam

Pristinam in libertatem vindicaverit,

Patri proinde Patriæ appellato,

Senatus Januensis immortalis memor beneficii
viventi posuit.

That this republic can not only celebrate its heroes in a style worthy of ancient Rome, but also fulminate its anathemas with equal force against its unworthy members, the following curious inscriptions, exactly copied from two marble slabs on the outside of the Ducal Palace, will evince.

JOANNI PAULO BALBI,

Hominum pessimo, flagitijs omnibus imbuto,
impuro, sicario,

Monetæ probatæ adulterinæ, tonsori, conflatori,
insigni furi, et vectigalium famoso expilatori :

ob nefariam in rep. conspiracyem

perduelli majestatis publicato,

fisco bonis vendicatis, filijs proscriptis,

infami pœna laquei damnato,

ad æternam ignominiam nefandæ sui memoriæ

lapis hic erectus,

anno MDCL.

RAPHAEL

RAPHAEL DE TURRI Q. Vij.

Alicne substantie cunctis artibus expilator,
improbis,

Homicida, Predonum Confors, & in Patrio Mari Pirata,

Proditor, et in Majestatem Perduellis,

Machinato Reip^{ce}. Excidio,

Supplicijs Enormitate Scelerum superatis,

Furcarum suspensio iterato damnatus,

Adscriptis fisco bonis, Proscriptis Filijs,

Dirutis Immobilibus,

Hoc Perenni Ignominie Monimento,

Ex S. C. Detestabilis Esto.

Anno MDCLXXII.

On the subject of inscriptions, I must transcribe one more, very celebrated for its neat Latinity, from the gate which leads to the mole.

Aucta ex S. C. mole

Exstructaq. Porta

Propugnaculo. Munita

Urbem. Cingebant. Moenibus

Quacumque. Alluitur. Mari.

Anno MDLIII.

This was composed by Bonfadio, a famous grammarian and historian, who prided himself so much upon this inscription, that having been

been condemned to death for a scandalous crime, he exclaimed, as he passed this gate, that he died willingly, as this inscription would immortalize his name. This prediction has been more fully verified, than the composition in itself perhaps may seem to justify. With respect to the character of Bonfadio, Bayle has pretty clearly proved, that whether he were innocent or guilty of the imputed crime, his real offence was, having spoken too freely of certain persons in his Annals of Genoa. The date of the above inscription is in favour of Mr. de Thou, who fixes his death in 1560, whereas Ghilini makes it 1551.

Dr. Batt shewed us the great hospital, one of the largest and most superb in Europe. It is open to the sick of all nations and religions, and contains from 1200 to 2000 patients. About 700 women and 1200 men are admitted in the course of the year for wounds with knives or stilettos; a dreadful fact, almost sufficient to brand the national character with the general detestation of mankind. Yet the very people whose quick passions urge them to such horrors, would shudder

shudder at the deliberate brutality of an English boxing match; and what would they think if their superiors delighted in setting them together by the ears for their own amusement! They would then probably soon make their poignards instruments of justice.

This hospital is ornamented with marble statues, generally badly executed, of its benefactors. Those persons who have given to the amount of 50,000 livres (about 1400*l*.) and under 100,000, are represented standing; those who have bestowed more than 100,000 are in a sitting posture. The apothecary's shop is convenient, with a small garden adjoining.

Not far distant is a smaller hospital for incurables, with a better garden; the building is likewise magnificently adorned with statues and columns of marble.

We heard an anecdote much to the honour of the Emperor Joseph II. Entering Genoa on horseback, with few attendants, he accidentally passed the great hospital, and being struck with its appearance, would instantly alight and visit it; notwithstanding the re-

monstrances of his followers, and the people of the house, who told him the senate wished him to see that and every thing else hereafter at leisure, and in a manner more befitting his dignity. But the judicious prince replied, he was more desirous of examining such things in their common state, in order to judge of their real merits, which he could ill do when they were disguised by a formal preparation. We were not told whether his Imperial Majesty visited the celebrated spot in a street just by, where the revolution in 1746 began, and which is marked by some white stones in the pavement. At that time this town was in the most abject submission to the Germans, who plundered it without mercy, behaving to its inhabitants with the usual insolence of slaves become conquerors. The Genoese were made to drag their own cannon to the Austrian camp; but one day, in Dec. 1746, as a brave republican was so employed, in this very spot, he received a blow from a German officer, which roused his latent indignation. His spirit was communicated instantly to the spectators, and through the town. The whole body of people,

people, unaided by the fearful senate, fell on their oppressors, who were soon driven out in consternation. The neighbouring peasants seconded the efforts of their countrymen, and formed themselves with wonderful order into an army. The Prince Doria beat the enemy's general in the suburb of St. Pietro d'arena, and the Austrians fled in the most dastardly manner, leaving all their baggage and ammunition in the hands of the conquerors, and 4000 of their own number prisoners in the Albergo.

The Albergo is an hospital for poor and infirm people, as well as a house of correction for disorderly women. It is not inferior in magnificence to those hospitals just mentioned, and like them indeed seems to have had shew more than real utility considered in its plan. The architects were more accustomed to build palaces, than to accommodate poverty and sickness. But it must be acknowledged in excuse, that the art of planning hospitals has not been understood any where till very lately.

The chapel of the Albergo is remarkable for two pieces of sculpture. Of the praises

of that on the high altar, the virgin ascending to heaven, by Puget, all French books are full ; I presume not quite undeservedly, though its first view disappointed, and even displeased me, on account of the affectation of its air and drapery ; but I must acknowledge my attention was soon entirely withdrawn from this statue, by an accidental glance to the left, where another sculpture over a small altar rivetted my eyes, and every faculty of my mind, in a transport of admiration and tender compassion, as fervent as ever Mrs. Siddons herself excited. This was no other than the bas-relief by Michael Angelo Buonarota, so slightly mentioned by De la Lande, and not at all by Cochin, or the Abbé Richard ; but which, for the honour of our country, has been sufficiently avenged by the animated pen of Lady Miller. I am not a little proud at having felt as she did on the subject, without being prepossessed, except indeed by the common guide book of Genoa, compiled as it should seem from various authors, and which celebrates this inimitable master-piece, in some degree, as it deserves. The Abbé Dupaty has

has noticed it likewise in few, but forcible words. The subject consists of two heads about the natural size; a dead Christ, and his mother bending over him. Words cannot do justice to the expression of grief in the Virgin. It is not merely natural in the highest degree; 'tis the grief of a character refined and softened above humanity. The contemplation of it recalls every affecting scene, every pathetic incident of one's whole life. Those who have watched all the agonizing turns of countenance of the great actress above mentioned, in the parts of Isabella and Belvidere, can alone form a conception of the wonderful effect of this marble; in contemplating it, every exquisite variety of that expression seems to pass in turn over its breathing features. The reader must pardon my enthusiasm. This was the first truly fine piece of sculpture I ever saw. I had not before any conception of the powers of the art. I shall have very few occasions of relapsing into such rapture.

We were told of some English gentleman who would lately have bought this bas-relief at any price, but could not obtain it.

The Count Durazzo, some time Imperial Ambassador at Venice, is one of the most accomplished and polite noblemen in Genoa. His collection of old prints is very rich and extensive, having been made in the course of many years researches, at the same time that he formed a similar collection, with unlimited pains and expence, for Prince Albert of Saxony, brother-in-law to the late Emperor. These collections are celebrated in a dissertation, printed in the most exquisite manner at Parma, at the Count's expence; for a copy of which I am indebted to his favour. He possesses some good small bronzes; a fine picture of Susanna and the elders by Rubens, and some others. We examined, at leisure, a very good collection of insects, found chiefly about Venice and Genoa by a servant of the Count.

This gentleman resides in a part of that sumptuous palace, celebrated as one of the noblest in Italy, which belongs to his elder brother, the Senator Marcellino Durazzo, the head of this family. Its front in Strada Balbi has twenty-five windows in a row. The entrance is noble, and an arch on the
opposite

opposite side of the court, ornamented with superb oleander trees, has a very fine theatrical effect. Every step of the great staircase is one stupendous block of blue and white Carara marble. The second floor, as usual in Genoa, is the principal one, and fitted up in the most princely style. It is on a level with a terrace, which connects the two wings towards the sea, and from whence is a view of the bay and coast. Most of the Genoese palaces have a terrace of this kind, where in summer it is usual to sup, among orange and lemon trees, and other flowering shrubs in large pots.

The collection of pictures is numerous, and consists of some very capital ones, among a number of inferior merit. The names of the artists do not make so great a figure as those of some other collections; because here are scarcely any bad pictures kept merely on account of their names. I shall not attempt to enumerate all the good ones of this or any other collection, but shall make a few remarks on such as, for some reason or other, engaged my attention, by

no means pretending that what I noticed were always the best.

Every body has heard of the master-piece of Paul Veronese, for it is esteemed no less, of the Magdalen at our Saviour's feet; undoubtedly the first painting in the Durazzo collection. It is one of the most celebrated pictures in Italy, and in complete preservation; so that the artist's eminent skill in colouring is seen to great perfection. As to the composition, it seemed to me that one figure, which is a portrait of Paul Veronese himself, is made too conspicuous, having nothing to do with the principal action, and yet unavoidably attracting notice. Christ, on the contrary, is too much in the dark, and an awkward unpleasing figure. The Magdalen is admirable; her head charming, and her hands are life itself in every respect. The whole effect of the picture is unusually striking. We did not see the celebrated copy, said to be scarcely distinguishable from the original. It is kept in some private apartments, belonging to a branch of the family with which we were not acquainted.

De

De la Lande strangely errs in attributing the above picture to Rubens.

We admired a Jew Rabbi by Rembrandt, much like that once, alas ! at Houghton ; Juno sticking the eyes of Argus to her peacock, by Rubens ; rich in colouring, but the idea is better in poetry than in the detail of painting ; and an Ecce Homo by Carlo Dolce, in his wonderfully soft high-finished style. Here are also several capital performances of Luca Giordano, mentioned by every traveller who has described Genoa.

An antique bust of Vitellius is executed with such precision, in all the inequalities of skin, as to be disgusting ; but it is very characteristic, and gives a perfect idea of imperial beastliness.

The other Durazzo palace belonged, at this time, to Mr. Marcellino Durazzo, who died soon after my first visit to Genoa, and it is now the property of his eldest son, Giacomo Filippo. Having been in this house almost every day, I examined the pictures at leisure. There are several very good ones of the Bologna school, particularly an Ecce Homo, with several figures by Annibal Caracci,

racci, and some very fine portraits by Vandyke. One of them, a boy in a white dress, is most inimitable, for ease, truth, and spirit, and, in my opinion, the best picture in the collection. Three children and a dog, by the same master, are excellent likewise.

The death of Adonis, by Domenichino, is very pleasing. The accomplished lady of the house has copied this admirably in water-colours, and has designed and executed a companion to it herself of Acis and Galatea.

Democritus and Heraclitus by Spagnoletto, are more natural than pleasing. They are close copies of low life. Apollo slaying Marsias, by Paul Veronese, is as mean in execution, as its subject is odious and unworthy. Apollo is attending as carefully to the stroke of his knife, as a student of anatomy in a dissecting-room. There are some inestimable pictures of a small size by the Caraccis, particularly the death and burial of St. Stephen.

A staircase of Carara marble has not long been finished, at the expence of about 6000*l*. The architect was unluckily confined for
room,

room, so that the way from the staircase to the gallery is rather awkward ; but on the whole it is a superb structure. The apartments are commodious and elegant.

It is inconceivable where many travel-writers have picked up that absurd notion of the Italian nobility, and especially the Genoese, never inhabiting their best rooms. The Genoese are, above all others, reproached with this, and accused of leaving the best part of their houses desolate, to live in little dirty out-of-the-way rooms and garrets. Their finest apartments are indeed at the top of the house, and therefore *may* be called *garrets* ; and so far only the accusation is true. But I must pass over such particulars at present, and proceed to the palace of Mr. Francis Balbi, in the same street with the above. Here is a very fine and numerous collection of paintings.

Joseph explaining the dreams of the butler and baker, by Cappucino, pleases every body.

An Ecce Homo by Vandyke, one of his finest performances. Portraits of the wife and child of the same great painter, by himself: just what portraits ought to be. His own
 accompanies

accompanies them, and is equally excellent. St. John Baptist in the desert, by Guido Rheni, a picture of sublime character. His St. Jerome pleased me less.

A singular composition of Rubens, representing the Virgin and Child, with angels, saints, his own three wives, and various other figures; the subject too absurd for criticism; but the colouring and effect as excellent as in any of this master's works.

A Virgin and Child with St. Catherine, by Corregio, is a most exquisitely finished picture, full of grace and nature.

How differently excellent is the Temptation of St. Anthony, by Breugel! It is hard to say, whether the invention or the execution of this painter's works are most wonderful.

Two old pictures by Lucas Van Leyden, one a Holy Family, the other a Nativity, are very curious.

But the most striking picture of the whole, is the Conversion of St. Paul, by Michael Angelo da Caravaggio; nothing can be finer than the effect of the supernatural light.

The palace of Mr. James Balbi, situated likewise

likewise in the street of the same name, contains many valuable pictures. The portraits of an aged Senator and his wife sitting, and another of three children, all by Vandyke, are of the greatest beauty and effect. The two former are much in the style of Rembrandt, and come very near two pictures of his which I once saw, in private hands, at Yarmouth.

Two excellent landscapes by Rubens, in his own rich and masterly style, which is very peculiar, and will not bear imitation. In one of them is a rainbow; for what would not this great colorist dare to attempt, and what has he not effected?

A triumph by the same painter, supposed to be of Bacchus; but as the principal figure is wanting, this seems to be only a piece of a picture.

A holy family, likewise by Rubens, in which the little Jesus, seated in his cradle, is embracing St. John, who receives his caresses with a sweet complacency and sensibility to which no words can do justice. Whether prejudiced by this inimitable piece of expression or not, I cannot but esteem this
the

the best picture in the collection. There is a duplicate of it in the Palace Pitti at Florence, very badly engraved in a collection of the Grand Duke's principal pictures in two volumes.

There are many other paintings highly worthy of notice in this palace, as a Cardinal with Luther and Calvin, said to be by Sebastian Del Piombo. Two children, by Lucas van Leyden. A Magdalen, and two heads, by Julius Cæsar Procaccino. St. Sebastian, by Vandyke. Adam and Eve, by Breugel. Three large works of Luca Giordano, of which the Rape of the Sabines pleased me the best. An inimitable laughing beggar, by Spagnoletto.

The Brignole Palace, *Palazzo Rosso*, is furnished with a very capital collection of pictures. Among others, a dead Cleopatra by Guido Rheni. Rubens and his wife, with a satyr and a cupid, all in a merry mood, by himself. Judith and Holophernes by Paul Veronese, in which that artist has given a specimen of good painting, though of bad taste, in the bleeding trunk. Some portraits by Paris Bordone, and several others.

For

For richness of decoration, few palaces can vie with that of the Serra family in Strada nuova. The saloon is singularly magnificent, the columns, cornice, &c. being gilt, and the spaces between the columns entirely composed of looking-glass, so that the whole is multiplied without end. The ceiling is tolerably painted by a French artist; but the decorations did not appear quite finished. Some other rooms are richly fitted up, and in a good taste, but the pictures trifling.

There are, no doubt, many other palaces in Genoa well worth visiting; but unless a traveller has more than ordinary time and patience, he must leave many things unseen in every town.

In a walk on the ramparts next the sea, and then through the suburbs to the east, we stumbled on a fine old palace, belonging to the Sauli family, now used for a gauze manufactory. Its architecture and ornaments are admirable, and its present state of dilapidation is no disadvantage to the effect of the whole. This is the worst part of the town. We proceeded to the Zerbino, a villa belong-

ing to one of the Balbis, in a most beautiful situation near the new walls. The formality of the gardens is atoned for by the prospect of the town and bay, and by the abundance of fine water falling in cascades, shaded with luxuriant ferns, especially Maiden-hair (*Adiantum Capillus-Veneris*).

The environs of Genoa possess one garden professedly in the English taste, that of Mr. Lomellini at Pegy. It is planted with great plenty of *Erica arborea* of a large size, *Arbutus Unedo*, Myrtle, Evergreen Oak, &c. One of the prettiest things in the garden is an artificial ruin of a temple, situated in a wood, with water. Two very long and high cut hedges of small-leaved Myrtle, lead from the road to the house, striking on account of their materials only, and quite unlike the style of the garden. On some large trees behind the house, I first observed *Hypnum Smithii*, *Dicks. Fasc. 2. p. 10.*

Dr. Caneferi, Professor of Natural History, took us to the University, a sumptuous college, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, and remarkable for its magnificent court, staircase, and galleries, and two noble lions of marble

marble by Parodi. The collection of minerals is large and good, as well as the apparatus for lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy. Dr. Batt is Professor of Chemistry. This institution is but in its infancy, and the endowments far from splendid. Science is a plant of slow growth; nor is it yet a fashionable pursuit among the Genoese. The Durazzo family stand almost single as its encouragers.

The opera at Genoa is pretty good; but it was tedious to see the same piece night after night, though a good one, *Virginia*. Consequently few people attended to the performance, except when a favourite air occurred. This honour was constantly paid to that charming song:

"*Idol mio, quest' alma amante,*

"*Sempre fida a te fara.*"

The ballets, after every act, are sometimes varied, but they are not excellent. The audience are chiefly employed in paying and receiving visits. A raised gallery, on a level with the lower boxes, communicates with the pit, and affords the gentlemen a means

of communication with the ladies in their boxes very commodiously. In summer the operas are comic, and very good.

The noble Genoese lay aside all titles, but that of *Patrizio Genovese*. Though many of them, in consequence of the fiefs or estates they possess in other countries, are by right Marquisses or Counts, they are generally called plain *Signore*, and always by their Christian names, as are their ladies likewise. They constantly dress in black, with valuable laces, but no jewels, except in rings, with which their fingers are often enormously loaded. In the country, and in a morning, they wear an undress of colours.

Many of the older houses here, as in Bologna and other towns, have lofty watch-towers, which were safe places of retreat before the invention of guns. They are worth ascending for the sake of the view.

On the 17th of January, being St. Anthony's day, we witnessed a curious ceremony, the blessing of all the horses, asses, and mules in the town, which were led, decked out with ribbands, to one of the doors of the church dedicated to this beast-loving

loving Saint, where a priest stood ready to sprinkle them with holy water. Some of these animals took it with much greater devotion than others; several seemed as much frightened as the devil himself could have been at the holy sprinkling. This is performed every year, and the Doge is always present—A laudable and pious co-operation of church and state, who wisely keep one another in countenance in this holy and beneficial ceremony!

C H A P. XVII.

FROM GENOA TO PISA AND FLORENCE.

Jan. 18. 1787. **S**TILL preferring land, however unhospitable, to the sea, I proceeded on horseback for Sestri di Levante, 30 miles from Genoa, on the coast to the East. Dr. Younge chose to go in a felucca, and we met at the place of our destination about dusk.

I found the road in the beginning bad and stony, but in some parts level and fine as an English turnpike, lying along the shore, and planted with a row of American aloes on each side.

The olive trees afforded a little more *Lichen perlatus* in fructification. Part of the way was hilly, and the country romantic, out of sight of the sea. *Helleborus viridis*, if I am not mistaken, grew by the road side; and

and at a distance an *Erica* with red flowers, probably the true *multiflora*. The country seemed rich in plants, especially mosses.

Jan. 19. I was told it was nearly impossible to go farther by land; and the wind being contrary, with much rain, we were obliged to remain at Sestri, and had no other way of venting our displeasure than by means of a burnt stick on the wall, as follows:

By adverse winds and faithless billows crost,
A listless wanderer on a foreign coast;
While rugged rocks refuse the opening flower,
Nor even a moss beguiles the tedious hour;
While, if to Heav'n I turn my anxious eye,
No ray of hope illumines the stormy sky.—

But I got no farther—dinner came—Phæbus was more friendly to us than to inspire more such verses, and the weather cleared up. We found plenty of *Lichens* in fine order for gathering, and that elegant fern *Acrostichum Marantæ*.

Sestri stands on a small isthmus, which connects a high rock with the main land, so that there is a snug little port on each side. The town itself is miserable.

Jan. 20. It being a dead calm, we were towed in the felucca 30 miles, close under the high craggy shore, clothed with Indian figs, to Lerici, a wretched town in the Golfo della Spetia. The view of this noble gulf, as we entered it by moon-light, was beyond description beautiful; nor shall I forget the sailor's evening hymn as we passed the castle of Porto Venere, while the moon-beams trembled on the glassy surface of the water; and the whole extent of the harbour, with its rich and swelling coasts, presented itself at once.

Lerici possesses an execrable inn, with an inscription signifying, that the King of Sweden slept there in November 1773. We soon learned, in the course of our journey, that such inscriptions were very bad omens, and that Monarchs, with reverence be it spoken! are but indifferent travelling guides. We bargained before-hand, as is necessary in Italy, for our supper and lodging; but, having had coffee next morning, were surprised to find it charged about as much as all the rest put together. On complaining,

we

we were told, with the most cool effrontery, that coffee was not in the original bargain.

Jan. 21. Travelled post in a miserable cabriolet to Pisa. The road lay through Venza, Massa, a respectable place, and Pietra Santa, in all seven posts, or about forty miles, not hilly. There is a ferry in the last post, which I would advise all travellers to pass by day-light, and not, as was our fate, in the dark. The gates of Pisa were readily opened. A shabby young abbé, whose title nevertheless appeared on his baggage, *Il molto illustre & molto riverende signore*, &c. &c. but a stranger to us, took the advantage of coming gratis in our felucca from Genoa, and of riding on the back of the chaise, for we had barely room for ourselves within. His illustrious reverence still farther deigned to beg of us when we separated at Pisa; so condescending are the great when they have any advantage in view! Yet we afterwards saw this abbé appearing with due dignity at the Carnival at Rome.

Jan. 22. One day sufficed for the curiosities

sities of Pisa. It is a large depopulated old town. The inhabitants are said scarcely to amount to 20,000 at present, though formerly five or six times as many, when the republic was in its prosperity, and the arts flourished with commerce under the banners of Liberty. Then its thousand towers were possessed by as many patrician families, whose valour kept at a distance all external mischief, and whose ambition and interests were too equally balanced to make them dangerous at home. At length the treacherous and ill-fated Hugolino grasped at the splendid phantom of power, by deserting his post in an important armament against the Genoese, and with his corrupt adherents took possession of this defenceless country. Not content with this, he even plotted with the Florentines against its interests; and though he soon justly paid for his crimes with his life, the victories obtained by the Genoese and Florentines, added to intestine broils, at last reduced this famous republic to submit itself to the latter in the year 1406, after having, in some measure, alleviated its disgrace, by sustaining a rigorous siege. Many families

families upon this deserted it in indignation. The country too was depopulated, and, from want of cultivation, became unhealthy. The convulsions of Florence itself soon called the attention of that state from its new acquisition; and Pisa has ever since been a humble dependant on the fate of its conquerors; often suffering from their misfortunes, but seldom deriving any great benefit from their prosperity. The present race of sovereigns are accustomed to visit it occasionally; and Pisa has had its share of the general happiness, under their wise administration.

Here is an University with an Observatory, and a Botanic Garden. The latter seemed well stocked with hardy plants, arranged according to the Linnæan system. *Scirpus Holoscbænus* was here named *Juncus conglomeratus*, as at Montpellier. *Rhapis flabelliformis*, the Chinese Palm, already mentioned at Leyden, p. 11. was here in fruit; and we were told it was eaten at the Grand Duke's table. Unluckily taking it for a *Chamærops*, I neglected to preserve any, and the fruit of *Rhapis* has not yet been described.

described. At the College, or *Sapienza*, we heard two professors lecturing to numerous audiences; one of them in Italian, on Moral Philosophy; the other on History, in Latin. The number of students is generally about seven hundred.

The Cathedral (*Duomo*) is a venerable and magnificent pile, though of the barbarous and irregular architecture of the eleventh century, and composed of marble fragments of other buildings, whose carvings and inscriptions, disjointed and reversed, very much disfigure its outside. Many of them bear such marks of elegance, that one cannot help deeply lamenting this revolution in their destiny. The tomb of the Countess Beatrice (mother of the famous Countess Matilda), who died in 1076, is placed high in the air against the church wall, according to the fashion of that age.

The great gates of bronze, after the designs of John of Bologna, are deservedly admired for the spirited execution of many figures, of which they are composed. The *Manuel*, p. 239, speaks of these gates as "ornamented with bas-reliefs, the work of

of Bonanno, almost all bad, and half gothic." This is copied from Cochin. The Guide-book of Pisa says the gates of Bonanno were destroyed by fire in 1595, and that the present, which are certainly neither bad nor gothic, were modelled in 1601.

The inside of the church is gloomy, but rich in marbles and porphyry, of which the Pisans, as well as the Venetians, brought large quantities from the Levant among other spoils. This cathedral is therefore quite a study for a lithologist, and its various treasures are very completely illustrated by Dr. Targioni Tozzetti the elder, in his Travels through Tuscany (*Florence 1751*). Most of its granite columns he supposes to have been dug in the Isle of Elba, from whence the Romans procured many of the columns employed in their buildings, and which are often too hastily taken for oriental granite. It is said vast blocks still remain half-formed in the quarries there. These Pisan columns are most probably of Roman workmanship; for builders in the dark ages found too many materials ready at hand, to take the trouble of digging for more; and being not over
nice

nice about proportions, they made no difficulty of pressing into their service any ancient materials that came in their way, and which they would have found it not easy to have wrought afresh. To these were added the spoils of the East, and all together combined to form those motley edifices which sprung up in Italy in the 11th and 12th centuries; of which the richest and most remarkable, after St. Mark's at Venice, is this cathedral of Pisa. The *Manuel* seems to have borrowed from Dr. Tozzetti, an account of a very curious little column of brecciated porphyry under the pulpit, more compound than any other known specimen. I shall hereafter mention some which approach it, at Rome and Venice. The altar of the *Ghiesa dei Cavalieri* is also said to be rich in curious porphyries; but this we did not see.

The pictures are numerous, chiefly by the earlier Tuscan artists. Some of the best are by Andrea del Sarto. The faces of some angels in an old painting about half way down the north side of the nave, at the altar of the *Angeli custodi*, are of the most consummate beauty. Who would not bend the

the knee to such guardian angels? The painter is said to be Salimbeni of Sienna; an artist of whom one seldom hears.

On the north side of the cathedral, is the famous old Campo Santo, or burying-ground, whose earth, to the depth, I think, of twelve feet, was brought from Jerusalem; and had the property, before it was over-gorged with human flesh, of corroding a dead body to the bones in 24 hours. It is oblong, surrounded with a kind of cloister full of family-vaults, which are now useless. A grave is always kept open in this cemetery, covered with an awning, that if any person should die of so malignant a disorder as that the body could not safely be conveyed to the new burying-ground out of town, it might, by means of a certificate from the attending physician, be immediately interred in this place. This is the only case in which the new law of the late Grand Duke against burying in towns, similar to that of the Emperor Joseph II. can be dispensed with.

The walls of this cloister are curiously painted by Giotto, and others of the earliest painters after the restoration of the art. In
these

these pieces the colouring is void of all merit; the drawing dry and stiff, but the expression often wonderfully good, though sometimes bordering on the burlesque. No figure among the whole is more famous than the modest woman, who is peeping at the drunken Noah through her fingers. She is always quoted when any body affects peculiar delicacy, by the name of *La Vergognosa di Campo Santo*. These paintings have suffered much by time.

Here is a handsome monument, inscribed,

Algarotto Ovidii æmulo,

Newtoni discipulo,

Fridericus magnus.

Algarottus non omnis.

A. D. 1764.

The Chevalier Guazzesi, who was entrusted with the execution of this monument by the late King of Prussia, received the epitaph, as follows, from his Majesty's own hand: *Hic jacet Ovidii æmulus, et Newtoni discipulus*. But the King, on being applied to, did not forbid the above alteration, nor

nor will posterity surely refuse their assent. We were told that the Emperor Joseph, when he read this epitaph, repeated the *Fridericus magnus* with a significant nod.

It is needless to describe the celebrated hanging tower; nor shall I attempt to decide whether it were designedly built so or not. The most probable opinion seems to be, that the foundations on one side began to give way before it was finished, as the upper part of the building is much more upright than the lower. If the architect had, from the first, built it intentionally thus, there seems no reason why the stones should not have been placed horizontally, and especially why the steps of the winding staircase within should not have been perpendicular, whereas they are now so much otherwise as to be very uneasy of ascent; and to a person who goes up or down hastily, the whole building seems rolling like a ship, and just falling to the ground. But what on the other hand appears unaccountable is, that the inside (for the tower is a hollow cylinder, with the staircase in the thickness of the wall) is said to be not half so much out of the perpendicular as the

the outside. This we did not measure, nor could we settle our minds in favour of either opinion. Philosophers every day decide concerning the laws of the universe; but none has yet understood the construction of the tower of Pisa. We had, from its top, a complete view of the country around, and of the towers of Leghorn, a place we left unvisited, being in haste to get to Florence and Rome in Carnival time.

The Baptistry is, according to ancient custom, a separate building from the cathedral, of a circular form, with a dome supported on the inside by granite columns. The beautiful marble pulpit, and the pillars on which it stands, are worthy of notice. Here are several stone baths, intended for the old method of baptism by immersion, which some still contend for, as if it were really a matter of any moment.

We examined several other large old churches, remarkable for their marbles, and containing some works of the early painters; but I rather believe our valet de place, to shew his zeal and activity, gave himself and us more trouble than most travellers would think

think worth while ; and I am sure nobody would thank me for giving an account of our perambulations here.

At our inn, *l'Uffero* (the Hussar), was a chamber furnished with most miserable daubings, copied indeed from better things, as *Salvator Rosa's* death of *Regulus* among others, all which *choice originals*, as our landlord called them, he would have sold us *very cheap*, and with an air of mystery told us they were an excellent bargain ; but we were neither rich nor ignorant enough to profit of this his *generous* intention,

Jan. 23. We engaged a *voiturin* to convey us both to Florence, 49 miles, for 50 pauls (not twenty-five shillings), to be fed by the way into the bargain. To our astonishment we were excellently accommodated, and we made use of this same honest fellow, whose name was *Diego Baroncello*, to carry us over most parts of Italy. We never had a word of dispute all the way. He was always regular, sober, and obliging, and his carriage as good as most English post-chaises,

except its having only two wheels. Our general pace was four miles an hour. We slept at l'Osteria bianca, a solitary inn at the meeting of three roads, viz. from Pisa, Sienna, and Florence, and arrived at the latter next day at noon.

The celebrated vale of the Arno, through which we passed, is in the highest state of cultivation. The fields are bordered with elm, willow, mulberry, or some other trees, each of which sustains a luxuriant vine. But at this time all was dreary and desolate, and a high sharp wind from the mountains made us glad to walk to warm ourselves. These tramontane winds seemed much more piercing than any cold ever felt in England.

C H A P. XVIII.

FLORENCE.

ON entering Florence for the first time, every idea of those who have the least taste for the arts, or for history, must be centered in the famous Gallery. That great object, as has been well observed, would alone amply repay the trouble of a journey to Italy; and I believe none ever entered it without admiration, or left it without regret. We were however obliged to restrain our curiosity for one night, having barely time, the evening of our arrival, to visit the principal square, *Piazza reale*; and admire the marble group, representing the rape of one of the Sabines, by John of Bologna; the Hercules and Cacus, by Bandinelli; but especially the noble and spirited Perseus, in bronze, by Benve-

nuto Cellini. There are several more statues in this and in other public places, the best of which are noted in every book of travels, and there are few so bad as not to afford some pleasure to the spectator. Who can contemplate, without respectful awe, the equestrian figure of the great, if not good, Cosmo I. the scarce unworthy, though in one unhappy respect too close, imitator of Augustus; the just and wise, though absolute sovereign, and the unbounded and intelligent patron of learning, arts, and every thing that could enrich, improve, or aggrandize a state!

Next morning, with Mr. Zacchioli's *Description de la Galerie* in our hands, we entered this noble museum of the arts, and, notwithstanding all we had heard, it struck us with amazement and delight. Its contents are too celebrated, and have been too often described, not to make any description superfluous. Yet it is an indulgence which all travellers have taken, and which all future ones will probably claim, to express their admiration at some things here to be seen, though they have been described, copied, and admired, over and over again.

The

The Venus of Medicis undoubtedly deserves our homage in the first place. I should wonder at any one who could fix his attention on any thing else till he had seen this; I had almost said I should wonder if he could admire any thing afterwards. This divine statue is situated in so beautiful an apartment, of which it occupies the place of honour, and is accompanied with so select an assemblage of every thing most exquisite that sculpture or painting have produced, that all after it seems flat and insipid. The wisest method would be, if one had sufficient command of their impatience, to begin with investigating the principal part of the gallery, the corridors, and then proceed through the several lesser apartments, rising from one degree of perfection to another, till every feeling of the imagination were gratified in this heavenly Tribune.

It is necessary here to mention, once for all, that no cast, how perfect soever, and still less a painted cast, can give an adequate idea of any very exquisite statue. Not only the transparency of marble, especially if mellowed in its colour by age, as in this

Venus, cannot be imitated by plaster; but the necessarily imperfect contact (as the materials are different) between the original statue and the mould, and again between the mould and the cast, may make some difference in those extremely fine outlines, those exquisitely delicate surfaces, which no artist can copy, nor any but a Raphael could draw: especially as there must be oil interposed, and it is scarcely possible for that fluid not to be thicker in some parts, especially the hollows, than in others; and the mould is formed of a vast number of pieces, between each two of which there must be at least a mathematical space. This is sufficient I think to explain how certain minute variations may take place, which make all the difference between such statues as the Venus of Medici, or Belvedere Apollo, and many others of less perfection. The difference may indeed be very small: few persons may be sensible of it, and still fewer may be able to discover in what it consists; but those who do not perceive it, can be no judges of the supreme perfection of the Venus or Apollo. There is something inconceivably delicate in the
back

back and loins of the statue, which has led me into these remarks. This delicacy is the characteristic of the first-rate Grecian statues. No inadequate specimen of it may be seen in a small trunk of a Venus, in Mr. Townley's fine collection. There is the same delicacy in the expression of the Grecian countenances. Nothing can be farther from striking or violent expression than the face of the Venus of Medicis; but its physiognomy is so sweet, so intelligent; its beauty seems so perfectly "the mirror of a celestial mind;" that though, at the first glance, it appears meer corporeal beauty, yet, when accurately contemplated, it seems animated with the intellects of a superior being. In this refinement of outline, consists the peculiar merit of Raphael. His countenances for the most part strike but little at first, but they may be studied for ever, almost with as much advantage as if living. They cannot be copied; at least the copier must, in order to succeed, have a genius equal to Raphael himself.

That there should be so exquisite a character in the outline of a statue or a picture,

seems less wonderful than that architecture itself should be susceptible of equal refinement. Yet it is no less certain, that a column designed by Raphael, and executed under his inspection, is as unequivocally distinguishable from one of Michael Angelo, as a Madonna or a Venus of each would be. There are three ancient columns in the Forum at Rome, the consummate beauty and elegance of which have never been equalled. In vain do artists copy and measure with the most scrupulous exactness. The original is still unrivalled. How superior is the form of a common window or door of Michael Angelo, Palladio, or even Inigo Jones, to those in the finest palaces of ordinary builders! In what do such differences consist? Why cannot they be studied, and any certain effect commanded at pleasure? I confess myself quite at a loss on this subject; and, in treating of it, I find language so inadequate to express fully what I mean, that I cease to wonder at the imperfection of other human arts.

On the right hand of the Venus is the celebrated group of the wrestlers; on the left,

left, the slave whetting his knife. The coarse features of the latter display the most lively, but not overcharged, expression. He seems strongly interested, and moved with a sort of indignation at something to which he is listening; but connoisseurs are not agreed whether he is the slave who overheard the conspiracy of Cataline, or any other personage. The whole figure is truth and nature itself—manly, but not beautiful.

The wrestlers are remarkable for the masterly interlacing of their limbs, and the wonderful force and action of the muscles, without any violent swelling or distortion. They are copies of the most elegant youthful nature. DelaLande says the heads have been supplied, but that they have so much expression they might pass for antique. The truth is, according to Winkelman, they are the real antique heads, which had been broken off, and were not discovered till some time after their bodies. The last-mentioned author maintains, with great appearance of probability, that these figures really belong to the group of Niobe and her children, mentioned hereafter. If so, they are meant for the

two youngest of her sons, described by the poet as wrestling at the time of their destruction. Their beautiful countenances are indeed as much alike as possible, and resemble the style and execution of the other children; but, in my humble opinion, these figures are very much better than the rest of that celebrated group.

The two remaining statues, making a *partie cartée* with the wrestlers and slave, are, the little Apollo, leaning against a stump of a tree, with his arm over his head; and the dancing Faun. Both are well known by innumerable casts and copies, and are models of grace and beauty; the one in sportive action, the other in pensive repose.

Of the numerous paintings in this room, choice and excellent as they are, I scarcely saw but two, the Venus of Titian, and the St. John of Raphael; for, who could look at any others, in the presence of these? This Venus, however, with all the advantages of colouring, and that the very colouring of life, by the side of the Venus of Medicis, is but a woman. Nor is it, though called a Venus, intended for any other than a beautiful

ful mistress of one of the Medicis family, who is lying on a bed, while two of her women, in the back ground, are seeking in a large chest for her clothes. A lap-dog, unconscious of his enviable situation, sleeps at her feet. This picture is engraved by the excellent Strange; and I purchased at Florence a very good little print of it, done by Gaetano Vascellini in 1785.

From this voluptuous beauty, the transition to the divine St. John, in the wilderness, is very striking. Here we meet with a more strong and animated expression than is usual in Raphael's more finished works. Such an ardent, sincere, and innocent zeal beams from the heavenly countenance of this youth, such is "the fiery glance of his intellectual eye," through the fair orbs of sense, as surely nothing but inspiration could feel, or could paint! There is a well-known duplicate of this picture in the Orleans collection, and another at Bologna; but the Florentine one is decided to be the original, to my great satisfaction, as I felt a little disappointed at the sight of the other two afterwards, fine as they are. If I were to choose one painting

ing out of Italy, and no more, perhaps it would be the head of this St. John.

After the Tribune, the cabinet of the Hermaphrodite is perhaps most worthy of notice. The celebrated statue, from which this apartment takes its name, is of fine Grecian workmanship, and represents a sleeping figure, lying nearly prostrate, which is in every part, except the sex, a beautiful woman. Some of those over-squeamish personages, who have mutilated many fine works of art, from which none but such vicious imaginations as their own would have derived any impure ideas, might have well employed their zeal upon this statue, and received the thanks of every person of taste and modesty. Lady Miller (vol. ii. p. 157) makes a whimsical mistake concerning the statue in question. She quotes Mr. Addison, who calls it "a beautiful *old* figure, made after the celebrated Hermaphrodite in the Villa Borghese;" and her Ladyship remarks—"It is well known by all the connoisseurs that this statue is antique, and, whatever may be said of it, the accusation of old age is certainly misapplied." Addison's

son's meaning is, plainly, that it is an antique copy. There are also several Grecian copies of the Venus of Medicis, and other admired statues.

Opposite to the Hermaphrodite, is the Adonis of Michael Angelo, said to have formerly ornamented a fountain; but nevertheless in perfect preservation. It is recumbent, and somewhat colossal. The contour is fine, but the countenance vacant.

Here are a beautiful Apollo and Bacchus, brought from the Villa Medicis at Rome, and two well-known Venus's, the Venus Victrix holding the apple, and the Venus Cœlestis.

The same room is furnished with a precious collection of pictures, many of them by the earlier artists, and some very good ones of more modern date. They are particularized by Zacchiroli and others. Among them is a very handsome woman holding a string of pearls, said to be the Duchess of Buckingham, by Rubens. Here also we saw a good St. Sebastian, by Razzi, not mentioned in any book.

The inlaid octagon table, in the centre of
this

this room, is esteemed the best in the gallery, and is a prodigy of ingenuity and labour. There are several nearly resembling it in the other apartments. These tables are entirely composed of the harder kind of stones, as jaspers, onyx, chalcedony, &c. inlaid so as to represent flowers, fruits, shells, and, occasionally, even birds and insects; by no means in the clumsy incorrect way in which such works are commonly done, where so much is left to the fancy and good-nature of the beholder, but with most astonishing accuracy and beauty. Not that the pieces of stone are small, but each is so well chosen, and its colours and shades so ingeniously turned to account, that it is no wonder each table has cost many years of study and contrivance. Of all things the strings of pearl, beautifully intermixed with flowers, are the most striking. They are made of a kind of semi-pellucid oriental chalcedony, and nothing but the touch can convince one they do not project, at least in bas-relief, from the table.

The cabinet of Niobe was fitted up by the late Grand Duke (afterwards the Emperor) Leopold, on purpose to receive the
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famous

famous assemblage of statues, representing that unhappy mother and her children, which were long in the Medicis gardens at Rome. Here they appear to great advantage, the room being a very noble one. The walls are ornamented with paintings, among others the battle of Ypres, and the triumphal entry of Henry IV. into Paris, by Rubens; two very large pictures, intended for another gallery, at the Luxembourg, in addition to that completed there by this great painter. There is much character in Henry's figure, with an air of goodness rather than dignity. Here is a wonderfully fine antique Sarcophagus with alto relievo's, not mentioned in the *Description de la Galerie*. x

Among the statues in the other lesser apartments, we chiefly admired a Cupid and Psyche embracing, copies of which are common; an Hermaphrodite repulsing a Satyr; a Cupid looking upwards, as if observing the course of a dart he had just discharged; the Torso, or trunk of an antique Hercules; with many others, whose merits would require an age to study and understand them all.

Nothing excites more curiosity than the collection

collection of the portraits of painters, done by their own hands. They amount to near 330. Their names are alphabetically arranged in the Description de la Galerie. These are not always the most celebrated artists who make the greatest figure here. The portraits of Raphael and Julio Romano are but indifferent, and Corregio is not to be found at all. They could paint heroes and angels too well to waste time on their own physiognomy. On the contrary, painters of whom one scarcely remembers the names, make a conspicuous appearance, on ample canvases, in studied apparel, calling up their best looks to challenge notice, and each seeming to say for himself, "*sono pittore anch'io.*" One has represented himself, not unskilfully, at a looking-glass, drawing his own portrait, and thus appears in three different aspects. The portrait of Seybolt is a miracle of high finishing. I was sorry to see our unrivalled and ever to be regretted Sir Joshua Reynolds make so poor a figure here. His picture, though originally excellent, is faded to nothing, and being placed very low, appears to greater disadvantage than it otherwise

wise might. It has lately been said of this great man, that he could at pleasure command permanent colours; but that he reserved them for such portraits only as he thought worthy to be transmitted to posterity, bestowing his more fading tints on that common herd of customers, whose vacant countenances so generally present themselves to a portrait painter. This surely is justifying his skill at the expence of his honesty; and if I judge aright, he would have been but little pleased with such an apology. His portrait at Florence contradicts it; for we cannot but suppose he meant that to be a lasting performance, yet no colours were ever more transient.

The Corridors, the largest part of the Gallery, were the last we examined. Along them are arranged statues, busts, and pictures in rich profusion, but in admirable order.

These statues are enumerated and criticised by Lady Miller, De la Lande, Cochin, and others; Zacchioli's account of them is the most recent, and the most complete.

Among the antique busts, a branch of the

collection which cannot be too much admired, we particularly remarked the fine expression in the countenances of Marcus Agrippa, and Antoninus Pius. I could not discover any very great beauty in Julia daughter of Augustus, and she is a little too plump. Drusus, brother of Tiberius, has a good countenance. Trajan, and his sister Marciana, resemble each other very much, but are not handsome. Plotina, the illustrious consort of Trajan, is a very fine bust; and there are two no less admirable of Adrian. At that period this branch of the art seems to have been in its greatest perfection. There are four good representations of Marcus Aurelius, of which one of the more youthful is inimitably expressive and interesting. Of Faustina the elder there are two busts, one far superior to the other. Lucius Verus looks like a hypocritical smooth-tongued villain. Annus Verus, the youngest son of Marcus Aurelius, is a pleasing little boy. Even his infamous brother Commodus, when young, had a beautiful and engaging physiognomy, of which I never met with a more admirable representation than in a cameo belonging

longing to my honoured friend the Marchioness of Rockingham. His two busts in this gallery are not striking. Nero, in early youth, looked gentle and benign; but afterwards his countenance bore testimony to his diabolical character; witness the two busts in this collection, one a child, the other an adult. Didia Clara, daughter of the contemptible Emperor Didius Julian, appears to have been a very fine woman, if her bust be well authenticated. Caracalla looks exactly the ruffian one would expect. The busts of the latter Emperors, and their contemporaries, decline both in authenticity and workmanship. That of Constantine, "surnamed the Great, because he was fortunate," (says Zacchioli), is to be seen in this collection, though very rare elsewhere; and this had a narrow escape when a part of the gallery was destroyed by fire in 1762. The author last quoted has contrived to make his catalogue of these busts very interesting, by pointed epigrammatic sketches of the history, or character, of the personages mentioned. I cannot help translating a few by way of specimen.

" Tiberius, who might have atoned for his crimes by the murder of Sejanus, if he himself had not survived him."

" Galba, who deduced his lineage from Jupiter and Pasiphae. The glory he thus obtained on the father's side, must be acknowledged to have been abundantly effaced by that of the mother."

" Titus, the delight of human nature. Happy Tuscany! you need not envy Rome the auspicious days of Titus."

" Plotina. Here at last we come to a wife and virtuous princess."

" Antoninus. How sweet to pronounce this beloved name! It is that of virtue on a throne."

" Faustina the elder, wife of Antoninus. She scandalized Rome by her execrable libertinism, and it was not a trifle that could scandalize Rome upon that subject."

" Faustina the younger, wife of Marcus Aurelius. Cleopatra, Julia, Messalina, illustrious debauchees, you are all surpassed by this odious Faustina!"

" Pertinax, son of a coal-merchant, who obtained the empire by his military talents,
and

and who perished miserably, because he wanted his soldiers to be honest men."

" Philip the elder, son of a captain of robbers. He was a much greater robber than his father, for he usurped the empire."

The walls of these Corridors are furnished with a vast and precious collection of pictures, of which Zacchioli gives a correct catalogue in the order in which they hang, and Cochin a learned criticism. I may therefore be excused for only mentioning a few. Balshazzar's feast is a very capital picture, by an artist little known, John Martinelli. The Angel Gabriel, with a fine feminine countenance, by Angelo Bronzino, a Florentine, Christ before Pilate, and the Deposition of the Cross, both by Luca Giordano, and very good. Joseph and Potiphar's wife by John Baptist Bilivert. The banquet of Solomon, a magnificent and richly coloured picture by Andrew Vicentino. A fine portrait of Diego Velasquez, the Spanish Titian, by himself. Tancred wounded (Tasso, Canto 19.), by Octavio Venturini, remarkable for the excellent expression of Tancred's countenance. Trans-

figuration of Christ by Luca Giordano, very fine. Adam and Eve, as large as life, by Floris of Antwerp ; an excellent picture, though somewhat hard like all his works ; but there is great truth and nature, and the countenance of Adam is so amiable and full of soul, that even Raphael could not have exceeded it.

The portraits of illustrious men are ranged in a line over these other pictures. The celebrated historian, Paul Jovius, is said to have given the first idea of this collection, and to have made a similar one himself, which Cosmo I. Grand Duke, employed a painter to copy. His copies laid the foundation of what we now see in the gallery ; the successors of Cosmo having added many portraits from time to time, so that the number of the whole amounts to above 400. De la Lande extols these portraits as one of the chief treasures of the gallery ; and they would really be so, if their merits were equal to their pretensions. No one could visit them with more curiosity than I did, but I was miserably disappointed, and cannot but think them unworthy of their honourable situation.

situation. They are not only for the most part very bad pictures, but such as we could judge of (from better and more authentic portraits of the same persons) very bad likenesses, as most of our English kings. Edward VI. looks like a ruddy brawny North-Briton, instead of the delicate consumptive prince he is always represented. Oliver Cromwell is far from a good picture. The princes of Lorraine are in general better done than the rest. Zacchiroli gives an accurate catalogue of these paintings, with many characteristical remarks, like those on the Roman busts. He observes of Sir Thomas More, that "he was condemned to death by a worthless king, because he had too many virtues;" and that Archbishop Cranmer "was an amiable and upright man, though broiled by order of Queen Mary." This is very heretical for an Italian; but reason and virtue will finally triumph over even religious prejudices. Every age and country has its great and good characters, seldom rightly understood by their contemporaries; and many of which are often for a time eclipsed and discountenanced, by sneaking

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virtues,

virtues, and even vices, wrapped in a cloak of pretended orthodoxy and decorum.

There are many other apartments belonging to the gallery, besides those I have mentioned; as the cabinet of gems, whose immense riches are still more valuable for the exquisite workmanship they exhibit, than for their intrinsic worth. The cabinet of ancient paintings, that is of the earliest works of the Florentine school, is a very curious collection, made by the late Grand Duke Leopold. Those of antique and modern bronzes, and of Etruscan urns, are also well worth notice.

I do not pretend to have examined a fiftieth part of this noble museum as it deserves. I confess with regret that we spent but one week in Florence, and though every day was almost entirely devoted to the gallery, it was impossible in so short a time to study properly more than the very first-rate curiosities, and take of the rest such a cursory observation as most travellers do.

The view of all these antique statues, together, afforded me an opportunity of making one remark, that the representing in sculpture

sculpture the iris and pupil of the eye was sometimes practised by the ancients. It is in several of the Roman busts and statues, but not in all those of any particular time*, nor in any of the Grecian figures that I could find here. Michael Angelo has practised it in his Adonis, but not in all his works. I cannot help thinking it always unnecessary, and, unless executed with the greatest delicacy and judgment, a blemish rather than an aid to the expression. The chief effect of the eyes depends on the form of their lids, by the various undulations, and infinite variety of lines, depressions and swellings in the margin of which all the passions are expressed. This the admirable sculptors of Greece well knew; and the only artifice they used was, as Winkelman remarks, to execute these depressions and lines more strongly than they exist in nature, and especially to sink the eye-balls more deeply into the head, thus acquiring an effect of light and shade, which the colourless and semi-

* The Abbé Barthélemy thinks these parts were first represented towards the time of Adrian. See De la Lande, v. 5. 213.

transparent marble could scarcely exhibit, without such a liberty.

The gallery not being open on Sundays, we employed that day in visiting churches; and first that of the Carmelites, which is new, the old one having been burnt in 1771. It is a well-lighted elegant building, in the form of a long cross, without pillars; the altar a very beautiful kind of brocatello. Here the Corfini family have a noble chapel, rich in verd antique, and other precious marbles, and ornamented with three most capital alto-relievo's in white marble.

Santo Spirito is a spacious church, of fine Corinthian architecture, with above forty altars: the high altar decorated with some very fine inlaid work of siliceous gems, worthy of the gallery. The pictures are numerous, but not capital.

Santa Croce, a large and handsome building, has some very beautiful family chapels. In this church are buried several very illustrious men. On the right hand, near the principal entrance, reposes Michael Angelo Buonarota, the greatest sculptor and architect, almost the greatest painter, among the
moderms,

moderns. He died at Rome, and his countrymen, the Florentines, were obliged to remove his body clandestinely by night, as the Romans would not willingly have resigned such a treasure. His stately mausoleum is ornamented with his marble bust, and a painting of a dead Christ, both the work of his own hand, and accompanied with three statues representing the three sister arts in which he excelled. These statues are by some of his pupils.

A little farther on is the neat and simple monument of Micheli the botanist, with the following unaffected and pleasing inscription:

PETRUS ANTONIUS MICHELIUS

vixit annos LVII dies XXII in tenui re

beatus omnis historię naturalis

peritissimus magnorum etruscię

ducum herbarius inventis et scriptis

ubique notus ac propter sapientiam

suavitatem pudorem optimis

quibusque aetatis suę egregie carus

Obiit IV nonas Januarias MDCCXXXVII

Amici aere conlato titulum posuere.

The words are arranged exactly as above, and there is no punctuation throughout the whole.

whole. This inscription forms a contrast with the following, not far distant, on a new monument of white marble;

Tanto. nomini. nullum. par. elogium.

Nicolaus. Machiavelli

Objt. An. A. P. V. MDXXVII.

The fate of Machiavel has been similar to that of Grotius. Persecuted and misrepresented in his life-time, at length he obtains the tardy homage of posterity. After being accused of recommending, what he only meant bitterly to satirize, the too usual morality of courts; and after having been deemed an atheist, because he was no idiot, and could not be a hypocrite; an age of reason, under a virtuous prince, has at length done his memory justice.

An old highly-finished monument on the same side of the church commemorates Leonard Aretin the historian, tutor of the great Lorenzo de Medicis, with a foolish epitaph in Latin verse, signifying that both the Greek and Latin muses are reported to have shed tears at his death.

Opposite to the tomb of Michael Angelo,
stands

stands that of the great, the injured Galileo, the martyr of philosophy, and the everlasting opprobrium of his church and country. Nothing seems more wonderful at first sight than that Galileo should have been so inhumanly persecuted for asserting an innocent philosophical truth, which the most contemptible ignorance and folly only could make a question of religion; while, in the very same court which censured him, Cæsalpinus, a professed Aristotelian, and an open unbeliever of all revealed religion, was then living in the greatest security and honour, as physician to his ingenious and infallible holiness. But what is so formidable as *truth*?

From Santa Croce we went to the Cathedral, or *Duomo*, a large old gothic edifice, cased with black and white marble on the outside, and of whimsical architecture. The inside is dark and ugly. The tower, or *campanile*, detached, like that of Pisa, from the church, is very elegant and light, said to be after the designs of Giotto the painter. The baptistery is likewise a separate building, of a circular form, very ancient and curious, especially withinside. Its dome and
galleries

galleries are covered with old mosaic; the floor inlaid with marbles and other stones in very small pieces, and very old. Some have supposed this to have been originally a temple of Mars; but that is giving his votaries little credit for taste; and I believe his worship, though not, alas! his trade, was rather out of fashion when this building was erected. It has exactly the appearance of the churches built in the darker ages of Christianity, and is much more rich than elegant. Its famous bronze gates, so admired by Michael Angelo, are of later date.

In the cathedral many distinguished men of the early times of the republic are buried, and there are some curious monuments. Of these I shall notice one only, that of Sir John Hawkwood, an Englishman, whose equestrian figure is painted on the wall of the church. He is called Johannes Acutus, and in Italian Giovanni Acuto. Zacchioli, speaking of his picture in the gallery, calls him "Jean Acut, an Englishman who signalized himself much in arms in the service of the Florentines, and died in 1393." I could never have divined who this Giovanni

Acuto

Acuto was, had not honest Stowe, in his Chronicle, given a long history of a Sir John Hawkwood, who died in the reign of Richard II. and was one of the illustrious cut-throats of that day, letting himself out to those who would pay him most, to fight any body, right or wrong, as his masters ordered him. His Italian denomination is evidently a corruption of his real name. Stowe says a cenotaph was erected to his memory in the church of Sibble Hedingham in Essex, with a device of hawks flying through a wood.

The Dominican church, called Santa Maria Novella, is a noble old building, much admired for its architecture. It contains many good pictures, and much sculpture ; but unluckily we had just been in the gallery when we visited it, and were satiated with painting and statues.

Proceeding however to St. Lorenzo, the famous chapel of the Medicis awakened all our attention and admiration, nor do I recollect ever having felt such astonishment before. The inimitable majesty and elegance of the architecture, the beauty and richness

of the materials, and their high polish and finishing, are beyond imagination. The inside is entirely encrusted with siliceous stones of the richest kinds, porphyry inlaid with letters of lapis lazuli ; jaspers, granites, chalcedony, and onyx stones, generally seen only in snuff-boxes or rings, here cover the walls. On a high basement which runs round the chapel, with immense panels of red Tuscan jasper, are represented the arms of the different cities subject to the Grand Duke, inlaid with stones of the proper colours. In one of these is a black horse, most excellently done. This building is octagon, and was to have been decorated with six sarcophagi of oriental granite, of a vast size, with colossal figures standing above them, of the different princes, in bronze gilt ; only one or two of these are quite finished. They have each a coronet of massy gold on the sarcophagus, lying on jasper cushions, inlaid with precious stones. Nothing can be richer, nor more noble. Ferdinand I. is said to have designed this chapel, and if so, he may rank with the first modern architects. What a pity that it should
still

still remain unfinished! Notwithstanding a considerable fund was left for this express purpose, by the last Princess of the Medicis family, nothing has been done towards it since her death. Addison, who foretold that this family might probably be extinct before their burying-place was completed, has proved a much truer prophet than De la Lande, who expected it would be finished in the reign of the Grand Duke Leopold. The dome is quite naked, and the marble pavement scarcely begun; nor is the altar yet placed, nor the intended opening made behind the high altar of the church, which should have been the entrance to this chapel. We descended into the vault beneath, the floor of which is on a level with the street. In this vault all that illustrious dust, which once made so much noise in the world, was to have been deposited; but whether it ever will, is much to be doubted, for the bodies of the Medicis have remained ever since their death, and still remain, unburied, almost entirely occupying the floor of a smaller and more ancient adjoining chapel, the former burying-place of their family. Each

coffin is enclosed in a wooden case, or temporary tomb, marked with the names and dates of the deaths of the personages within, and surrounded with iron rails.

" Here the vile foot of every slave

" Insults a Charles, or a Gustave."

Yet it must be a vile foot indeed that could rudely tread this chapel, and a most insensible eye that could behold, without awful veneration, the monuments of Michael Angelo which adorn its walls. What a sublime genius was Michael Angelo ! Not a moulding nor a scroll of his but is marked with a character of greatness, which no other architect ever approached. The four recumbent colossal figures of day and night, morning and evening, on these tombs are, except, perhaps, his famous Moses at Rome, the most sublime productions of modern sculpture. One does not indeed clearly perceive what these characters have to do here, at least not till one has seen them, for then who could wish them otherwise than they are ?

We were shewn, in another chapel, the
coffins

coffins of two infant children of the Grand Duke Leopold, waiting for interment, under wooden cases, like those of the Medicis. It was the intention of this wise and virtuous prince, that no exception should have been allowed to his laws concerning burial, not even in the case of his own family. He was told, however, that this would be too indecent and irreverent, and his plan was, with some difficulty, over-ruled. He does not therefore merit the censure which Mr. Arthur Young has bestowed on him in his late excellent Travels; where, in correcting the preposterously false account of the Florentine burials, given two or three years ago in the Annual Register, he mentions what the new law really is, justly inveighing against the admission of exceptions to such laws. In fact, we find the Grand Duke is not to be blamed for those exceptions. Princes might act like reasonable beings, much more frequently than they do, if they were not bewildered by the advice or flattery of fools and knaves.

The man appointed to shew these chapels, as well as those who shew the gallery and

the palazzo publico, are in the most absolute manner forbidden to take any money. This has a very handsome appearance, and the civility of these servants deserves the highest commendation. The porter of the gallery only accepted of a trifling gratuity.

The Anunciata is a most magnificent church. Behind the high altar is a chapel which the admirable sculptor John of Bologna, who lies here, decorated for his own burying-place, with a profusion of statues and bas-reliefs. The dome of the church is vast, and very finely painted by Luca Giordano. There seemed to be many good pictures besides, but we wanted light. One of these we did not much regret, a miraculous picture of the Virgin, very sensibly kept covered, except on particular occasions. Adjoining to the chapel which contains this treasure, is an oratory fitted up by the last of the Medicis line, the daughter of Cosmo III. who married the Elector of Bavaria. Its walls are encrusted with the same rich stones as the inlaid tables of the gallery, representing flowers and fruits; but the objects in this chapel are in bas-relief. This makes

the execution more wonderful; but the effect is not so happy as in the same things represented on a flat surface, by the natural colours and shades of the stones.

St. Mark's convent bears great reputation for the skill of its monks in pharmacy. Their productions are known all over Europe. Their oils and essences, packed up in little boxes tawdrily decked with silk and silver, may be seen at every perfumer's in Bond-street. These monks make ottar of roses very good, for about eight pounds sterling an ounce. In their church, the accomplished and learned Picus Mirandolæ is buried; whose fine talents, prostituted to metaphysics and scholastic divinity, may be compared to bank-notes used for the most menial purposes, for which ordinary paper would have done just as well.

There are doubtless many palaces in Florence well worth visiting; but our impatience to be at Rome, in Carnival time, hurried us from hence, without seeing any but the Palace Pitti, where the Grand Duke resides, and from which is a long covered passage leading across the river to the gallery, that

his Highness may go there at all times without trouble: nor did the presence of the late Duke ever interrupt any person who might happen to be there at the time; on the contrary, he often entered into conversation with strangers, with the most amiable condescension. The Palace Pitti is a very large and magnificent house, fit for the residence of a Sovereign; and one is struck with wonder, at reflecting that it was built by a private mercantile family, and that family eclipsed by the Medicis. The style of the whole is majestic, approaching to heaviness, and the rooms rather dark. Every body knows its collection of pictures to be one of the finest in Italy. Its chef d'œuvre is Raphael's Madonna della Sedia; and there are some portraits by the same master in his best manner. Two astonishingly fine landscapes, and a battle-piece, by Salvator Rosa. Two landscapes, and some other things, by Rubens; among them a duplicate of that delightful Holy Family with St. John, which I have already noticed in one of the Balbi palaces at Genoa. Here are also several works of Andrea del Sarto, and Pietro da Cortona;

Cortona; the latter chiefly in the cieling, and too good for their situations. Cochin has given a pretty full enumeration of the pictures in this house; and Lady Miller has translated some of his account, without adding so many original remarks as is usual with her. De la Lande is more full than either, and now and then hazards an opinion of his own. I hurried through this palace too fast to make any new observations. In the apartments are some precious cabinets of inlaid work; many very large slabs of Tuscan jasper, and some pictures of architecture and sea-ports, with figures, made of siliceous stones, with incredible art and success. We were told that each piece, though only about two feet wide, was the labour of near five years. In one of these pictures, is a man in striped breeches, particularly well executed. One cannot but regret that so much time and labour should be thrown away, to make what, after all, must be inferior to a painting, except in duration, for these works are next to eternal.

Behind this palace is the old garden of Boboli, so often mentioned by Micheli for

the production of mosses. It is spacious, but quite in the ancient formal style, with abundance of evergreens, cut into straight walks, furnished with statues. On the mossy trunks of the trees, I found plenty of the *Hypnum Smithii* of Dickson, and another very curious new species. Here we began to meet with great luxuriance in these lower tribes of vegetables. Almost every kind produces its fructification regularly, which is not the case farther north. Hence Micheli's figures appear exaggerated to us northern botanists; and Dillenius never saw the fructification of *Lichen articulatus*, figured by Micheli. We were fortunate enough to verify his representation, having found this Lichen with fine red tubercles between Florence and Rome, as will be mentioned among others hereafter.

We could not help going to see the Grand Duke's museum of Natural History, which, like every thing at Florence, is superb. The first part, on account of its singularity, is the most remarkable. It consists of models of every part of the human body, in coloured wax, the size of nature, and most admirably done,

done. The muscles are imitated better than the rest, and are very useful ; as those parts cannot be well preserved by injections, or any other means. The celebrated Abbé Fontana has the superintendence of these works, and was so obliging as to shew us the whole in detail, as well as the artists who were at work, adding to the collection, and copying the whole for the then Emperor Joseph. The tools used are chiefly sticks and spatulæ of box-wood, with small rods of heated iron. Infinite labour and patience are requisite in the finishing, and the work, when done, must be kept in a very even temperature, that it may neither melt nor crack. The stuffed birds of this museum are neither fine nor numerous. The fishes and reptiles are dried, and pretty good. Here are several good *Vermes*. The insects and shells are tolerable : some of the latter appeared to me wrong named, especially among the *Coni* ; but this is a common case. The *Lepidoptera* are not splendid. The corals few, except a great variety of the red coral, *Isis nobilis*. The materia medica, and seeds, make a good figure ; and a very
pleasing

pleasing part of the collection are models in coloured wax of succulent plants, fungi, &c. many of them extremely well executed, especially *Stapelia hirsuta*, the Carrion flower. Of all the parts of this cabinet, the minerals are the most numerous, and the finest specimens. Gold ores and gems are very fine, and the iron ores from the Isle of Elba, as might be expected, excel every thing of the kind elsewhere. Here are a few quadrupeds; among them a Hippopotamus, and an elephant with its skeleton.

Adjoining to this museum is a botanic garden, with a green-house, but no stove; the plants are fine, though not numerous; but we thought our pains of going thither amply repaid, by seeing an immense tree of *Dracæna Draco*, with the gum called Dragon's Blood exuding most copiously. We were fortunate enough to enjoy much of the society of the Abbé Fontana, who did us the very flattering honour of spending at our lodgings most of the evenings we were at Florence; how much to our profit and entertainment, those who know his physiological enthusiasm and penetration, need not be told.

told. We also received great civilities from Mr. Fabroni, Secretary to the Agriculture Society, to whom we had letters from his fellow-labourer Mr. Broussonet.

One great object, in our own way, was the museum of the celebrated Micheli. This collection, consisting of books, drawings, manuscripts, minerals, corals, and dried plants, was bought, after the death of its original possessor, by his friend Dr. Targioni, who afterwards took the name of Tozzetti for an estate. He wrote some excellent Travels through Tuscany, to which I have referred in speaking of Pisa, and from him the plant *Targionia* was named. His son, who now possesses these relicks, likewise a physician, is a man of the most engaging simplicity, modesty, and benevolence of manners, worthy to be the heir of the amiable Micheli.

This herbarium is said to contain about 14,000 species and varieties, of which the latter must be very numerous. The mosses are folded up in small pieces of paper, written on by Micheli, with the names by which he has published them; but it is so troublesome to get at them, not to mention the
want

want of *absolute* certainty, as the names are not *fixed* to the specimens, that we found it impracticable to do much towards correcting synonyms during our short stay. His *Ceratosperrum*, tab. 56. seemed to be one of the very common *Sphærias* or *Lycopodons*, and we could not perceive the horn-like seeds; but that I doubt not was our fault, and not the faithful Micheli's. We examined some rude drawings of the Orchis tribe; and some very good microscopic ones, done by the present Mr. T. Tozzetti, of marine plants and corallines; they were intended for an unpublished work of Micheli, continued by his father. A great number of these drawings are already engraved, and their possessor has very liberally presented me with impressions of them; a library curiosity, which I should rejoice to have him render of less value (as a rarity) by publishing these excellent plates. The minerals and corals of this collection are very numerous, and, being ticketed by Micheli and Targioni, have that peculiar value which renders the original museum of a working naturalist so far preferable to those
of

of Emperors and Princes destitute of such authority. This reminds me of the Medicean Library at St. Lorenzo. The room which contains it is built by Michael Angelo, as the majestic scrolls, balustrades and cornices abundantly evince. The books are all manuscripts, many of them very rare. The most ancient is a Virgil of the fifth century.

We searched many booksellers shops at Florence, and found immense piles of old books in garrets and lumber-rooms, unknown for the most part to those who possessed them. Our pains of tumbling them over were scarcely repaid, as we met with nothing of peculiar value, except Columna's *Ecpbrasis*, and the fine editio princeps of Paul Jovius *de Piscibus Romanorum*, both very cheap. We had the singular fortune of occasioning Steno's rare and curious treatise *De solido intra solidum naturaliter contento*, to be out of print, by purchasing four copies, all that remained at the Ducal printing-office, and which had, of course, been there ever since 1669, the date of its publication.

We went one evening to the Comic Opera,
and

and saw a kind of comedy without music. Several of the spectators were in masks and dominos, it being Carnival time; and there were many women in men's clothes, an odious custom, which all the female sex ought to discountenance. Nothing can be more contrary to their truest interests, either as a disadvantage to their persons, for they generally look detestably awkward and ugly, or as tending to occasion the most horrid perversion of taste and sentiment in our sex. For one depraved appetite that they may chance to please under this metamorphosis, they must surely disgust a hundred natural ones. This fashion is by no means confined to licentious women, for the bulk of those we saw were evidently otherwise; and I believe no woman can go into the pit during the Carnival in any other dress. We had some facetious rencounters with several droll masks in the streets.

The musical opera at Florence is very good, though the admission price so low as three pails, not quite eighteen-pence. We saw the Grand Duke there one evening masked. One of the interludes was a representation

presentation of the Battle on the Marble Bridge of Pisa, which for many ages has been fought there every three years, between two parties of the town's-people. The present government has wisely discouraged this barbarous practice, if it be not totally abolished. The consequences were much too serious to allow of its being tolerated in any community above a den of banditti, for many lives were always sacrificed before either party would resign its station on the bridge.

The government of Tuscany is well known to have undergone many very important reforms under the Grand Duke Leopold; and his Criminal Code of Laws is too celebrated throughout Europe to need an explanation here. We were curious to learn the effects of this code; and with respect to the police of the capital, formerly most execrable, we were told that the safety of the streets was now perfect; that robberies and outrages were quite unknown, insomuch that any sum of money might be carried about the town at mid-night, as safely as at noon-day. The punishments of

3

confinement.

confinement and labour were much more dreaded than death; and more especially as they were inevitable in cases of real guilt. The Sovereign was said to be extremely vigilant as to the execution of justice; he had much restrained the licentiousness and tyranny of the nobility, for which he was, of course, hated and traduced by them. He was even reported to have carried his authority to a severe length in his own family. It was whispered to us, that the Duchess herself was then under a species of confinement, for having taken too earnest a part with one of her sons, who had been a little refractory. The particulars of the case were not known, and the affair soon after blew over. The laws against burying in towns and churches appear not to have been made before they were wanted, for we heard the most authentic accounts of the extreme offensiveness of the churches, and the dreadful consequences of their contagion, occasioned by the former mode of burial. Upon the whole, there is no doubt that the late Grand Duke was a most vigilant and well-meaning prince, whose prevailing object throughout his reign was
what

what he really believed to be the good of his subjects. He might be mistaken or misguided sometimes, for he was a man; but the world cannot honour too highly so upright and wise a prince, even though he were not infallible. Its praise, indeed, is but "a puff of noisy breath," of very little value, considering how often it has been bestowed on ruffians, under the name of heroes, rather than on really beneficent kings; but when history becomes less venal, and more philosophical, the reign of Leopold, in his small state of Tuscany, will make a bright spot in her page. She will delineate him planting the seeds of beneficent institutions, which, humanity bids us hope, will take deep root, and spread very far for the good of posterity. She will lament that his active life was cut short, even in its bloom, before he had time to exercise his wisdom in a larger field of action; and she will have, alas! to record, with blushing indignation, by what kind of death so valuable a life was disgraced.

We were extremely well satisfied with our inn at Florence, Vanini's. Our suit of apartments consisted of two lodging-rooms, a

dining-room, and a servant's room, with closets, &c. for six pauls, not quite three shillings, a day. For dinner we paid eight pauls each, including an ample supply of the delicious Florence wine. I cannot help doing justice to our valet de place, Clemente, by recording his name, as he may probably live to be useful to many future travellers. Never was a more intelligent, nor a more obliging guide.

C H A P. XIX.

FROM FLORENCE TO ROME, BY SIENNA.

Feb. 1. **T**HE same voiturin who brought us from Pisa, undertook to convey us to Rome for ten sequins, all accommodation included, except that we stipulated to remain a day at Sienna at our own expence. I make no apology for recording the particulars of these little arrangements, well knowing how useful they are to other travellers, and how glad we should have been to have been pre-informed on such points ourselves.

Leaving Florence at nine in the morning, we travelled over a hilly and picturesque country, especially towards evening, when several very rich and extensive landscapes presented themselves, with quite a Claude's sky. The more we saw of Italian land-

scape, the more reason we found to admire this excellent painter. The glowing refulgence of his evenings, and the clear brightness of his mid-day skies, which one is sometimes apt to think exaggerations and improvements of nature, are the very tints of nature herself in this delightful climate, and all his variations of effect are strictly and exactly her own. Slept at Poggibonsi, twenty-four miles from Florence.

Feb. 2. We set out at seven, and arrived at Sienna by dinner time. All the way, by the road side, observed *Mespilus Pyracanthus* growing in great abundance, in the manner of our common black-thorn, whose place it seems to occupy on waste ground, and is of the same humble size and depressed figure. Here and there grew *Helleborus hyemalis* (Winter Aconite), *H. niger*? and *fætidus*. The hue of the soil towards Sienna is exactly that variety of yellows and browns seen in the Sienna marble.

This town is handsomely built, and very finely situated on a hill, commanding a noble prospect every way, which, however,
was

was concealed from our view till next morning, by a thick mist enveloping the summit of the hill. Such elevated situations must often be "cloud-capt," when the humble valleys are bright and serene.

The cathedral of Sienna, its principal boast, is a very highly ornamented and elegant gothic pile, entirely of marble. The marble pavement, singular in its kind, represents various pieces of scripture history, the figures, larger than life, being white, and the ground dark. The shades are produced by a large kind of engraving. I cannot admire the effect, nor is a floor the place where one would wish to study history; but the outlines are in a great style. Cochin compares them to the finest works of Raphael. If such a comparison may be admitted, it must be understood of his cartoons, rather than of his more delicate performances. There are many good statues in the church. The baptistery is under the choir, and we had the curiosity to attend a christening, which is of all filthy and ridiculous sights one of the worst. The priest spits repeatedly on his thumb, and dabs it on different parts

of the child's face and person ; then he gives the infant a candle to hold, and all this while mumbles Latin as fast as his tongue can wag. To complete the farce, the ignorant nurse makes responses in the same language ! We saw the same ceremony afterwards at Rome, and in other places ; so we have every reason to think it was perfectly orthodox baptism, and not a piece of mummary acted by buffoons, who had got possession of the church and holy vestments, on purpose to make fools of us heretics. Did a Ganganelli or a Feron approve of similar ceremonies ? Surely not ; but they winked at such ignorance, that they might more certainly direct their glorious aim to more important objects, in strokes often invisible to grosser intellects ; but for whose sure success they reposed in humble confidence on that Being, a ray of whose own benevolence animated their endeavours.

Sienna possesses two very able anatomists, Professor Mascagni, and his dissector Dr. Semenzi. We waited on them with letters from Dr. Batt, of Genoa, and were very well received. These gentlemen excel particularly

particularly in their preparations of the lymphatic vessels. The plates of Dr. Mascagni's work, which were already engraved, and have since been published, shew the masterly manner in which their injections have been made. Unfortunately they do not preserve their preparations any longer than to have them drawn; so that those who wish to verify their accuracy, by consulting original specimens, can have no satisfaction, and might reasonably doubt the fidelity of those exquisite plates. From what we saw, however, I have no doubt of the truth of every stroke. We observed injections thrown about as rubbish, which in other schools would have been "shrined in crystal," as the choicest rarities. Expressing our regret at this neglect, they assured us such preparations cost them little or no trouble, and could be made whenever they were wanted for demonstrations, especially as bodies were always abundant at Sienna, the professor of anatomy having a right to dissect every person who dies in the hospital, and to do what he pleases with the body after the religious rites are performed. The principal

instruments used for these injections are very fine and almost capillary glass tubes; but we did not perceive that Dr. Mascagni's were finer than what we had seen before.

These gentlemen conducted us through the hospital, which is spacious, clean, and airy, remarkably free from bad smells. The prospect from it, perhaps, one of the finest inland views in Europe. How much better a chance must patients have in such a situation, than in the old Hôtel Dieu of Paris, or any similar places! Here is a peculiar kind of iron stove for the chemical operations, and a similar one in the kitchen, by which a number of things are heated at once, with a third part of the fuel that a common chimney would require. The flame is confined in an iron chamber, and carried round the pots laterally. There are various dampers to moderate it, by regulating the quantity of air admitted. The hospital at Florence, which we heard was a clean and good one, for we had not time to see it, has the same kind of stoves as these. They were invented by a Florentine.

In the church of the hospital, behind the altar,

altar, is a fine fresco of the pool of Bethesda, by the Chevalier Conca.

In the great piazza, or market place, stands the Palazzo Publico, the ancient senate-house of the republic, which the people seem still to venerate, as reminding them they once were a republic. This palace has a very lofty brick tower, from which there must be a most noble view. I longed to ascend it, but indolence and hurry deterred me. On the opposite side of the square is an ancient marble fountain of admirable workmanship, by Giacomo della Quercia, surnamed *del Fonte* from this performance.

The botanical professor here, named Bartalini, has published an Italian work on the plants of this neighbourhood. We called on him, but he was out of town. We searched several bookseller's shops, but found few curiosities, except a Lucca edition of Linnæus's *Fundamenta Botanica*, with two or three others of his lesser works, all in one volume.

The cabinet of natural history is poor and small. In the public library are some Greek manuscripts of the New Testament, with fine illuminations.

Feb. 3. After an early dinner had a pleasant ride, of sixteen miles, over an elevated country, to the little shabby town of Buon Convento.

We overtook on the road a female pilgrim, in a habit of black serge, with a staff in her hand, and a madonna at her breast. She was going to Rome, and being known to our driver, he besought our permission to let her ride on the broad flat back of the carriage, usually occupied by trunks; but we had declined trusting ours there out of sight. We readily granted leave, only regretting there was no better place to offer her. We afterwards found she was going to her husband, a man-servant, at Rome, and that her pilgrim's habit was put on merely to protect her from insult or suspicion on the road. She seemed a much greater object of charity than the begging abbé, and we endeavoured to make her journey as easy as we could—Nay, smile not gentle reader—whatever adventure the feverish lechery of a Sterne might have achieved, or talked of achieving, with this poor pilgrim, we had not his fancy to

see either youth, beauty, or sentiment under her weeds,

Feb. 4. At four o'clock in the morning we sallied forth from the old gothic gates of Buon Convento, and winding down a steep hill by moon-light, after some hours passed through Torrineri, a decent town, from which is an extensive view; but the day was dull and misty. At length Ricorfi presented itself, a poor little inn, in an open country (much like that between Carlisle and Edinburgh), twenty-one miles from Buon Convento; and here, speaking metaphorically, we *dined*. From hence we began to ascend the very high hill of Radicofani, which had been in sight as far off as Torrineri, or before. On its miserable top is the miserable town. The whole country is misery itself. Accordingly we found abundance of rock Lichens, as *geographicus*, *parellus*, *niger* (Huds.), and several others which grow in the King's-park at Edinburgh, with one or two nondescript species. Here is that spacious old inn so well described by Lady Miller (vol. 2. p. 183). We had not the felicity of entering it, or of supping on griffin

fin and rotten eggs; but were amply indemnified where we did sup, at la Novella, than which surely Radicofani itself cannot be more exquisitely wretched. This Novella is a solitary hovel in a lonely spot, as comfortless as itself, thirteen miles from Ricorfi. To speak seriously, and a very serious fact it is to those who are likely to come this way, this is undoubtedly the worst inn we met with on the continent.

Feb. 5. We left it at five. The dull day was in harmony with our spirits and the scene around. The only bright point in view was the road, for that led towards Rome. At Ponte Centino, a narrow pass, we entered the Pope's territories. Here the bulk of our baggage was sealed up, unexamined, that it might go undisturbed to Rome. A few miles farther on stands Aquapendente, an old town on a hill. Just on entering it are some moist mossy rocks, which promised much botanical sport had we had time. Snowdrops were in flower upon them. From this town the anatomist Fabricius ab Aquapendente took his name. He is equally celebrated

celebrated for his accuracy in discovering the valves of the veins, and for his want of penetration in not finding out their real use, which is to prevent a reflux of blood towards the heart. Not knowing the circulation of the vital fluid, he supposed it to go the contrary way to what it does, and that these valves fanned it along; whereas they will not allow a drop to pass them in that direction. Such different talents are observation and judgment!

At St. Lorenzo Nuova, a new-built village on a hill, sixteen miles from Novella, we dined, and then descended the hill to the old town of St. Lorenzo alle grotte, which stands near the fine lake of Bolsene. Here we rejoiced to find ourselves again in a pleasant country, amid the beauties and rarities of nature, for here the trees produced *Hypnum sciuroides* and *gracile*, both in fruit, and Lightfoot's *Lichen glomuliferus*. Great part of the town of St. Lorenzo is in ruins, its inhabitants having been transplanted to the new town on the hill. The neighbourhood is full of caves hewn out of the rock, romantic enough, but rather too promising of banditti.

banditti. Many of them are, in fact, inhabited by very poor people. We met with nothing to molest us, nor saw any living creatures, except two smiling boys, one of whom called the other *Rafaëlle*, and both ran and hid themselves, like rabbits, in the caves.

The road leads beautifully along the margin of the lake, which is a noble object, being about ten miles long, and having two or three rocky islands. Bolsene we did not enter, but passed on to Monte Fiascone, a little town on a very high hill, sixteen miles from our dining-place, and put up for the night at an inn without the walls. Near Bolsene are some very well formed basaltic rocks close to the road. The pillars are very distinct, about a foot in diameter, and have each six, seven, or eight sides.

Monte Fiascone, literally translated, means *mount great-bottle*, and I can find no better reason for the name than the huge clumsy dome of the church, which is seen at a considerable distance every way, and looks like a great bottle; but whether the church was built for the name, or the name given on account

count of the church, I am not informed. The town is paltry. We walked into a field after dark to examine some singular lights, which appeared to be either Will-of-the-wisps or some luminous insects; but could not come up with them, and after some time, finding ourselves on the brink of a precipice, the ardour of our pursuit was somewhat damped.

Feb. 6. The more faithful light of the moon smiled on us at five in the morning, and we pursued our journey, eleven miles, to Viterbo; the country flat and marshy. Viterbo is a pretty little town, paved with large irregular flat stones, like Florence; but the streets are not kept so clean as they might be. We looked into a church or two, but found nothing remarkable. From this place the road for five miles gradually ascended a hill, and when we arrived at its summit, the extensive prospect amply repaid our toils. The sea glittering in the sunshine, was easily seen on our right; and a beautiful silvery lake, the source of the Tercia, was under our feet. But to botanists this
hill

hill afforded still higher gratification. Its ridge is clothed with a wood of old trees, and their trunks covered with a luxuriant garb of the finest *Lichens* and mosses in the world, as *Hypnum sciuroides* and many others in fructification; *Lichen glaucus* in the same state, which I never saw before nor since, though I have searched for it repeatedly in other places; *Lichen glomuliferus* with its singular green balls; *L. scrobiculatus*, and many others of less note. From the branches of these trees hang the most luxuriant waving festoons of the filamentous *Lichens*, as *jubatus* and *articulatus*, both together not unaptly resembling dark brown hair, interwoven with strings of pearls. The latter bore numerous flesh-coloured tubercles, exactly as Micheli figures and describes them, but which I do not know that any botanist besides has seen. In short we were enraptured with this wood, and only regretted the impossibility of searching it as it deserved. The voice of our voiturin soon dissipated our botanical reveries, and recalled us to our duty. We descended into a plain, and passed through Ronciglione, a pretty considerable

derable village, with some houses built in an unusually good style, with finely proportioned windows. Monte Rofi, where we slept, is another village twenty-two miles from Viterbo—so short were sometimes our day's journeys! In justice to the poor traduced inns of Italy, I think it right to mention that here, for the first time, we met with damp sheets, and were obliged to have them dried. I do not think I ever discovered dirty sheets in Italy, though always very scrupulous in my examinations on that head. England is certainly the most indelicate of all civilized nations with respect to bed and table linen. Our great inns are less to be trusted about sheets than any abroad.

Feb. 7. This was a morning of expectation, for we were now within twenty-five miles of Rome. We cheerfully obeyed our faithful conductor's early summons, and were in the chaise by five o'clock. After travelling about nine miles, the world's metropolis presented itself to our longing eyes, being distinctly seen from the brow of a hill, at fifteen miles distance. That vast plain,

the Campania of Rome, was stretched out before us as far as the eye could reach. It was illuminated by the sun, but no distinct objects were discoverable; at least we did not know exactly where to look for Tivoli, Frascati, &c. nor had we any one who could explain the landscape. Not even the view of the world's metropolis, however, could make me neglect to stoop for the very singular *Pisum Ochrus*, or winged pea. It grew on the brow of the hill just mentioned. A little farther on we observed abundance of cork trees, low and stumpy. Our mules were more than usually alert, for we entered Rome, full of curiosity, about noon.

When still at a few miles distance, we were anxious to discover, among all the magnificent domes of the city, which was St. Peter's. In some points of view one appeared the largest, then again another seemed to bear away the palm. St. Carlo's in the Corso for a long time eclipsed the others, and we had almost determined that to be St. Peter's, when lo! from behind a hill, which had till now concealed it, the real St.

Peter's

Peter's came forth in all its majesty, seeming to say to the vulgar herd of temples,

"Hide your diminished heads!"

The entrance of Rome, by the Porta del Popolo, is noble, and the area spacious; the three streets branching off from that area afford a good perspective, though they abound in mean houses. This entrance is well delineated by Piranesi. On entering the gates, a man presented himself to accompany us to the Custom-house, where we had very little trouble, nor any more expence than five pauls. We found this celebrated city more airy and cleanly, as well as more magnificent, than we expected, for Lady Miller's assertion, of the streets being for the most part not paved, is erroneous. After leaving the Custom-house, we put up at Pio's excellent hôtel in the Piazza di Spagna, by the recommendation of our host at Florence. This hôtel is always entirely occupied by the Duke of Gloucester when at Rome; but his Royal Highness being then at Naples, we lesser personages easily found admittance. After dinner we engaged a

valet de place, who had fastened himself on us at the Custom-house; but he proved drunk and of little use; so we ventured to sally forth alone, to explore this rich mine of knowledge. We stumbled on the Antoinine column and the Pantheon. The portico of the latter astonished us by its grandeur and the immensity of its granite columns. The inside appeared to advantage in the dusk of the evening. A calm and solemn tranquillity is diffused over the mind on entering the Pantheon, which I never felt before in any situation, except sometimes in a very majestic grove clear of underwood. The yellow marble pilasters, decorating the inside, are of noble dimensions and proportions; but their fluting is remarkably shallow—I had almost ventured to say *too* shallow, and that all their parts project too little.

At the English coffee-house, where many of our newspapers may be seen, and which is frequented by Englishmen, especially artists, I was so fortunate as to meet with the Abbé Correa de Serra, now secretary to the Academy of Sciences at Lisbon. With this gentleman I first became acquainted at Mr.

de

de Jussieu's at Paris. He had resided twelve years at Rome formerly, and was attached to the place by all the enthusiasm which a man of so much fine taste and extensive literature must feel in such a residence, though he had since lived many years in Portugal, his native country. No acquaintance could be more fortunate for us. His information and his introductions were all-sufficient for every thing we might want here. We had purposely declined all letters for Rome, except one or two necessary ones, meaning to devote our time solely and uniformly to the study of paintings, statues, and buildings; avoiding all society and all dissipation, well knowing how insufficient the longest time we could spare must be, amid so many objects; and foreseeing great interruptions to our pursuits, if we were to associate with travellers, or get drawn into society of any kind. As far as we kept to this plan, we were the better for it. We had determined to put ourselves under the guidance of the best cicerone to be found, for the better accomplishment of our main ends. There

are several very able men of this profession at Rome, who undertake to conduct parties of strangers to every thing worth notice, and to give them all possible information on the subject. By a diligent attendance every day, the whole is accomplished in about three months, and the expence is very moderate. Meeting the Abbé Correa, however, quite changed our plan in this respect. We could not have a better companion than himself, whenever his engagements would allow him to be with us; and we were both, from books, pretty well informed beforehand of what we were to look for; so that we did not want a guide so much as a critic to consult. Magnani's guide-book easily directed us to any particular object which we might be disposed to examine; and with that book in our hands we soon found ourselves as much at home here as at London. By this plan we avoided many inconveniences; as all contrariety of opinions about what should be done each day; all the fretfulness and dullness of ignorant or indolent companions; all false lights and party

party prejudices, from which the cicerones, in consequence of their connexions with different artists, and other biases, are not always free.

C H A P. XX,

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

IT was impossible to defer visiting St. Peter's any longer than the first day after our arrival at Rome. The effect of the colonade before it was different from what we expected. All prints make it appear too long, and the fountains too small. The best view I have ever seen of this church, is in a picture at the Villa Borgheze.

The whole building is of a kind of stalactitical stone, called Pietra di Tivoli, because the principal quarries of it are at that place. It is very hard, but of an extremely porous unequal texture, so as not to look well when seen too near; not unlike the stone used for building at Matlock, but less porous, and at a small distance looks like

new Portland stone. Such is the appearance of St. Peter's. One would think it had scarcely been finished a twelvemonth. The pediment, as has been often observed, is too small, and the whole west front far inferior in majesty to that of our St. Paul's, except the colonade; and I am not sure whether that, however magnificent as a part, does not lessen the effect of the church itself. Nothing can be finer than the two fountains perpetually playing; their vast volume of waters, thrown into various forms by the wind, is one of the noblest objects imaginable. Rome is the only place to see really fine fountains; how different from the impertinent squirts of Versailles! We found by our valet, that the old story of Queen Christina's supposing these Roman fountains to be made to play on purpose to amuse her, is now transferred to the present Queen of Naples. This is the common fate of such anecdotes.

But although St. Paul's may very well bear a comparison with St. Peter's as to its outside, the superiority of the latter within is decided indeed! Less, perhaps, with respect to architecture than cleanliness, light-
someness,

formenefs, and, above all, richnefs of decoration. The vestibule too is totally wanting in St. Paul's.

On entering the church, we were sensible of the effect so generally mentioned, its not appearing so large as we expected; but this idea wore away every time afterwards. At the first visit we were too much distracted by the variety of objects, to attend to any thing properly. We therefore took a cursory view of the whole, and often returned afterwards with new pleasure to the same magnificent scene. As it is of no consequence to the reader in what order we saw things, I shall collect together, under one view, a few of our remarks made at different times, avoiding as much as possible saying what others have said, or at least avoiding saying it in the same manner.

The great pilasters of the nave are only coloured to imitate blue and white marble, although the rest of the building and decorations are almost all of different kinds of marble. How easily might St. Paul's be painted in the same manner! or if only white-

washed,

washed, what an advantage would it be to its appearance!

The superb canopy of bronze over the high altar, and the hundred silver lamps continually burning before it, are described in every book. The glorious dome above, constructed with a lightness and magnificence equally surprising and pleasing to the beholder, has been as often described; but words cannot do it justice, nor would I have any one hope to get an adequate idea of it by contemplating the gloomy cupola of St. Paul's.

The aisles are occupied by a number of altars, the altar-pieces of which are accurate copies, in mosaic, of the most celebrated pictures in Rome, which by this means are immortalized; for nothing but the entire downfall of the building can ever do these mosaics the least injury, while the originals are daily approaching to decay.

The best in the church is perhaps that of St. Petronilla, after the picture of Guercino, preserved in the Palace of Monte Cavallo, esteemed one of the four first pictures in Rome; for the only three allowed to be comparable

parable to it are, the Transfiguration of Raphael, the St. Jerome of Domenichino, and the Descent from the Cross of Daniel de Volterra, or rather Michael Angelo. So connoisseurs have decided, and it becomes us humbly to assent. I only beg leave not to confine my admiration entirely within such narrow limits. To say the truth, I have contemplated many pictures with more pleasure than the Transfiguration of Raphael. The want of keeping, in making the hill so low, is a glaring absurdity; and with respect to our Saviour, with Moses and Elias hanging in the air, three figures of elder pith suspended by threads, and electrified so as to repel each other, would have nearly the same attitudes.

The mosaics of the crucifixion of St. Sebastian, and the death of St. Jerome, after Domenichino, St. Basil saying mass, after Subleyras, with some others, are excellent, and inferior to the pictures from which they are taken in some minutiae of drawing only, as the Abbé Richard observes.

The sculptures of this magnificent church are scarcely less worthy our attention. The

most striking of all is the bas-relief of Attila prevented from approaching Rome by the apparitions of St. Peter and St. Paul in the air. It consists of a number of figures as large as life, by Algardi, of whom I shall have more to say in speaking of Bologna. This sculpture is placed over the altar of St. Leo, in whose pontificate the event it represents was said to have happened. For though the story is allowed by catholic writers to be a fable, it was too good a story to be lost. The holy fathers have therefore permitted it to be perpetuated, even in the sanctuary of pretended truth. The more enlightened spectator may take it as an allegory, while the multitude, if they please, may believe it as gospel. If an error, it is one on the right side.

Of all the statues of saints in the nave and tribune, the most celebrated, at least in French books, is St. Dominic by Le Gros, because the artist was a Frenchman. The saint is justly represented as a furious zealot, and accompanied by his usual emblem, a dog with a lighted torch in his mouth; an emblem so infernal, that when I first saw it

it attributed to this saint and his order, in that bitter satire the *Monachologia*, I took it for a sarcasm, as I should the statue in question, if I had met with it in a profane place. The sculptor has given such a diabolical countenance to the animal, that I know not whether he or his master be the most ill-looking dog of the two.

The figure of the Virgin with the dead Christ on her lap, one of the earliest works of Michael Angelo, is unpleasant in design, and stiff and hard in execution; but the expression is affecting, though far inferior to that of his inimitable bas-relief of the same subject in the Albergo at Genoa.

Of the monuments, that of Queen Christina claims our attention, more on her account than its own. That of the Countess Matilda has more merit; but her figure is too short to be graceful, according to the present fashion. Those of the different Popes are of various merit; but having been chiefly the work of Bernini, are in a heavy surgid manner. The children upon that of Urban VIII. are remarkably so; but the head of Charity is charming, and the figure
of

of the Pope very good. This mausoleum is nevertheless principally remarkable for the happy thought of the three bees, which are the arms of the Pope, dispersed upon his tomb, in allusion to the misfortunes of his family after his death, his nephews having been obliged to fly to the protection of France. What shall we say to De la Lande, who, although this most beautiful and striking allegory was pointed out to him, could not understand it? See his *Voyage*, tom. 3. p. 467.

Opposite to this stands the tomb of Paul III. by William Della Porta, very celebrated, and not undeservedly, as a composition. The figure of Prudence is said by some to represent a mistress of this good Pope's, and that of Justice his natural daughter. Whether it be so or not, I should not apprehend being led into any *imprudence*, as Magnani delicately calls it, by the charms of this last-mentioned lady, as is said to have happened to a certain amorous abbé, before her present drapery of bronze was adjusted. I think her by no means so very enchanting.

The

The statue of Truth on the monument of Alexander VII. has likewise been clothed for similar reasons; the covering the artist had given her not being thought sufficient where there are so many "holy men of God" in the way. This monument is one of the most admired compositions of Bernini, though the work of his old age. Over a door, made to represent the entrance of the tomb, is a vast piece of drapery of Sicilian marble; from under which Death appears preparing to strike the Pope, who is kneeling above, accompanied by Justice, Prudence, Charity, and Truth. To the two last he had no claim, and consequently but little to the first. The figure of Alexander expresses but too justly his sneaking hypocritical character; and I could not help thinking, that Truth shrinking, as it were, into the folds of the drapery, seemed ashamed to own him as her friend.

Near this is the sepulchre of Innocent XI. much kissed by the faithful, though he has not yet been canonized; and over the door of the staircase is a neat monument for the pretended Queen of England, wife of James III.

with

with her portrait in mosaic ; at the back of which, on the stairs, may be seen a grey marble sarcophagus containing her body. This princess was generally beloved at Rome. A certain traveller of very high rank is said to have met with a sharp rebuff on throwing out some sarcasms at seeing her monument.

In the chapel of the Sacrament is a singular tomb of bronze, not much raised above the ground, erected by Pope Julius II. who is also buried here, in memory of his uncle and predecessor, Sixtus IV. The bas-reliefs are in a hard dry style.

We descended into the subterraneous chapels, under the great dome, where are the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul, and many other relicks ; with a profusion of sculptures, mosaics, and inscriptions of the earlier ages of Christianity, taken from the former church which stood in this place, the floor of which is partly preserved, and forms that of this subterraneous church ; for it was thought too sacred to be destroyed when the new one was built. Here rest the bodies of many Popes inclosed in stone tombs, some of them with their effigies, as that of Alex-

ander VI. others with their names only. Among them I observed that of the old Pretender, called James III. King of England, who died in 1766, or 1767. His body is to be removed from hence into a monument intended to be erected opposite to that of his consort above mentioned.

The new sacristy adjoining to St. Peter's Church is a sumptuous edifice. The present Pope, whose statue appears in the vestibule, has had the completion of this building much at heart, and it is now finished. The furniture is all of yellow satin wood with mouldings of various brown woods, extremely elegant. On the whole, the taste of this building is not of the first rank, and in many parts it reminds one of the Grecian painter, who, not being able to draw Helen handsome, was determined at least to make her rich.

One fine afternoon, the 13th of April, we ascended the dome of St. Peter's, even into the ball, where we found a Swedish inscription, signifying that Gustavus III. had been there before us. The view from hence rewarded us for all our pains, which
were

were not inconsiderable, as the latter part of the ascent is very bad, the ladders not being near so well contrived as those in St. Paul's. We then walked round the galleries within the dome, and saw that stupendous fabrick in a new point of view, with its large mosaics, admirably well calculated to have an effect when seen from below. They are in the most complete preservation, and every part is kept perfectly clean. The vaults of the nave and aisles are differently ornamented, being disposed in oblong compartments of stucco work, in white and gold, as is the roof of the vestibule. This kind of ceiling is, in my opinion, the richest in effect, as well as the most proper of all. It is mortifying to see a fine painting placed in the only part of an apartment in which a spectator cannot see it with ease, as is precisely the case with a painted ceiling. These performances are often indeed so full of distortions, meant for foreshortening and perspective, and so defective in colouring, that a connoisseur is satisfied with a single glance of them; but he cannot get rid of their effect; their glaring and scattered colours

destroy

destroy the harmony of every thing in the room, and the eye has no where to repose. The modern fashion of painting ceilings in minute compartments, which is like setting the dome of St. Peter's with miniatures, is free from the disadvantages above mentioned; because the paintings are almost invisible, and unless pointed out to us, may totally escape notice. But if ceilings must be highly enriched, their design should nevertheless be simple and uniform, and their whole effect should strike, rather than any particular parts. I have no where seen a vaulted ceiling of white and gold so happily employed, as in a room at Harewood, in Yorkshire, the noble seat of Lord Harewood. It is rather more elegant than those of St. Peter's, and harmonizes more perfectly with the rest of the apartment.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

